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James Mahoney.

JAMES MAHONEY

1862-1915

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
LETTERS OF APPRECIATION
LITERARY PRODUCTIONS

INTRODUCTION

BY

HON. FRANK B. SANBORN

Nellie M. Mahoney, compiler



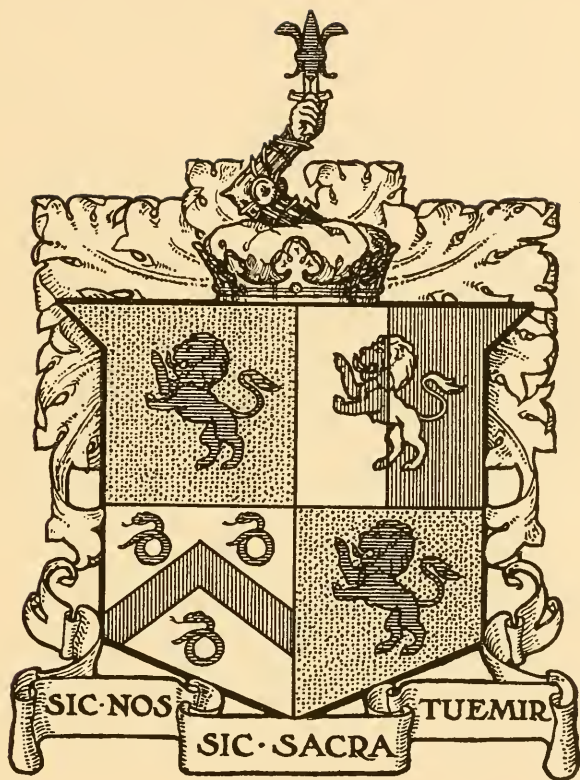
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MAHONY FAMILY
WE DEFEND OURSELVES AND OUR FAITH



CARROLL FAMILY
FIRM IN FAITH AND IN WAR

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Compliments of

Kate A. Mahoney

Nellie A. Mahoney

North Brookfield, Mass.

FOREWORD

The endeavor, in compiling this book, has been to allow James Mahoney to tell his own life story by his writings, as far as possible. Who could tell better than his essays can, his rules of life, his springs of action—his very inmost thoughts, even, are exposed in them.

The essays which are presented to the reader are ones which the compiler of this work was fortunate enough to get possession of in her childhood, entirely unknown to the author. To her they were priceless and so were carefully cherished.

The scope of this work embraces examples of James' work from the time he entered the North Brookfield High School to the time of his death. An attempt has been made to show, by the selections, what was positively true, that every realm of thought and every phase of human existence appealed to him. Also to show the broadness, depth and originality of his mind.

The work would have fallen far short of its aim if it were not for his good friends who cheerfully wrote of the times when they were closely associated with him. To them and to all who rendered any service, I hereby tender my most grateful thanks.

Many of the quotations which precede the chapters were written by James. For the most part the others were marked by him in his books, so they may be said to be really a part of him. Everything in his books that reminded him of the cherished scenes of his childhood was marked. Also passages which depicted great strength of character. The one preceding Chapter VIII is an example.

All the papers have been published in their original condition, with but a single exception. The only papers James had prepared for publication, used in this book, were the poems and the "English Poets' Debt to the Church." It was his intention to publish his lecture on "Socialism and Anarchism," but he wanted to revise it first.

When he prepared that lecture he was a very sick man, so I asked his good friend, Mr. Arthur Astor Carey, if he would go over it carefully. Mr. Carey did so and wrote me as follows: "I have made but few changes—those changes were made to bring out the meaning a little clearer—in no case have I changed the meaning or added anything to it."

After completing this work I accidentally found a file, which had escaped my attention, filled with letters, from people in all walks of life, thanking James for the favors he had rendered them. The letters revealed a side of his character that has scarcely been touched upon in this book. Charity was his greatest characteristic. The best remains untold.

NELLIE M. MAHONEY.

CARDINAL'S RESIDENCE,
408 N. CHARLES ST.,
BALTIMORE.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA,
March the 3rd, 1917.

MISS NELLIE M. MAHONEY,
72 G Street, South Boston, Mass.

My dear Miss Mahoney:

Your esteemed favor of the 27th ult., has been forwarded to me here in New Orleans where I am spending a few days.

Although I had frequently heard of your brother, I do not recall ever having the pleasure of meeting him.

I am pleased to hear that you are about to publish a Memoir of him and I most heartily bless your undertaking, for I am sure that it is for you a work of love.

I have read with great interest the essay* you enclosed with your letter, written by him during his first year in High School. It shows a clear understanding of a question which is of so much interest during these times.

Yours very sincerely,

J. CARD. GIBBONS,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

* The essay referred to is "Ought Women to Vote?"

INTRODUCTION

Sixty-one years ago, on graduating from Harvard College in the Class of 1855, I took for my Commencement subject, "The School-master of the Future," that being the occupation which I had chosen for at least the beginning of my active life. I was already settled in a small school, in the pleasant town of Concord, and saw no reason why I should not continue there, and in that agreeable and useful pursuit. Providence directed the course of my days otherwise; but I never regretted the choice I first made, of the function in which I was to test whether it would be allowed me to move the great world, be it ever so little, with the small lever of the teacher of boys and girls. It was but a few years after my graduation, and before I gave up my school, that our friend, James Mahoney, was born, who so well filled the function declared to be of such value to mankind.

Like my neighbor, Henry Thoreau, a natural inclination for study and thought turned the wishes of his family toward the acquirement by him of the higher education, which afterward fitted him for those upper walks of instruction in which he so long labored. He graduated from the distinguished college at Amherst, at the age of twenty-two, but still continued to follow a line of studies which took him to Baltimore, to Boston and finally to Berlin. The names of his higher instructors, including those of Dr. Seelye of Amherst, Dr. Herbert Adams and Woodrow Wilson at Baltimore, and of Paulsen in Germany, are guarantees of the solid and varied culture, with which he carried on for thirty years, and with a steady discipline and an organizing faculty which does not always accompany high attainments, the serious business of instruction.

In a country like ours, where there is an eager thirst for the practical benefits of education, but a small and proportionately decreasing desire for the rewards of the scholar's harder and ill-requited attainments, it is most attractive to see a zeal so native, and an accomplishment so successfully gained, as was noticeable in Mr. Mahoney. He did honor to a race noted for its learning since the earliest ages of its history; and it was with him no selfish acquisition, fostering pride and withholding him from the companionship of his kind; but what he had acquired with toil and travel he imparted freely, with labor and journeying, to those with whom his way of life brought him into acquaintance. His literary talent kept pace with his gift for instruction and for organization; for he was not one of those specialists who can do only one or two things well; but had that general facility for the tasks of the scholar,

the citizen and the practical man, which Milton commends, and would have made the aim of his noble system of education.

He had his trials and disappointments like others, and was no exception to the rule that his good was sometimes misinterpreted, where it could not be misunderstood. Those who serve mankind with much expectation of gratitude are apt to be disappointed; even justice is not always rendered to excellent and earnest service. The motives must be religious, as his were; and then the result can hardly fail to be satisfactory. Wordsworth has well stated the rule for self-consecrated persons, in that Sonnet which thus closes:

Earthly fame
Is Fortune's frail dependant; yet there lives
A Judge who, as man claims, by merit gives;
To whose all-pondering mind a noble aim,
Faithfully kept, is as a noble deed;
In whose pure sight all virtue doth succeed.

FRANK B. SANBORN.

Concord, Massachusetts,
May 20, 1916.

JAMES MAHONEY MEMORIAL

CHAPTER I

IRISH HISTORY AND THE MAHONEY FAMILY

Only a week or two before James Mahoney* started on his fateful trip to California, he met a boyhood friend in Boston, with whom he felt free to soar into the realms of philosophy, even on a casual encounter in the street. The talk turned in the course of time to the great war and particularly the future of Europe. A natural sidelight of this phase, that interested both, was the future of Ireland; whether it would be a contented but integral part of the British Empire; an independent nation; a self-governing outlier of the empire; anything, he hoped, but the sullen vassal as of yore. His forecast was that the awful toll of battle, would bring about one great good—a happy culmination of the miserable age-long story of Ireland.

Mahoney was; of course, a New Englander through and through—born and bred on mid-Massachusetts' hills, educated in Amherst, Johns Hopkins, Harvard and Berlin. But the home of his ancestors had a deep interest for him. This was but natural from a man whose father came from Cork county and his mother was a Carroll from Clare county, a relative of the Maryland Carrolls, of whom it will be recalled Charles Carroll of Carrollton, faced a hanging in signing the Declaration.

Mahoney would look back, with a glowing eye, to the stirring tale of King Mahon, possibly the most Irish figure in Erin's Valhalla, and among other things the traditional progenitor of the tribe of Mahony.

Not all of this came out on any one occasion. It was to him a delight, to enlarge on so much of Irish history as he knew, and he, himself, a specialist in the teaching of history, to descant to a sympathetic mind, upon the varied and glorious annals of the green isle; into some of the recondite fields of which he had explored beyond the reach of many diligent students. Of the documented, authentic history, he knew the outlines very well. His own special bent tended toward philological, ethnological, and archaeological data, from which to get a light on the prehistoric.

* Mahoney (Mäh'-o-ni), Century Dictionary. This is the Irish pronunciation. Formerly there was no "e" in the spelling. It crept in during the school days in North Brookfield.

He was a great believer in race characteristics; their persistence; their undying adherence to distinguishing ideals, as he often expressed it, and found in the Irish race, not merely a blend of qualities merged in centuries of travail and attrition, but rather a primitive groundwork, distinctively Irish, that remained relatively unchanged throughout, on which there would from century to century be drawn various traits, other ideals, other aims, some to persist for a long time; some to vanish and make way for newer notions.

A subject always of absorbing interest to Mahoney was the origin and migrations of the Celtic race. The historian, of course, soon runs short of written records and must rely on matters at first like architectural remains, bits of pottery, and the like, which carry him back only a few more centuries. Of comparatively recent times there has been developed a new instrument of research, in identifying ancient languages, some now forgotten as languages, but whose remains are embodied in modern speech.

For a man of Mahoney's thoroughness, this vista came too late for anything like adequate study and so, teacher-like, he left the deep research work to others, but was eager for any fruits of their work. For the historian, this line of research has proved exceptionally rich, particularly in place names, which are found to be peculiarly persistent, practicably immovable in fact, and providing material regarded as more and more reliable, in tracing races back in the mists of time.

Out of this has come a fairly well-settled conviction that the Celts were the first of the Aryan races to enter Europe. They travelled ever westward from somewhere in Asia, sometimes pioneers, pushing into the unknown and displacing the natives; more often, probably, being pushed onward by following tribes, who, with the virile strength of the rough, outdoor, poverty stricken, was able to drive onward, those he found in his way, who by long years of peace and plenty had lost possibly the warlike qualities that sufficed to win a foothold originally. But go where he would, the Celt left his place names, firmly attached to this day; often changed or corrupted to fit the tongue of newcomers, but holding fast to roots and essentials and being fairly recognizable, as a historical record.

One field in which Mahoney liked to delve, by proxy of course, as he realized the limitations on his own energies in making anything like an adequate study, was the singular persistence of the word *Gael*, as imbedded in place names. It is noted to-day in Ireland, in "Gal"-way, Don-"gal," where one would expect to find it. The French to-day call the Prince of Wales, the Prince de Galles—the same word and pronounced practically the same as one talking Irish would pronounce Gael. France, itself, was once Gaul, still another form of the same word. The Romans conquered Gaul under Julius Caesar in 48 B.C.; the Gallo-romans, in turn were conquered by the Franks in

the fifth century A.D. In Brittany and Belgium we still find traces of these Gaels.

The same word crops up a farther step eastward in "Gal"-icia where there are practically no Gaels now, nor for a great many centuries; but it still remains the land of the Gaels, in name at least. Going still farther, probably in Asia Minor, there is a record found in the New Testament, of the "Gal"-atians, who lived in "Gal"-atia, another land of the Gaels, abandoned by them untold centuries ago.

Another Celtic word singularly persistent is "dun," which in Gaelic is a hill, fortress, a fastness, probably away back, what we would call a robber's or raider's lair. It is part of the word Verdun. The same word appears in Lon"don," which once was only a Roman fortress and two hundred years of Roman occupation could not wipe the Celtic "dun," from the name.

River names, also, are peculiarly tenacious. Renos or Rhenos is apparently an old Celtic word for "flowing water"; also Don, though there was probably some difference in meaning. These are imbedded to-day in Rhine, Rhone, Danube (in German Donau), Don Dneister and more obscurely in hundreds of other river, brook and lake names. Garonne in France is pure Celtic, being "Gar," as rough, turbulent and Rhone, a river, somewhat corrupted of course, to conform to the French tongue.

Examples cited by philologists of extreme corruption in the course of many, many centuries, are Aisne and Marne, where the letter "n" is all that is left of the once assertive and tenacious Rhenos, or Renos, or some word very like it. This record in geographical names was peculiarly eloquent to Mahoney, as indicating the farflung migrations of the Celts. It also appealed to him as accounting, in some measure, for the remarkably early development of culture and civilization in Ireland.

The Celts may be looked on as a rough, uncouth, ruthless and uncultured tribe as they entered Europe, the vanguard of the Aryans. They can be conceived as living in some place in the far east of Europe, say Galicia, and acquiring in the course of peaceful centuries some culture, perhaps not much. They either pioneered farther westward, or were driven on and repeated the process, their culture advancing a step beyond the Galicia stage. They must have stayed centuries in the places they chose, so widespread and persistent are the remains of their language in place and river names. Finally, we can jump to the last stage when they reached Ireland, possessing not merely a high degree of accumulated culture, but, in fact, all the culture there was at that time.

A curious remnant of this philological type, is the only survival of the word "Aryan" itself in "Ire"-land in a place name, which in Celtic is much different from "Ire"; more like Erin as we know

the word, or Eirinn and many other variants in the spelling. It is not put forward here as a demonstrated fact that the "Ire" in Ireland is a variant of Aryan. It is conjectured to be by some philologists, with a confession of a very uncertain ground for any conclusion.

They came in time to the then peaceful Ireland; a haven where the finer graces of culture could flourish far from war's alarms and literature that illuminated the world grew to rich fruition. There came other migrations to Ireland, notably from Spain, where Milesius and his followers, added a new facet to the Irish character, perhaps the most distinctive of all, except possibly the English, which have imposed their language at least on the island, though failing signally in other fields of effort. "She was subdued perhaps, but never conquered," as Mahoney would say.

Of Irish history, the documented roster of events, little need be said here, except that one may note the singular tenacity with which the Irish remained Irish; they did not welcome Danes when the name of the Norse invader was a potent menace indeed, laid low later by Brian, whose harvest was garnered by Mahon. Even in later years, the English did no better. The invader became Irish in a generation or two; "More Irish than the Irish" has often been said of them.

The best information on the origin of the Mahony family places its beginning in A.D. 483, founded by Cormac, King of Munster, anciently given as Maigheanach, enjoying the titles of Lord of Iveagh, also Lord of Kinal Meaky, ruling in Kinal Aodha, now the barony of Kinalea, south of the Lee. Their descendants, in remote but historic times, flourished mainly in Cork and Kerry. The widest known Mahony of modern times is probably Rev. Francis Mahony, born in Cork in 1805 and died in Paris in 1866, the Fr. Prout of literature, whose "Bells of Shandon" are immortal, and "The Reliques of Father Prout" which originally appeared in *Frazier's Magazine*, are unique in English literature. A little farther back Venerable Charles Mahony, Irish Franciscan Martyr, was executed August 12, 1679, at Rulhin in North Wales. He died praying God to forgive his enemies and to bless the King. His age was under forty. He suffered with great constancy, being cut down alive and butchered.

Col. John O'Mahony was not only a famous Fenian, but one of the very learned men of his time.

A Col. Dermot O'Mahony was with King James, at the battle of the Boyne (1691) and fought at Aughrim and Limerick; a Barthelmy O'Mahony, Chevalier of St. Louis, was a lieutenant general in France. A more imposing figure was Daniel O'Mahony, who fought at Limerick, at least, and then like many an Irishman went to France where he was made a colonel by Louis XIV for his work at the battle of Cremona, became later a brigadier in French service; went to Spain, where Philip V made him commander of the Irish dragoons,

ultimately, a lieutenant general, Count of Castile and Commander of the military order of St. James.

James Mahony's mother was a Carroll, coming from County Clare, Ireland. The chief of the family was Lord of Ely, also Lord of Clary and the family was originally more or less confined to Kerry, Tipperary and Kings, now of course found everywhere in Ireland, to say nothing of the rest of the world. Their principal castle was at Birr, near Parsonstown and the founder was Donald O'Carroll. They were staunch supporters of the English Stuart dynasty, the head of the clan in Charles I's time, having been Donough O'Carroll, who had thirty sons and one daughter. The old man made up a troop of his sons, or some of them, presenting the troop to the Marquis of Ormonde for Charles I. They followed Charles II into exile and died in foreign service. As a remnant of history, it is a small matter, but it requires little vision, to realize the light that would gleam in Mahoney's eyes, as he recalled this rugged ancestor. Brigadier Francis O'Carroll was a distinguished officer under James II, went to France when the monarch was exiled—more likely allowed to escape—and was killed at Marsaglia. His descendants are known in France to-day as "de Carrolles."

The Carrolls came over in force with Lord Baltimore and helped to found Maryland, which may well be called the state of the Carrolls. From them sprung Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the signer of the Declaration, the most distinguished American Carroll, though a question might be raised regarding the claims of his contemporary, Bishop Carroll, the first Catholic bishop in the United States. The site of the city of Baltimore was bought from the Carroll family in 1792, and incorporated 1796 as a city. Daniel Carroll presented his farm on the Potomac to Washington, making what is now a large part of the District of Columbia. This Daniel Carroll was one of the thirty-six delegates who signed the Constitution in 1787.

Grandfather Carroll was an accountant, of the type now known as "chartered" or "public" accountants. His work was more with the relatively simple records of transactions among the landlords, requiring accuracy and the utmost probity.

Mahoney's grandfather's grandfather was the first of the family to settle near Crookhaven Harbor. He received from his father, who was a merchant marine, a sloop, cargo and a thousand pounds. He was a merchant, captain and owner of the sloop. There were no overland routes at that time and Crookhaven Harbor was a great port of call. There is a wireless station there now.

Among their chief castles were Rosbrin, Ardintenant, Ballydesmond, Ringmahon, Blackcastle, Dunbeacon and Dunmanus.

Their coat of arms bore the motto "We defend ourselves and our faith."

Mahoney's paternal grandfather was, in his youth, a captain of the yeomanry, later a government surveyor in County Cork. He was also a member of the Court of Arbitral Justice, a body for settling disputes between landlords and tenants, also for settling estates, etc.

It is of some interest to note that one of the estates he settled was that of an English peer whose family name was Beecher, and who was a progenitor of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

It was, as may be guessed, an exceedingly responsible position and of exceeding honor and filled only by the best men to be had. Another office he filled was that of chief of the Coast Guard, which post often called him far from home. He was a learned man and a poet.

James Mahoney's father was John Mahony, born at Goleen, County Cork, Ireland, in 1821.

John Mahony left Ireland, May 1, 1850, in a small craft carrying less than fifty passengers, being six weeks and three days on the way. Under stress of weather, the ship had to put in at St. John, New Brunswick. He landed in Boston and made his way to Ware, where he settled down as a farmer.

In 1856 he married Miss Bridget Carroll of Ware. She was born in Bally Kelly, a part of the town of Broadford, County Clare, Ireland, and came to this country in 1850, braving a thirty-six days' passage in a sailing packet, from Liverpool and travelling by train and coach to her sister's in Ware.

After their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Mahony lived a while in Ware and later in Hardwick, but in 1863, purchased the old historic Hale farm in the western portion of North Brookfield, where they may be said to have lived ever after, the peaceful, uneventful, but character-building life of the industrious New England farmer.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Mahony were studious and, as may be gathered from the foregoing, well able to carry on the New England tradition of "Plain living and high thinking." When their children became old enough nothing was spared in schooling. This was no light task as the high school was three miles away and those were not the days of free transportation or free text books.

They were never absent from school on account of the severe New England storms, and tardy marks were unknown to them, unless the roads were actually impassable and they had to wait in the team, on the road, while their father cleared a passage through the drifts. When the roads were known to be blocked they must start for school at 7 o'clock, so as to be at school *on time*, if it was humanely possible for their father to get them there. In those days there was no such thing thought of as no school on account of a severe storm. Punctuality and system were so thoroughly instilled in their minds that they could never be anything but punctual and systematic in whatever they did.

James, as has been indicated, had considerably more than the average in scholastic training. Miss Mary, the eldest daughter, died comparatively young, in 1891. Miss Kate A. has long been a teacher in North Brookfield. Miss Nellie M. was for many years supervisor of drawing in Massachusetts schools, later the companion of James and the chatelaine of his home.

Mr. Mahony, the elder, died at the old home on February 28, 1902, at the age of 81, and Mrs. Mahony also at the family home on November 30, 1906, at the age of 84.

The following was copied from James' diary:

Sunday 4.40 P.M., March 2, 1902.

Father died Friday morning at 4.45 o'clock.

I was awakened at the Nottingham at 3.30 A.M. by Mr. Hunt. He said: "A message has come over the 'phone for you. Your Father is alive but is sinking very fast and they want you to come right home."

The first train I could get was the 5 A.M. train. I reached home at about 8.30. Father was already dead. When laid in the coffin profound peace was in his face. He looked as if asleep.

The funeral was this afternoon from the church. The roads were very bad and it was raining but even that seemed fitting. The arrangements were perfect, not a delay anywhere. The flowers were beautiful. "Well done, good and faithful." *Requiescat in pace.*

James Mahoney was born in Hardwick, on May 9, 1862, going with his parents soon after to North Brookfield, where his father had purchased a farm. Until he was nearly seven years of age he was an exceptionally robust, active boy, when an accident befell him. He was bedridden for four years. That no studying was possible during this period is obvious. He gained gradually during the next year and was able to do some studying, though under difficult conditions, for he was often pain racked, but it was considerable. During this time he started to teach his younger sister drawing, he, who had never been taught himself and his method was of the approved method of the present day.

At twelve years he resumed school work, with his old class, the group with whom he studied when he was stricken five years previously. His teacher at this stage was Miss Emma Whiting. At fourteen he entered North Brookfield High School, where the late Mr. Charles M. Clay and Miss Emily M. Edson were his teachers. Here his story can be left to later chapters, where those who knew him well, will continue his career.

That Man, who is from God sent forth,
 Doth yet again to God return?
 Such ebb and flow must ever be,
 Then wherefore should we mourn?

—*William Wordsworth.*

Why if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
 And naked on the Air of Heaven ride.
 Wer't not a Shame for him
 In this clay carcase longer to abide?

—*Omar Khayyám.*

Life! we've been long together
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
 Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
 Then steal away, give little warning,
 Choose thine own time;
 Say not Good Night,—but in some brighter clime
 Bid me Good Morning.

Death, of course, is always a tragedy, but there were peculiarly sad notes in the fate of James Mahoney. It was well known that he was on the eve of a promotion to a broader and higher sphere of activity in educational circles.

An intensely home loving man, he was destined to die alone, among strangers, 2,000 miles from home. The announcement to his people came like a crash of thunder in blazing sunshine; no inkling of even illness preceding the telegraphic news. He had attended the convention of the National Education Association at Oakland, California, in 1915, where he read a paper on a technical subject and was on his way home.

He had always cherished the hope of seeing Pike's Peak, Colorado. So his second stop on his way home was at Colorado Springs, on August 31. Next day he went on to Manitou and ascended Pike's Peak and thoroughly enjoyed the trip. A card from him mailed at the top of the Peak said "A boyhood wish realized."

He announced at the hotel that he would undertake a trip to Crystal Park the next day. He bought a ticket but never used it. He complained the following (Thursday) morning of feeling ill (September 2) and at his request was taken to a doctor, who diagnosed his trouble as angina pectoris, a grave heart lesion. He improved greatly under treatment, doing finely through Thursday and Friday. Saturday noon he took some nourishment and seemed to be progressing. Indeed, Mahoney wrote home to his sisters (Saturday A.M.) that though he was under the weather, they should not worry as he had the best of care and a good doctor. His attendant looked in several times after he had lunch, but he seemed to be in a peaceful sleep and so he quietly withdrew. When the doctor called about 3,

he too, thought him in a profound sleep, but a closer examination revealed the fact that "God's finger had touched him, and he slept." September 4, 1915.

"And that clear-featured face
Was lovely, for he did not seem as dead,
But fast asleep, and lay as tho' he smiled."

The funeral service at the Gate of Heaven Church in South Boston was a notable remembrance. The pastor, Rev. Robert J. Johnson, was celebrant; Rev. John O'Connell, deacon, and Rev. Waldo Hasenfuss, subdeacon. Seated in the sanctuary were Rev. John J. McCoy of Worcester; Rev. Owen M. McGee of Springfield; Rev. Leo F. O'Neill, St. John's Seminary, Brighton; Rev. J. B. Donahue, Monson; Rev. Francis J. Hughes, Cambridge; Rev. John S. Keating, S. J., Boston College; and Rev. Thomas F. McCarthy of Somerville.

Numerous civic, business and professional societies sent large delegations; the mourners included, besides, what may be called a representative section of Boston society.

The body bearers were: Mr. Basil Gavin, James E. Maguire, Esq., Dr. Thomas F. Leen, Mr. John McCarthy, Dr. John F. O'Brien, Mr. George G. Wolkins.

The honorary pall bearers were: Arthur H. Dakin, Esq., Rev. Charles F. Weeden, Dr. A. V. Lyon, Dr. E. M. Greene, Mr. C. E. Kelsey, Mr. A. M. Alvord, Rev. Herbert D. Ward, Judge Joseph H. Sheehan, Postmaster William F. Murray, Hon. John J. Mitchell, Dr. Augustine J. Bulger, Hon. T. B. Fitzpatrick, Hon. James J. Phelan, Dean Homer Albers, Mr. J. Templeton Coolidge, Rev. Herbert S. Johnson, Hon. Frank B. Sanborn.

The burial was in North Brookfield, Mass.

Prayers at the grave were offered by Rev. Robert J. Johnson of South Boston, Rev. Owen M. McGee of Springfield and Rev. Edward Judge of North Brookfield.

The bearers at North Brookfield were fully representative townspeople, Mr. J. Henry Downey, Mr. Frank B. Mahoney, Mr. George O. Rollins, Mr. Charles E. Batcheller, Timothy Howard, Esq., and Mr. Edward McEvoy.

The honorary bearers were: Mr. Basil Gavin, James E. Maguire, Esq., and Dr. Thomas F. Leen.

Death is the crown of life.

—*Young*.

JAMES W. MCCOY.

CHAPTER II

Friendship is like the Sun's eternal rays: No daily benefits exhaust its flame. It still is given and still burns the same.

—James Mahoney.

There is nothing perhaps more revealing, as to character, than what may be called the day-by-day correspondence between friends; that is the incidental, often sketchy treatment of topics of common knowledge. A few such letters are appended, most of them coming at crises, either family, class or similar occasions, not dealing with matters of general or public interest.

OLD LETTERS FROM FRIENDS PERTAINING TO THE FAMILY:

NORTH BROOKFIELD, MASS.,
October 3, 1888.

MR. MAHONEY,

My dear Friend:

Your note, received two or three weeks ago, was very welcome, and I should have replied sooner, but did not know your address.

You are quite right in supposing that I should be interested to hear of your appointment. Ever since I knew you as a schoolmate of my own son, I have watched your progress with interest, and been pleased to hear of your success. I do think that you have fairly won all the success you have had, and not only by industrious application made yourself worthy of them, but by a conscientious earnestness of life and purpose which are certainly not too common among young men, though I do believe, from what I know of the young men in our colleges at the present day, as compared with those of my youthful days, that there has been no falling off, to say the least, in these respects.

That you will carry this conscientious earnestness into your new work, I cannot doubt, and for that reason shall always be glad to see you in positions of responsibility.

You did not mention the studies which you are to teach, or what your work is to be. When you find time and opportunity to call on us, which will, I trust, be soon, I shall be interested to hear all about your new place and work.

* * * * *

Mr. Duncan sends kind regards. I forgot to say that I told James when he came to spend a day or two with us at the close of his vacation,

of your recent appointment, and he seemed much pleased, and would doubtless, wish me, on his behalf, to congratulate you. Col. Cooke, also, when I told him, expressed much gratification, and is heartily glad in your success.

Hoping to see you before long, I remain as ever,
Your sincere friend,

HARRIET E. DUNCAN.

P. S.—My Mother and Mrs. Cooke send kind regards and congratulations.

NORTH BROOKFIELD, MASS.,
October 9, 1897.

DEAR MR. MAHONEY:

I feel guilty for not sooner acknowledging your kind and delightful hospitality which I assure you was much enjoyed both by Mr. Duncan and myself. But my eyes do not permit me to write in the evening, and the days have been pretty full, so that to my shame it must be admitted that of the four families whose hospitality we received while in Boston, only one has thus far received acknowledgment since our return. The weather has been beautiful, and I have felt it almost a sin not to improve it to the utmost. Writing letters, sewing, or any indoor work seems a cruel rejection of Nature's hospitality when she lavishes on hill and vale and woodland such decorations, and pours forth such beauty for the entertainment of her children. So I have lured Mr. Duncan out for a drive almost every afternoon, and when I could not do that have often taken the horse myself and gone forth, with a friend to bear me company. On one of our drives I called on your mother. I think she is delightful; I saw your father for a few minutes, also. I never *fairly* saw his face before. How sunny and benevolent and kind it is! Oh, that there were more such people in the world as your father and mother! But most of the people are scrambling for something or other which is beyond their reach and so miss the peace and virtue and goodness which they might have. I think you are a worthy son of your father and mother. I believe you have kept yourself unspoiled in heart and life. It was pleasant to hear your mother's hearty endorsement of some things I said. She spoke with pleasure of your occasional visits home, and I know they are the events of her life, as the visits of my children are to me.

* * * * *

Mr. Duncan and Mrs. Cooke send kind regards.

Sincerely yours,

HARRIET E. DUNCAN.

NORTH BROOKFIELD, MASS.,
March 25, 1902.

DEAR MR. MAHONEY:

It was a beautiful note which I received from you the other day. I am sorry my own letter was delayed as it was. It must have made me seem negligent. You did not say one word too much about your beloved father. It was very welcome to me—every word of your filial tribute. And when we stop and reflect on the real character of those lives (such as your father's) with their unselfishness, their firmness, their unflagging industry, their integrity, their piety, and their affection, are not all the elements of true greatness there? And when you consider that all over this broad land there are such numerous instances of that kind, and that these men and women have trained their children to walk in their footsteps, we need never despair of our country. I am sure that your father must have enjoyed a great deal, and have found a rich reward, in the character and success of his children. Such parents live their lives over again in their children, and in their goodness, their advantages, and their success, find compensation for anything which in their own lives they may have missed.

It was a very kind thought of yours—taking your mother to Boston. She could not be as constantly reminded there. I hope she has received much benefit from it.

* * * * *

I hope you will call and see me whenever you can. I realize that a great responsibility has come upon you, and that your mother and your sisters must lean wholly on you. I shall be very much interested in the future movements of your family. I presume your mother could not feel that she can ever call any place home, except the pretty, sequestered nook where she has lived so many years. I can imagine that it must be very dear to you all. I always felt, when I went there, a peculiar charm about the location. It seemed as if I had suddenly come upon a bird's nest, I was there before I knew it. But delightful as the place is in the summer, it seems to me that the inconveniences in winter for the girls, must be very great, especially now that your father is no more there to keep your mother company during their absence. It is a great pleasure, and a surprise too, to know that your father showed such an interest in my husband and myself. I shall be glad, some time, to speak to you about a visit when we found him alone, and he was sole host. . . .

Mrs. Cooke desires a kind remembrance to you. Please give my love to your mother and sisters.

Most cordially yours,

HARRIET E. DUNCAN.

NORTH BROOKFIELD, MASS.,
December 7, 1906.

DEAR MR. MAHONEY:

The knowledge of your dear mother's death came to me Tuesday afternoon and I deeply regret that I did not hear of it soon enough to pay my tribute of respect and honor to her memory, with others, on Monday.

She was a woman of great dignity and nobility of character I am sure, and the memory of such a mother will always be a blessing to you and your sisters.

You have my true sympathy in your great loss, for my sister and I had also a most excellent father and mother. You certainly have much to be thankful for in the consciousness that you and your sisters have been so devoted to your mother and done so much for her comfort and happiness.

Your consolation now will be in the certainty that she has exchanged all the anxieties and pain and sorrow for a blessed life with those who have gone before and those who are sometime to follow her.

May you be comforted and helped to bear this loss which is unlike any other that can come to you.

Very truly your friend,
F. E. COOKE.

NORTH BROOKFIELD, MASS.,
March 22, 1904.

DEAR JAMES:

I want you to know that your friends on the hill are all greatly pleased to note the mention of your name in the public prints for the honor of an elevation to the important post of supervisor and earnestly hope that success may attend the efforts of your Boston friends.

Most sincerely yours,
JOHN S. COOKE.

DEAR MR. MAHONEY:

I am very sorry for the sake of yourself and your sister that your beloved mother is no longer with you. But for her there must be joy in laying aside the burdens of age and putting on new life. It will always be a comfort to you to remember that she was with you last winter.

I never knew a son more devoted in attentions of care, comfort, speech and honor to his mother than yourself. I am most glad that I had the privilege of meeting her and seeing the sweet serenity of her face and the grace of her affection for you.

Bye and bye when you have again taken up the old motives of life come and tell me of her and I shall gratefully listen.

With much sympathy,
Sincerely yours,

KATE GANNETT WELLS.

COMMONWEALTH AVENUE., BOSTON, MASS.

December 3, 1906.

DEAR MR. MAHONEY:

Your letter reached me just as I was leaving Campobello, so please pardon me for the enforced delay in writing you.

I have gladly written Mr. Conley as you requested and do earnestly hope that you will be elected.

Then your friends will rejoice for you and the schools will acquire a most able and scholarly counsellor.

I hope you have had a pleasant summer and that your honored mother is well.

Sincerely yours,

KATE G. WELLS.

OWLS HEAD, MAINE.

September 24.

HOTEL WESTMINSTER
COPLEY SQUARE
BOSTON

December 9, 1906.

MY DEAR MR. MAHONEY:

Mrs. Shaw and I were sorry to hear of your dear mother's death and we wish to extend to you our most heartfelt sympathy. Words, of course, can afford very little consolation at such a time, and yet I think that the knowledge that our friends feel for us, sympathize with us, and would willingly help us, if they could, must be somewhat of a palliative for our grief. You are of course, to be commiserated in the severance of the very strong earthly bonds between you and your mother, but I think you are also to be congratulated in that you can always bear with you the remembrance that you have always borne yourself with rare filial devotion and that there can be absolutely nothing with which to reproach yourself.

Please convey our sympathy also to your sisters.

Yours very truly,

H. C. SHAW.

DEAR MR. MAHONEY:

Your grief and your research rival each other. Thank you very much for looking up the word, and writing me where it occurs.

I am proud to have a friend who knows his Dante so well.

Sincerely yours,

KATE G. WELLS.

COMMONWEALTH AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.

March 28.

MY DEAR MR. MAHONEY:

You and your sister have my sincerest sympathy in one of the greatest trials this world can give us. For when the mother goes—whether it be early or late—the loss of that ever present all absorbing love seems for a time to make life empty. But the “Communion of Saints” makes us sure that it goes on for us forever, even if our mortal faculties cannot perceive it. It must be a consoling and happy thought that you were able to give her the joy of being near you before she was called away. Your note was the first notice I had, and I am glad you felt that I was sufficiently a friend to be made aware of your sorrow. My kindest regards to your sister, who must surely be happy too in the remembrance of her long years of devotion, and believe me

Faithfully yours,

MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

212 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

December 19, 1906.

THEODORE C. BATES,
29 HARVARD ST.,
WORCESTER, MASS.

WORCESTER, MASS.,
February 20, 1907.

JAMES MAHONEY, ESQ.,
North Brookfield, Mass.

DEAR MR. MAHONEY:

Your letter of December 9, 1906, was remailed to me to Kansas City, Mo., and then again forwarded to me to Chicago.

I deeply sympathize with you and your sisters in the loss of your dear mother. She and my mother were very good friends I well remember, and I recall the pleasant things she mentioned to me after her last visit to your mother.

Mother Bates lived to the good old age of 92. The last fifteen years of her life she was with me much of the time, I was her youngest son, and fortunately was so situated that I could see that she had

many comforts, especially during the winter months. Her birthday was May 3, and she always planned to be at her own home in North Brookfield on that day, and then spent much of her time there until Thanksgiving Day, after which she lived with us until spring. She was very fond of her old friends who patiently overlooked her deafness as your good mother always did. With the aid of her trumpet your mother could converse with Mother Bates and kindly chatted with her freely about old times.

You will miss your mother, James, more and more, no one will ever take her place in your life and affections. No matter where you are—nor how many years from now her face and loving ways will haunt you as my mother's do me—more and more as the years roll by. Old Father Time may eliminate the memory of others, to a greater or less degree. New duties, new cares, new acquaintances may absorb your thoughts, but the sweet face and life of your mother will claim possession of your thoughts, day and night, bringing to you most delightful memories of her and the many happy hours you have had with her and the many kind words of her encouragement. Nothing on earth will ever afford you the same satisfaction and solace as your mother's love. We can never have but one mother—and how thankful we should be that we are permitted to retain in our memory so many beautiful thoughts of her, and of her loving kindness. In our early life she was almost "omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent," for our welfare.

You have left your sisters, be good to them. They come near your mother's place.

I thank you for your very thoughtful letter and the kind words you write. May you and your sisters be spared to each other for many long years of mutual happiness and tender affectionate love is the sincere wish of your old friend. Remember me most kindly to them.

Yours truly,

THEODORE C. BATES.

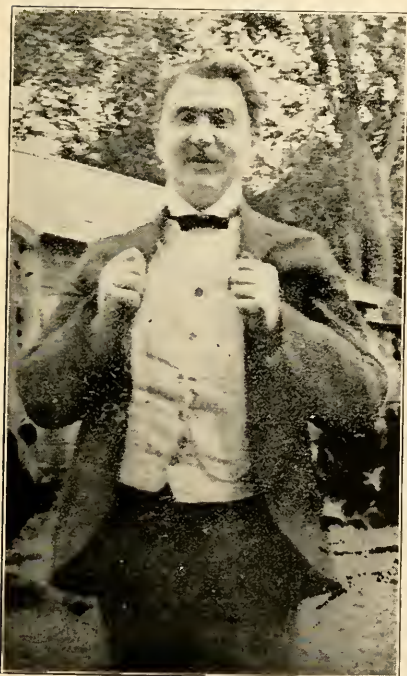
Ambition reigns

In the waste wilderness: the Soul ascends
Drawn towards her native firmament of Heaven.

Rarely and with reluctance would I stoop
To transitory themes; yet I rejoice,
And, by these thoughts admonished, will pour out
Thanks with uplifted heart that I was reared
Safe from an evil which these days have laid
Upon the children of the land, a pest
That might have dried me up, body and soul.
This verse is dedicated to Nature's self,
And things that teach as Nature teaches:



THE OLD HOME



HOME AGAIN



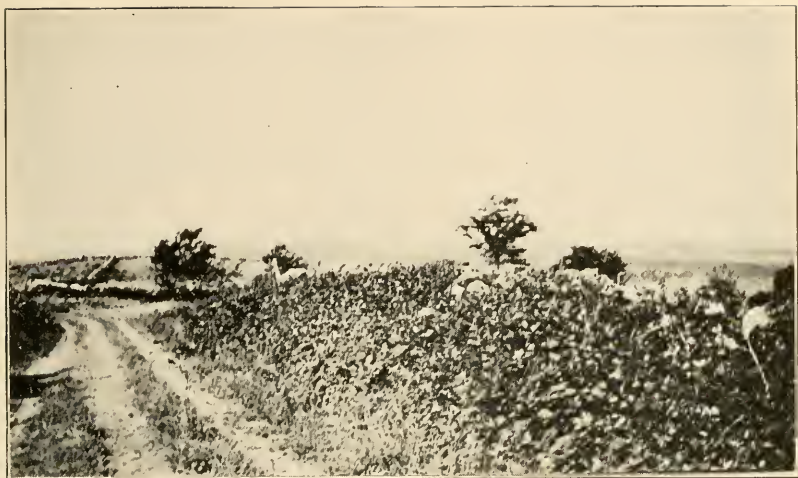
BENEATH THE SPRUCE TREE



THE OLD ELM BEHIND THE HOUSE



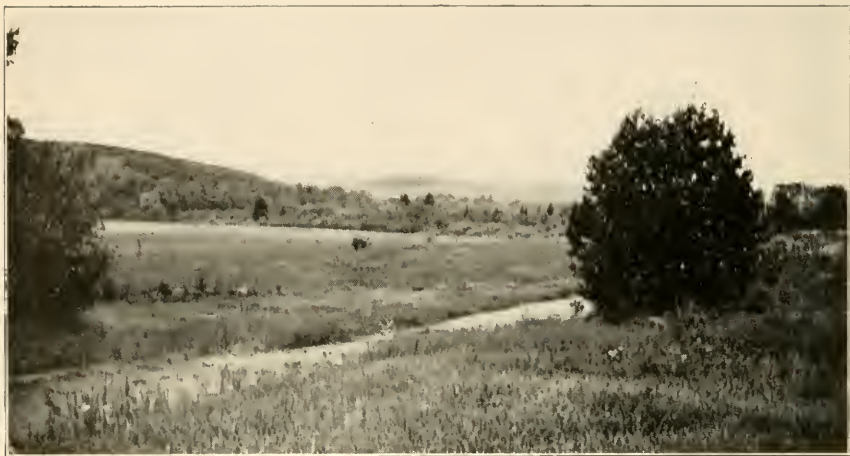
ON THE TOP OF PRITCHARD HILL



VIEW ON COY'S HILL
(Camera too small to "pick up" the distant view)



LAKE WICKABOAG IN WEST BROOKFIELD
King Massasoit lived in an Indian Village situated where the observer is supposed to stand



THE WENIMISSET VALLEY

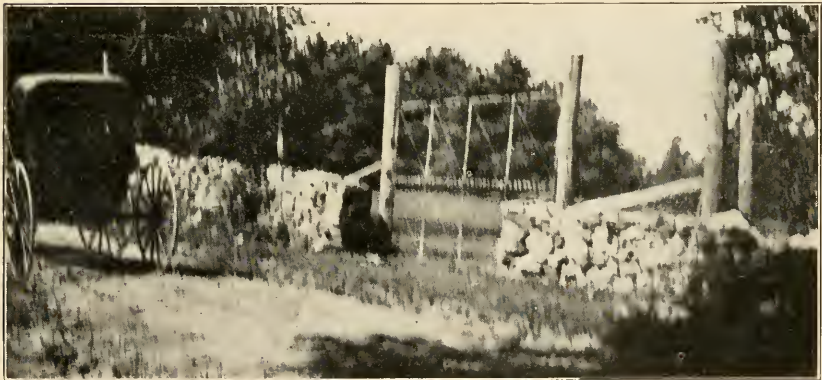
In this valley the massacre took place in 1675



BROOK WHICH FLOWS AROUND THE ISLAND ON WHICH STOOD KING PHILLIP'S CAMP



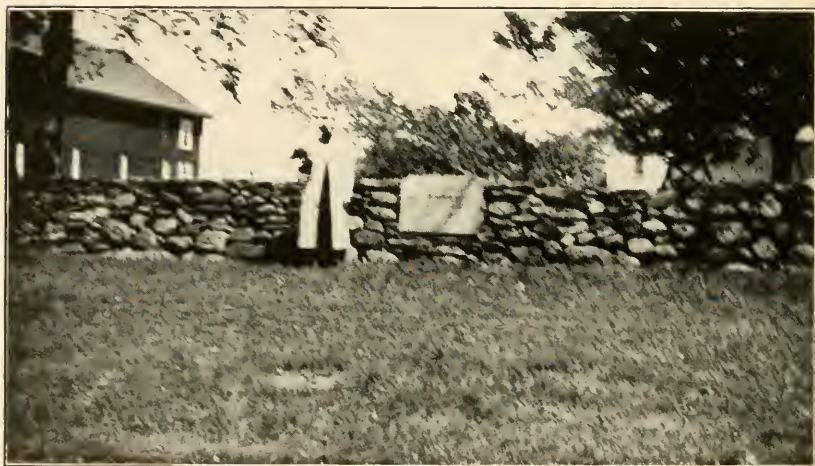
WHITEFIELD STOOD ON THIS ROCK IN 1740 AND PREACHED TO THE INHABITANTS OF BROOKFIELD
ASSEMBLED IN THE SURROUNDING FIELDS



ENTRANCE TO THE RESERVATION ON "INDIAN ROCK" FARM



HOUSE WHERE LUCY STONE WAS BORN AND MRS. BEAMAN, NIECE OF LUCY STONE



SITE OF SERGT. JOHN AYRES' CABIN WHICH WAS BESIEGED BY THE INDIANS IN 1675
The man is Mr. Henry Ayres, a lineal descendant of John Ayres



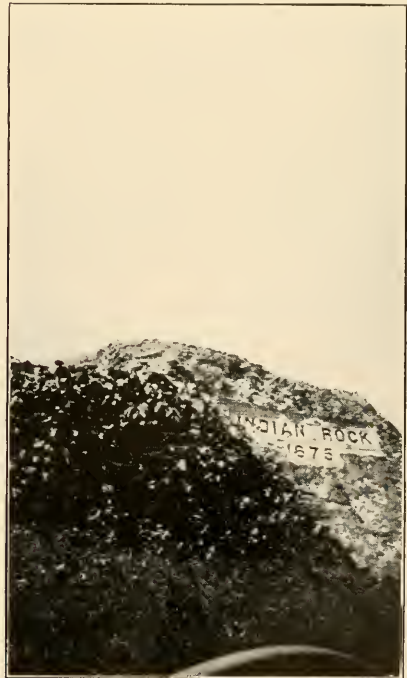
A BROOKFIELD FARMER
AND HIS DOG



OLD TAVERN AT WEST BROOKFIELD
Washington and Lafayette were entertained here



STONE MARKING SITE OF KING PHILLIP'S
CAMP IN 1675



"INDIAN ROCK" FROM BEHIND WHICH THE
INDIANS FIRED ON AYRES' CABIN



MAJOR



MAJOR AND HIS MASTER



YOUNG FANNIE



HICKORY GROVE



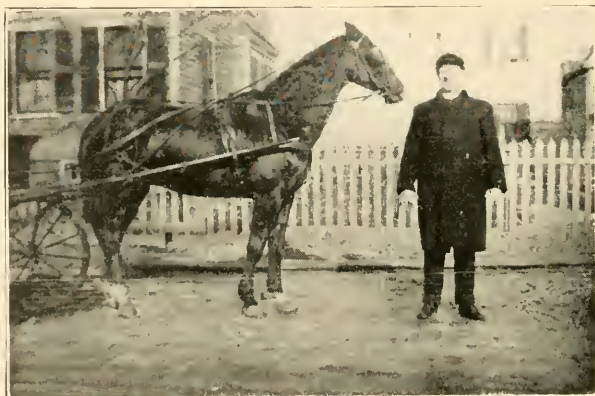
WEST VIEW FROM HOUSE



REAR VIEW OF THE OLD HOME



IN THE HAYFIELD



PRINCE

Or draws, for minds that are left free to trust
 In the simplicities of opening life,
 Sweet honey out of spurned or dreaded weeds.

And O ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
 Forbode not severing of our loves!
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
 I only have relinquished one delight
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.
 I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
 The innocent brightness of a new-born day

Is lovely yet;

The clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober coloring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

The power,
 which all

Acknowledged when thus moved, which
 Nature thus

To bodily sense exhibits, is the express
 Resemblance of that glorious faculty
 That higher minds bear with them as their own.

—*William Wordsworth.*

A SUMMER ON A BROOKFIELD FARM

I was anxious to go to North Brookfield this summer for, not only was it the home of my boyhood, but this year it celebrates the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its first settlement. So, when the glass at Thompson's Spa stood at 93°, I took the first train for the Quaboag country. The train steadily ascends till at North Brookfield we are 1,000 feet above the sea at Boston.

Beneath the elms and silver poplars, surrounded by apple and pear trees, how beautiful in my eyes is the little old house, where I grew from babyhood to young manhood.

How lovely are the trees, how fine the hills, how deep and green the grass, how clean and cool, and sweet the air; no dust, no smoke, and a nice breeze blowing.

Here, then, I am to be for five weeks. Early morning and late afternoon I climb the hills and revel in their charms. Nowhere, save in New England, has every spot a character of its own. The great corn fields, and wheat fields of the West are for a thousand miles the same, they are monotonous in their immensity and richness.

Here, every valley, field and hillside, every brook and wood is a personal friend. Then, too, everything is so lovely. The lines, the forms, the masses, the colors are infinitely varied; and charm by their good proportions and pleasant contrasts. And such hills! The White Mountains are much higher, the Berkshires more picturesque, the Rockies are far grander, but here the hills never shock you by being jagged or terrible. Climb a high tree, look across the surrounding country: The hills break into waves and the waves into countless crests; and as you watch them now they seem to rise and fall, and be alive, and their only purpose, to please.

Here at the old homestead I got my first vision of the past, my first lesson in history. Beyond the house, Pritchard Hill rises slowly from the roadside, and up its side extends an ample lane. At the head of the lane huge elms, a barn, and the cellar of a house, long since gone. To this spot, on Sundays, would come a tall, slender, old man, who would linger for hours by the old ruin and weep. One day I cautiously approached him and learned that his name was William Hale, that this had been the home of his family for generations. That his great-grandfather had been driven from Boston by the English before the American Revolution, that coming to Brookfield he had built a manor house on this spot and had been made justice of all the district round. He had served in the Revolution; and I saw his commission, signed in the bold handwriting of John Hancock. Later I read the old man's diary, giving an account of various trials held before him as justice. At the foot of the hill, long after, lived Joseph Tucker, who, when his sons went to the war in '61, sold his land to my father and removed to the village. So, while still a boy, I had a long look into the past.

The old township was eight miles square, including what are now North Brookfield, South Brookfield, West Brookfield, New Braintree and Warren. Here for weeks, during the glorious summer, I sit upon the hills, and walk, and drive from site to site, and from shrine to shrine.

As I stand on Coy's Hill, the rich afternoon sun shines on the living landscape of Quaboag. Way down in the valley gleams the level water of Lake Wickaboag, and in the distant southeast is the silver surface of Quaboag Pond; here and there through the deeper valley winds the Quaboag River, into which flow the many streams which have given the name "Brookfield" to the entire district. Far to the north looms up Mt. Monadnock, to the northeast Wachusett, to the south, Marks Mountain, and in the west the Holyoke Range; while in the farther distance roll the blue forms of ever receding New England hills.

As I gaze on this valley, I indulge in a day-dream of by-gone ages: As the ice of the glacial period melts, I can see mighty rivers fill these

valleys from ridge to ridge, tearing away the rocks, grinding them into soil, and as the flood subsides, dropping the mud to the bottom of the valleys, where it produces the rankest weeds and greenest grasses. Here for countless ages I see the Quaboag Indians roam the hills and meadows, fish in these brooks, plant corn on these plains, build their wigwams by the ponds, and yonder, in the Wenimisset Valley, I see them gather to defend their ancestral homes, and in the dark ravine on the edge of the valley I see them with uplifted tomahawks and with fierce screams, massacre the white men. In the middle ground, rises Foster Hill, whither in 1675 the remnant of the band of Captain Wheeler retreated after the massacre, and where for three days and nights, in Sergeant John Ayres' cabin, they were besieged by the howling savages, who kept up a ceaseless shower of arrows and bullets from the meeting house, from the barn, and from "Indian Rock." But a rescuing party came, and although for ten years the Whites then abandoned these hills, they came again with greater power and determination. King Philip's War, the Indian War of Independence from the Whites, had been fought and lost by the Red Men. In the great swamp in Wenimisset Valley may still be seen evidences of the old Indian village, where stood the camp of King Philip, and it seems salutary to sit here upon the mound and review this old history with the eye, and with the mind of King Philip. It will not be hard to find some fellow feeling for this old Red Man, who saw the homes of his fathers being seized by the powerful Whites. To be sure these Indians had "*sold*" the land, but what did *fee simple* mean to the Indian mind? Did it mean to give up forever ponds and brooks where he had fished, and plains where he had planted corn, the means by which he lived? Only too late did that conception enter the Indian mind. In fifty years the Indians had practically disappeared, leaving little behind save arrowheads, and round holes in the hillsides called "barns," where they stowed their winter's food.

One thing that catches the eye of the traveller especially is the great network of stone walls which covers the entire region. The thoughtless traveller thinks not of the ceaseless toil which built these walls, drained the meadows, cleared the lands, built sawmills, gristmills, schoolhouses and churches. No more forceful community existed in the new world than this of Brookfield. Brookfield men took a prominent part in all the great events and movements of our national history. In the French and Indian War, and in the American Revolution, Francis Stone and Rufus Putnam led sturdy troops of men from these Brookfields. In the War of the Rebellion, Francis A. Walker was only the most distinguished among many. Yonder in the valley, below my house, by the old Mill Brook, was the mill in which Rufus Putnam received his earliest lessons in the handling of

tools, lessons which stood him in such good stead later, when, by Washington's request, he fortified Dorchester Heights. On the brow of Coy's Hill is the old Stone homestead, where Lucy Stone, a descendant of Francis Stone, was born; and over in the village is the old home of Amasa Walker, the distinguished father of Francis A. Walker. The old folks are gone, but the hills still stand, and the grasses still grow in ancient Brookfield, and those who reverence New England, will hardly find a more interesting historic district, or a more charming place in which to spend a summer.

JAMES MAHONEY.

Written in 1910.

The photographs used in this article were taken by James Mahoney.

CHAPTER III

*I knew him first a boy, bright-eyed, alert,
His face rippling with laughter, and his heart
So full of sympathy for everything
That lived, he could not bear the sight of pain
Or wrong. He knew the world was made for love,
And love he gave and took where'er it came,
Unconscious, innocent. And when life's cares
Began for him he met them with a grace
That turned them into blessings.*

—C. E. Bell.

EARLY SCHOOL DAYS

“Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,

* * * * *

Around it still the sumacs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.”

Abandoned now, “long years ago” nearly forty pupils assembled there. Up the long steep hill I rode one golden September morning, to take charge of this school.

Looking over my new field, I noticed a pair of crutches leaning against a desk. Beside them sat a boy with a rare face, fair as a girl's, thoughtful, earnest and with an expression of dignity and lofty purpose unusual in one so young. He gave me his name, James Mahoney, and his age twelve years.

James was one of a class of four boys, near in age and well matched in ability and ambition. Honest, faithful, studious, they prepared their lessons with joy and gladness and recited with a vim exhilarating to the teacher. Unhampered with any course of study, they pursued their way up the hill of knowledge at their own pace. Fractions and decimals were soon thoroughly mastered and in due time square root and cube were attacked and vanquished. How those boys parsed and how they spelled and defined words with their synonyms. Then when Greenleaf's arithmetics, mental and written, were finished to the last puzzling example the class passed a very satisfactory examination and entered the high school.

The noble traits of character manifest in his early school days remained with James Mahoney through life. The boy was father of the man.

EMMA WHITING.

NORTH BROOKFIELD, MASS.

November 9, 1916.

ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.,
July, 1916.

In the little white schoolhouse of District No. 4, North Brookfield, Mass., away back in the early 70's of the last century, began my boyhood association with James Mahoney.

Bert Bigelow, my brother Cyrus, James and I formed a quartet of boys who, in 1875, were inspired by the best teacher we ever had, in that school, Miss Emma Whiting, to go to high school. Well do I remember the day when we four walked the leafy wood road at noon of a June day, debating the question—to go or not to go. James was most eager for it, and we all made the decision which meant so much for our future.

In high school James' fine mind and high character began to unfold. Cut off by his lameness from the active sports of the other boys, his mind naturally dwelt more upon his studies, and he usually led the class. In keenness, clearness, power of concentration and originality he excelled us all.

But he was not merely a "good scholar." Every realm of human thought attracted him, and his active mind began to range through all of them. Many is the conversation we had together on the questions of philosophy, religion, and morals, as we hung over the window sill of the boys' coat room at recess, or walked to and from the schoolhouse. When graduation day came the title of his valedictory essay, "*Ad Quem Finem*," showed in what direction his thought was turned, and the essay was profound for a boy hardly eighteen years old.

In our junior year came the question of Greek, which was at that time required for admission to all the colleges. James seized upon it at once as the key which would admit him to that wider intellectual life which his mind craved. Of all our studies I think he shone most brilliantly in that. The precision, the exactness, the elegance, and the fine shades of thought of the Greek all appealed to him, and his mind leaped out to meet them, so to speak.

As we were not fully prepared for college by our high school course, James spent the summer after graduation—the summer of 1880—in study. Once in college, his brilliant scholarship attracted attention from all his instructors, and made him one of the leaders of his class.

I was a year behind James in college, but was intimately associated with him, and I never knew any one more eager to go to the bottom of every question—to find the truth; nor anyone more keenly appreciative of the world's best literature. We roomed together in his junior and my sophomore year, and on many a fall and winter evening of that year a group gathered in our room to read aloud. I remember his great enjoyment of Byron and Shelley, as well as Victor Hugo.

Of late years our lives had drifted apart, and we seldom met. It was a cause of great regret to all his high school classmates that he was

in the West on the date of our thirty-fifth anniversary reunion at North Brookfield, last July. We sent him a message of remembrance at the time, and when we learned of his untimely death soon after, we hoped that it had been a source of comfort and happiness to him to have received it.

SIDNEY A. SHERMAN.

AMHERST, 1885.

JAMES MAHONEY'S AND SIDNEY SHERMAN'S PARTS IN THE
GRADUATION EXERCISES OF THE NORTH BROOKFIELD
HIGH SCHOOL, 1880

Metrical Reading—"The Wrangle of Agamemnon and Achilles (in Greek)

James Mahoney and Sidney A. Sherman

French Dialogue—"Le Medecin Malgre de Lui" (Moliere)

James Mahoney took the part Sganarelle, *mari de Martime*

Sidney A. Sherman took part of Valère

Valedictory Oration—"Ad Quem Finem,"

James Mahoney

"The Essays were well received, that of the valedictorian being the most meritorious, and credit is due to both participants in the Greek reading, and to nearly all in the French dialogue; in fact, the audience seemed even better pleased with these exercises in foreign language than those in their native tongue."—*North Brookfield Journal*.

The following is in reply to a letter by James Mahoney on an abstruse point in Greek. Mahoney was at the time seventeen years of age.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,

April 16, 1879.

DEAR SIR:

You have fairly convicted me out of my own mouth on the matter of the future of $\delta\pi\lambda\iota\zeta\omega$. It is clear, of course, that if I give the sentence which you point out in my Greek Lessons I must add the future of the verb in the vocabulary. Thank you for pointing out the discrepancy. I shall be very much obliged to you if you will send me corrections of the Key.

I hope in the course of the year to make a new edition of my Lessons on a more elementary plan. My present purpose is to make no references to Mr. Goodwin's grammar, but to incorporate all the statements of grammar in the book itself.

I should be obliged to you if you would send me any suggestions which would help me in this work.

Very truly yours,

JOHN WILLIAMS WHITE.

I take pleasure in commending Mr. James Mahoney to any one who may be seeking a fit man for the position of High School principal.

I have known Mr. Mahoney in his course of preparation in our high school, and have followed him with much interest during his collegiate course at Amherst. In both places he has shown himself a diligent and able student, and a young man of excellent moral character and high aims. From both schools he has graduated with honors.

I believe he will make a faithful and successful teacher and that his influence in the school room would be stimulating and helpful.

S. P. WILDER,

Pastor, First Congregational Church
and Member of School Committee.

NORTH BROOKFIELD, MASS.

July 16, 1884.

The Class of '80 of the North Brookfield High School wish to express to you their deepest sympathy in this time of sorrow when you lose a brother and we a beloved classmate.

We regretted exceedingly that James could not be with us this summer at our reunion and our grief is much deeper now as we realize we can never look upon his face again and hear from his own lips of the work that he has done.

We are proud that we have had such a classmate who has done so much to make the world better by his life and works, and we shall ever cherish his memory.

YOUR FRIENDS AND HIS CLASSMATES:

President

CHARLES E. BATCHELLER
North Brookfield, Mass.

Secretary

LAURA MILLER GROUT,
East Bridgewater, Mass.

CYRUS T. SHERMAN,
Quincy, Mass.

SIDNEY A. SHERMAN,
Providence, R. I.

BERT E. BIGELOW,
Worcester, Mass.

LIZZIE M. TUCKER,
North Brookfield, Mass.

MINNIE L. LYTLE,
North Brookfield, Mass.

TO THE DEAR SISTERS OF A NOBLE BOY:

One of my own boys, the boy who has been in my mind during all the years since '78 when I knew him for a short time, but of whose career I had entirely lost trace. But the instant I saw the name and picture in the *Globe* of Tuesday, I recognized my own dear student in the North Brookfield High School, and as I read the account of his grand achievements I was not surprised, but I was grateful that I once knew the young man.

His was an unusually attractive face and personality; quiet, unpretentious, but very, very winning.

It filled my heart with grief to read of his untimely death and my sympathy goes out to the sisters who are bereaved of such a brother.

Very sincerely,

D. N. PUTNEY.

PUTNAM, CONN.

September, 1915.

MY DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

I had only three or four months of personal acquaintance with James—as, at the close of the first term I accepted the principalship of Monson Academy. Some two years later I was obliged to get out of the educational current for a time and when I took up the work again it was in South Carolina.

From these causes, I lost trace of the careers of nearly all the students at Leicester, North Brookfield and Monson. When I read of the death of this fine young man and of the remarkable achievements he had made, I understood better than ever before why his personality had made such an impression upon me in one short term and that, too, when he came under my instruction in only one study, geometry.

Always in the intervening years when I would be thinking of students of earlier days, the personality of that young fellow would loom large in my recollection and I would ask myself, "What of Mahoney; did he go to college and make a great record there; and what of him since?"

Of course some of these thoughts and questions arose regarding other students whom I knew for a longer time or had in more classes or studies. But it was Mahoney's name and career that was ever in my imaginings. Why? I can hardly tell the reasons.

That fine face, broad brow, open nature, his obvious popularity with his classmates, the commendatory words of my assistant teacher who, as I distinctly recall, told me I should find in him a delightful student.

As it happens I have a small pocket class-record book of daily recitations, set down at the end of each recitation. This book seems to have been only a temporary one and was used only a few weeks. But

every one of James' recitations is marked 10, the maximum, the perfect mark.

I value that little book now. I reproach myself that I did not keep in touch with him in all the years of his notable career. Dear boy; noble man, I can lay claim to no part in your splendid making; but I can share in the pride of those who did direct your genius. Especially do I honor those noble-minded parents whose devotion and love enabled you to attain so high a place in the service of society.

Hail, beautiful spirit, may I meet you in the Higher.

Sincerely,

D. N. PUTNEY.

PUTNAM, CONN.

September 10, 1915.

ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

September 8, 1915.

MISS NELLIE M. MAHONEY,
North Brookfield, Mass.

Dear Friend:

I have just learned through my brother Cyrus of the sudden death of your brother James.

Though I had not seen James for many years, I retained my affection for him, and often thought of him as my old school and college friend.

I think it was his initiative that led me to go to college. He broke the ice and I followed. He made a brave fight in school and college.

You may know that at the reunion of our Class of '80 at North Brookfield, July 13 last, we who were present sent a message of good cheer to James and another absent member. I am glad we did it, and hope that James had received it. With sincere sympathy, I am

Your old friend,

SIDNEY A. SHERMAN.

MISS MAHONEY:

I was very much surprised to read last evening in our Worcester paper of the sudden death of you brother James.

As you are probably aware the Class of '80, N. B. H. S., held very recently their first class reunion at the home of Charles Batchelder and we all recalled many pleasant memories of James and many regrets were expressed that he was not able to be with us on that occasion.

It was by chance that I saw the notice in yesterday's paper and it may escape the attention of some members of the class, but I am sure I

voice the sincerest sympathy of the membership of the class for yourself and sister Nellie in your great loss.

Most sincerely,

B. E. BIGELOW.

WORCESTER, MASS.

21 Weywood Street.

NORTH BROOKFIELD, MASS.,

September 12, 1895.

DEAR MISSES MAHONEY:

Excuse me for intruding on your great sorrow but I just had to let you know how deeply every member of the Tucker Family feel for you in the loss of your dear one—the man we had so much respect and admiration for.

Yours in sorrow,

CATHERINE TUCKER.

NORTH BROOKFIELD, MASS.,

September 12, 1915.

DEAR FRIENDS:

My family and I extend to you our sincerest sympathy in your great sorrow. May God be with you and comfort you now and always.

We also are mourning the loss and feel that we also have lost one of our dearest and best friends, one who sympathized in our sorrows and rejoiced in our prosperity. We shall cherish his memory to our last day.

We feel it was an honor to be accepted as his friends.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE O. ROLLINS AND FAMILY.

709 WEST NORTH STREET, FOSTORIA, OHIO,

September 11, 1915.

DEAR KATE AND NELLIE:

You have our sincere sympathy in this great sorrow that has come to you.

It is a long time since papa has been so deeply grieved. He says that it seems as though his young brother had been taken from him, for that is the way he always looked upon Jim.

It is hard, inexpressibly hard, for you, but, though our hearts break, we must say, "Thy will be done." I will pray that in time He will give you strength to say it.

Deepest sympathy and love from papa, John and your loving cousin,
SUSIE MAHONEY KANE.

DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

I wish you and your sister to know that you have my most heartfelt sympathy in the great sorrow that has come to you.

The knowledge that the life of your brother was so noble brings with it consolation and hope. Our religion helps us to receive such sorrow with a reconciled spirit. May you have the strength to bear your great deprivation. With deepest feeling,

Sincerely,

MARGARET DOYLE WALLACE.

FALL RIVER, MASS.

October 13, 1915.

SAN DIEGO, CAL.,
September 20, 1915.

MISS KATE A. MAHONEY,
North Brookfield, Mass.

MY DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

I have just learned from home of the great sorrow which has come to you and your sister.

It is hard for us to part with our loved ones even if we are expecting and can prepare for it, but much harder to do so when it comes in the manner in which this parting has come to you, but it is sweet to know that we shall meet again in a brighter and happier world where partings shall be no more.

Please accept the kindest wishes and sympathy for yourself and sister.

Sincerely your friend,

ALFRED C. STODDARD.

FRAMINGHAM, MASS.,
September 12, 1915.

MY DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

I did not know until a few moments ago of the great sorrow which had befallen you.

I feel that words are but cheerless things at such a time, but I want you to know, dear Miss Mahoney, that you have my deepest sympathy. I only wish that I were near you where I could help you in some way. You were always so dear to me that I wish I could do something for you. With a heart full of sympathy and love, I remain,

Your loving friend,

HELEN M. EATON.

NORTH BROOKFIELD, MASS.,
September 13, 1915.

DEAR MISS MAHONEY AND SISTER:

Our hearts are full of sympathy for you in your sorrow. May God give you strength to bear it!

It will be a comfort to you to know that he was a man of so great ability and so highly esteemed.

With love,

MARION S. BUSH.

WALPOLE, MASS.,
September 12, 1915.

MY DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

Accept my sincere sympathy for you in the great loss of your brother.

I read of his funeral in the *Globe* and feel that he was a brother of whom you might, indeed, be proud. However that makes it all the harder to give him up. Am truly sorry for you, Miss Mahoney.

Sincerely,

CHARLOTTE DALEY.

NORTH BROOKFIELD, MASS.,
September 12, 1915.

MY DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

I feel I want to send you and your sister a few lines, so you may know that Dr. and I sympathize with you in this great loss that has come to you. It is so sad, and such a loss, not only to you and sister, but to all who knew him, and I always feel that such a person's influence must affect even those whom they have not known.

My heart aches for you at this sad time, and I wish I could write something that would comfort you. Only this I have to send you. The Eternal God is our refuge, and underneath it all, are the Everlasting Arms. May He help you and give you strength to bear it all.

Lovingly and with sympathy from Dr. and myself.

ANNIE I. PROUTY.

NORTH BROOKFIELD, MASS.,
September 11, 1915.

DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

I was so sorry to hear of the death of your brother, and I want to send you my love and sympathy at this time. With kindest remembrances.

Affectionately,

KATHRYN P. WINCHELL.

NORTH BROOKFIELD, MASS.,
September 9, 1915.

DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

We were very sorry to hear of the sudden death of your brother. It must have been a great shock to you both.

When we think how devoted you three were to one another, then we realize how great your affliction must be. It is not often that one sees such love and devotion among sisters and a brother.

I hope you will have strength to bear your burden.

You have our sincere sympathy in your great loss.

Lovingly,

M. ALICE CONVERSE,
INEZ W. CONVERSE.

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What he hath given;
They live on earth in thought and deed as truly
As in His Heaven.

—J. G. Whittier.

Such was the Boy—but for the growing Youth
What soul was his, when, from the naked top
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light! He looked—
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And ocean's liquid mass, in gladness lay
Beneath him:—Far and wide the clouds were touched,
And in their silent faces could be read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
The spectacle: sensation, soul, and form,
All melted into him; they swallowed up
His animal being; in them did he live,
And by them did he live; they were his life.
In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request;
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
That made him; it was blessedness and love!

—William Wordsworth.

Bright flower! for by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet silent creature!
That breath'st with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou are wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature!

—Wordsworth.

"Of course in our youth many of our thoughts are fanciful and many of our plans unpractical but the spirit that animates them is pure then if ever, if the divinity ever whispers to mortals it is at the dawn of young manhood. If the rose forms opinions will they not be optimistic when 'tis budding into bloom and pessimistic as it withers?"

JAMES MAHONEY.

Herewith is a collection of some of Mahoney's compositions, when a pupil in the high school, opening with a discussion of the women suffrage question, when the writer was fifteen years of age. "Suffrage" was then a rather new subject and the world has since learned much about "votes for women."

OUGHT WOMEN VOTE?

Perhaps it is with presumption that I thus prematurely write upon a subject of so great importance. But, yet, alone and unadvised, I will attempt to vindicate my opinion in the face of the accumulated wisdom of opposing arguments. "Ought women to vote?" is a question that is now causing a great turmoil throughout the civilized world.

I have no spirit of prophecy to foretell the result of this agitation. I leave prophecy entirely to the other side. But, judging from past and present circumstances, it is my opinion that this strife will cause a temporary evil influence; but will ultimately result in good, by enabling both sexes to perceive its true position.

In order to answer this question, we will have to consider the relative character, necessities and nature of man and woman. This estimation of nature is not determined by Janus-like looking on two sides, but is determined, as any commonsense man or woman would determine it, by looking, observing and studying on all sides.

Now, in the first place, I would waste time in attempting to prove that man and woman were not intended for separate parties, as some woman's right agitators would make it appear. Nothing in nature is more obvious than that their existences were destined to flow together: all phases of life, from the insect to the human race, attest it.

But, as they are two beings, the same Almighty Hand that formed them, that gives simplicity and law to all the works of nature, from the lowest to the grandest, we would suppose would give them faculties to perform separate duties. Neither would be able to perform the duties of both, and that infinitely wise Mind, that divides and distributes the functions of all the creation, we find has done so here.

Every sensible person must acknowledge that man and woman are

essentially different. Physiology, anatomy, phrenology, common sense, all tell us that in their very structure they differ greatly. They tell us that woman is of a finer, a more delicate, and a more complicated constitution, and, consequently, more liable to be deranged.

They also tell us that man is of a rougher, a sterner and a more robust mould. And out of the very fitness of things, man was clearly destined to brave and buffet with the storms of existence, while woman was intended for its nicer and more delicate work. Thus, each has its own faculties, each has its own position suitable to those faculties, each has its own nature. And we cannot pervert our nature without it resulting in destruction and dissolution. If we deviate slightly from the nature of our bodies, disease will follow; if we persevere, death will be the result.

It is folly to attempt to do anything for which we have not the capabilities. Disaster is sure to follow. But some persons have somehow received the idea that if woman does not occupy the same position as man, that she is degraded and considered an inferior. This is certainly an error. The highest position that any creature or any force in the universe can occupy is that which God gives it power to fill.

The fishes belong to their own element; the birds of the air to theirs; the beasts of the field are distributed according to their nature and each would die, or, at least cease to prosper, when taken out of its own element: and in my humble opinion, woman would debase herself were she to descend to man's position. But because man or woman has special qualifications in particular directions, it does not follow that they are devoid of faculties in all others.

All the professions and pursuits of life are intimately connected in their higher development; each branch of wisdom is joined with every other; and thus, the strength of any of our faculties depends greatly upon the strength of the others. So it is with man and woman: each has some talent to follow the pursuits of the other. If they had not this power to some degree, they could not execute their own requirements with success.

Also, there are exceptions to the general nature of man and woman, as there are to all rules. There are masculine women and imbecile men. And those favoring Woman's Rights triumphantly point out those exceptions and pretend to call them the rule. They tell you of the Amazons, a race of female warriors, having no more of the characteristics of their sex than is possessed by wild beasts, and whose reported cruelties could only have been exceeded by the males of the same race.

From the dawn of history until the present day, and in all stages of life, wherever brute strength is dominant, where might makes right, we find woman, from her physical incapacity to cope with man, we find her in a wretched condition, in degrading thralldom.

From the old nations that bought and sold them as slaves; to England in later days, which allowed her women to be publicly whipped in the streets, or subjected them to the ducking-stool; where a son might see his mother half-drowned and treated worse than a disobedient dog; the same cruelty we find them exposed to among our American Indians, and amongst all savages, and we find the sainted Mormons, who are a disgrace and a stigma to our Union, bartering their women like swine and cattle.

But the world has considerably advanced from such horrors: but mark the fact that it is civilization and Christianity that has effected this change in the condition of woman. It is by civilization that she has reached her present position, and it is by civilization that she ought to advance still further. Civilization is the true lever by which she can move the world.

The higher she raises man, the higher she raises herself. Ignorance, immorality and vice are her deadly foes. Is it this that the woman righters realize? Is it for this that she desires to vote? Does she wish to free herself from slavery? Does she wish to right her wrongs? Ah! But I ask you if her greatest wrongs are not self-imposed? The majority of women are moral slaves, are willing dupes of the king of fashion. They follow his dictates without reason and without protest. What is the common belle of society but a mixture of paint, rouge, flounces, trails, tie-ups, pull-backs and bang-downs? And do those women that thus destroy the fruits of toil and industry, that thus tolerate this outrage, this mockery of decency, of justice, of morals, of health, of economy, do they lift up their languid eyes and ask to vote, to manage the affairs of the commonwealth, when fashion and scandal are the grandest subjects that can fill their minds?

This is an evil that is holding them down, and even were it one of their rights to vote, this would be a great preventive. This is an evil that causes a great deal of misery and misunderstanding between the two races. It is an evil that degrades her condition, and weakens her in mind and body.

A short time since, an honest believer in the good old times, said to me: "Why, our wimmen are gettin' so tinder we'll have to wrap im up in cotton." But would that the evil ended here, would that I had no more of the depravity of her nature of which to speak.

But we cannot be ignorant of painful truth when it plainly glares in our eyes. An age of impurity and of lust has come upon the world. Every newspaper is laden with crimes, that have hitherto been nameless, we cannot look upon society without becoming aware of the fact.

This is by no means confined to the lower walks of life. It is fostered and nourished by power and position. Society is beset by a race of feminine vipers who, under an extremely thin fabric of

decency, are sucking the very life blood of humanity. They destroy beauty, holiness and religion; they cherish corruption, licentiousness and vice. They destroy the spiritual life of the world. They bring back the brute passions of man, and blight the holiest flames of his bosom. They pull down destruction and ruination upon their own race.

Should these women vote, whom would they vote for? Would it be for those that would benefit their race or their country? These women voted in Wyoming. To be sure the governor stated otherwise. Poor man he knew his position depended upon their votes, but judges and other impartial men have contradicted him.

Here is where woman might right her wrongs. Here in her own ranks are the seducers of her race and the disgracers of womankind. Here is a self imposed wrong. Here she turns her powerful influence against the only means by which she can raise herself.

But in thus speaking of the bad, I must not entirely overlook the good. A little good should cheer and encourage a brave and honest heart more than a great evil can depress it.

I am deeply sensible of the fact that for many years all good and noble-minded women have been greatly improving the morals of the world, with excellent results. They have done much to suppress the liquor curse and the filthy use of tobacco; they have done much to renovate and cleanse the world from the sickly pools of vice and sin.

I acknowledge that "taxation without representation" has a harsh sound. But here, as elsewhere, we will have to sift the sense from the sound. Every married lady in the land is represented in her husband, or at least that affair depends upon her, her husband is represented in the government of the country, therefore *she* is represented in the government.

There are, indeed, widows and unmarried ladies, but these are exceptions, and surely, laws cannot be made for exceptions: but, blush, my country, blush for very shame when you would injure those, in person or property.

I cannot think and I do not believe that the majority of good and intelligent women would wish to vote; but those that do must remember that should they vote they would have to take all the responsibility that a vote involves. All those agitators seem agreed that man is naturally stronger than woman, and the history of the world proves it.

But, now, can it be possible that an intelligent Creator would give more physical force to man, and not give him more of that kind of mental power that is necessary for the management of force? We would be surprised were we to see a wagoner entrust his team to a man that is not able to manage it, but how preposterous to impute this to the God of nature, who governs everything in the universe

with exact laws, descending to the minutest particulars, to the one ten-millionth of a hair's breadth does he fit everything by His compensation laws exactly in their places.

Do not let it be understood that I say that woman is mentally inferior to man. In the mental faculties that are necessary to her nature she is, of course, his superior, while he is superior in the qualifications necessary to his own sphere.

It is a common fact that boys are more proficient in mathematics, logic, government and law; while literature, classics, music and the more delicate arts are more congenial to her mind. The nations, and more particularly America, are devoting more time and money to the education of women.

A woman's influence is being found to be all-powerful, that she holds in her hands an enormous power for good or evil, I may say that she almost has charge of the morals of the country. The mother's influence extends through the length and breadth of the land; it molds the opinions and stamps the minds of the nation. And as education is the hand-maid of religion and of all cultivation, the country is beginning to realize that in order to give it the best and greatest effect, that influence must be educated.

But, returning, to the main question, voting would render woman liable to fill any position in the land, from the government of the army to the protection of the peace; it would require her, in time of war, to shoulder the musket and fight in the ranks. And if thus for the protection of the country she would use her strength, why not for the advancement of the country, to till the soil, to work as a laborer on public works, to work as a carter, a mason and a carpenter?

The conclusion is just, logical and inevitable. An honorable gentleman has stated that the mouth is not all there is to a river, and suggests the hospital and numerous other duties she might perform in time of danger. I cordially agree with him and state, moreover, that woman is the secret power and life of the country. I recognize the invaluable assistance that she lends at such times.

Her patriotism is just as pure as her husband's, her sacrifice, just as great. In the expressive language of the poet:

"The mother who conceals her grief,
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God,
To know the grief that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on freedom's field of honor!"

But notice that it is in her proper position that she can lend such assistance, as the gentleman unconsciously admits when he suggests the hospital. Should woman vote, she would not be allowed to

remain in the hospital, any more than man, as well as him she would be sent to the front to be butchered. That is their requirements would bring her into physical competition with man.

But that is exactly where she has been since the beginning of the world. That is where ignorance, barbarism and cruelty has placed her. But mark, mark the infinite wisdom of the plan that would force woman out of her position; that would now in the morning of her hope, when she sees upon the heights above her, the zenith of her glory, radiating in the fullness of her virtue and purity, resplendent in the fulfillment of those designs that the creator impressed upon her very soul: O, what injustice, what fiendish inhumanity that (remainder lost).

WHAT MAKES GREAT MEN?

We, as mortals, judging from a human standpoint, must acknowledge that man has accomplished much, has made wonderful advancement in the things that tend to raise and exalt him in his position as man. So also might the ant or the spider pride himself on the works of his race.

But when we take a broader view, and compare man's works, with the boundless, omnipotent works and forces of nature, we can only comprehend the nothingness of all earthly creatures. Man sees the lightning flashing in the sky; he beholds the light and darkness successively enshroud him; he feels the gravitation bearing him to the earth; on the dark waters of the deep he knows North, South, East and West from the indications of the compass.

But does he know the origin of light or darkness? Can he comprehend that power that binds him to the earth? The magnet and the compass teach him, but who taught the compass? Can he tell whence came his very existence? Knows he what life is? He may, indeed, define one thing in terms of another, but when he endeavors to find the origin of it all, he is lost. The infinitely great and the little are both eternities to him, they are far beyond his reach.

What knowledge he has must be of the middle ground upon which he exists; all his greatness must be confined to it, and his knowledge of what is beyond, must be derived from the likeness of that to this, or from revelation. When we read the proverbs of Solomon, we readily perceive that his wisdom lay in his deep and thorough knowledge of nature, of mankind, and in his experienced deductions from that knowledge.

When we read Shakespeare, we observe that his greatness was founded upon his knowledge of nature, in his delineations of human passions; then in drawing his own mighty conclusions from all of which, he has been styled the greatest of poets, of dramatists and of orators.

The astronomers that could discern the laws that regulated the heavenly bodies, have been called wise, and esteemed great, in all ages. The old philosophers, cogitating upon nature, cried "Eureka" when they discovered some of her secrets, and esteemed that knowledge above silver and gold.

The painters, sculptors, poets and orators that could depict, naturally, the various phases of earth and sky, and the different emotions of the human breast, either in their works actually transcribed from nature, or those of their own conception, have been accounted great in all times.

If, then, those persons that could describe the mere surface, the mere outward appearances, were great, how much greater those persons must have been, that could not only appreciate the outward forms, but could penetrate beneath, show their hidden beauties and the powers that moved and animated them.

Thus, taking the world's great men in a body, we find that the gigantic figures in science, in literature and in art, were the persons that communed with nature, and drew their knowledge from her, and as we move down the long line of figures, we find that as they departed from her, they degenerated, till many of them have ended in the regions of fancy, fiction and sentimental twaddle. Then it is not a wonderful or a supernatural sense, nor a knowledge of things, of which we know nothing, that is needful to make men great, but it is good, sturdy, penetrating common sense.

It is a sense that can judge of the things that are lying all about us, that are staring us in our very eyes, day after day; things that all, but fools, cannot fail to perceive, and which, all but fools, ought to observe and study.

Common sense is necessary for success in any walk in life, whether it be simple or elaborate, high or low, because, as we have seen, it lies at the very root of everything that is worth striving for.

Common sense is the only thing that can simplify the intricacies of Philosophy, of Botany, of Geology, of Greek, of Latin, of Jurisprudence, of the Mathematics, of Ethics, of Calisthenics or of any other pursuit that engages the attention of men.

For when we come down to prime principles, the greatest philosophers in the world can only say, "It is because it is so," for which proof they trust the evidence of their senses. If we continue the theory, we can only prove the second step by the first, or some other equally true; and thus continue it, till it branches out into all the knowledge that man possesses.

It would be folly to deny that the mental gifts of men differ, but at the same time I firmly believe that the difference between the majority of persons, and the greatness of most great men, is due more to industry and common sense on their own part, than to any

extraordinary original endowment; also, when fully developed, if one person should be superior to another in some of his faculties, he would be inferior in others and that in the same department men's knowledge would differ more in *amount*, than in *kind*.

Then, it is necessary at first that a person be not a fool, and I am of the opinion that God made but very few fools, and then it is essential that he should study and work to gain common sense, which consists in knowing things to be what they are.

It is needful at the very beginning, that he should overcome indolence, which is the very image and essence of Death, nay worse, it is a fruitful source of crime and wickedness. This study cannot be light and superficial, but must be deep and penetrating.

Truth is stronger than fiction, and indefatigable perseverance and ardor, that delights in difficulties, is the only thing that can acquire that truth. But in this acquisition, it is still necessary that common sense as well as memory be used.

A person might learn the dictionary, word for word, and repeat so much of it, in its regular order, when he wished to say anything, but it is only a common sense idea that can manipulate it, and give it force and power. Many animals can be said to nearly equal man in point of memory and a phonograph is vastly better in that respect, but yet I find many persons that persevere in learning their lessons parrot fashion.

Therefore your work must be earnest and comprehensive, and to be thus you must have a love of your occupation, which would produce industry, which would unite with, and strengthen common sense, would be an excellent imitation of genius. If you have no interest in what you are doing, pretend you have, and, as has been well said, in time you will really have it. It has been urged that a love of fame is a wonderful producer of (portion lost) unless he uses what is given him, the greatest genius is necessarily weak and useless. So if a boy, at school, through natural ability, is enabled to learn the ordinary lessons with greater ease than his mates, he is apt to get careless and lazy, makes no effort and thus sinks down before he has acquired any real knowledge, and waits for fortune to make him a Milton or a Kepler.

So great natural ability may be not only a hinderance, in the acquisition of knowledge, but may be the destruction of the only means from which it can be obtained, namely, labor. Thus a great man is simply a man that does his duty and makes the most of his advantages. And Greatness, so called, is founded on common sense cemented with character (remainder lost).

A MONKEY'S ACCOUNT OF CIVILIZATION

Dear brother of the primeval forest, with what emotions do I again behold your festive countenances! I bring you glad tidings from my observations upon what is called civilization by the peculiar creatures among whom I have been living. Those creatures are very powerful and cunning: and as you all have considerable talent in the latter direction, I want to increase your natural abilities by a few hints that I have received from them.

In the first place you are too silly and incautious, lacking the power of concealing what you have in mind. My successful Christian friends are much wiser than you in this respect. To be sure, a few thousand years ago, if a man wanted to kill another, he generally did it without much dissimulation; but now the thing called civilization is doing much to soften that uncomfortable method.

There is just starting up among them a glorious theory, known as the "Perfectibility of Species," upon which I shall hereafter enlarge. And that principle of our common nature that I observe in you, when you growl and bite each others' tails, in our civilized friends assumes a different form.

That ugly element that disturbs us so unpleasantly down here, becomes purified and refined as it passes through different stages of animal life, until in man it exists in those intricate ways known as *Pretense and Purpose*. A principle of action may be expressed in a few words, and so, to prove what I have been saying, I subjoin a few of those that I have copied from the books of their sages:

"Do unto others as you would be done by."

"Love thy neighbor as thyself."

"Do good to those that hate you."

"Bless those that curse you."

"Seek justice equally amidst the gifts of the rich, and the sighs and entreaties of the poor."

"Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame!"

Those are very liberal, and nobody can take offense at them. But also some one has incautiously said: "To judge every man according to his work," and so judging from the actions of men, I have concluded that the following precepts, that I have prepared for your benefit, must be the ones that they really follow:

Suspect every man.

Hate all men.

Consider thyself before all others.

Do evil that good may come of it.

Injure thy brother for six days that he may need thy prayers on the seventh.

Let not thy cruel act be discovered, for in that consists the crime.

Do thou those things, for all others do likewise.

The combination of those two systems, namely, an outward pretense and an inward purpose, does away with a great deal of useless exertion, besides avoiding an appearance of vulgarity, although it is harshly termed hypocrisy by some fanatics. But what's in a name? Again, the idea is advancement; though, to tell the truth, I don't know but that you are as happy now as if you wore pantaloons.

Beloved brethren, you have often noticed the gazelle lift up its head and snort at the sky, before bounding over the plains: thus does man lift up his head, clasp his hands and groan at something up in the sky.

He raves of Honor, Justice and other imaginary things. But look you, 'tis *Power* he worships. Two or three of his associates are affected by a man of little power; but all human creatures bow to a few kings, emperors and presidents. So it is with us: a butterfly is noticed but little; a mosquito more because of its sting. And the tiger rules the forests, because of its jaws and paws.

When you enter a garden, each one of you tries to appropriate the greatest amount of vegetable matter for himself. But in selfish propensities man far exceeds you. Their existence is a continuous turmoil of struggling and battling. They are all tyrants, tyrants small and great, trampling, scorning those beneath them, fighting fiercely those around them, and exhorting and cursing those above them.

Now mind, brothers, that although men get very proud sometimes, and talk much of things without substance, I notice that for the most part, they partake of food pretty regularly; if they are hurt, they feel it; if they are cut they bleed as we do; and their young men have what they call mustaches on the upper lip as we do all over the body.

When we want to express our feelings, you know that we are quite forcible; but they express in what seems an intelligible way to them and with greater ease. They open and shut their mouths; sometimes twist their tongues, and sometimes shake their forepaws, or rather fists. And occasionally they scream in unison, as we have heard the jackals, and hyenas chorus at midnight.

They talk a great deal about their reason and thinking powers; but those results they arrive at only by experience. They have to go to Asia to describe it; they have to taste cider to know how it tastes. Some of them, it is true, write of things they have neither seen nor heard. Formerly those were called fools; but civilization calls them philosophers.

Doubtless you have often seen a lion's cave surrounded with the bones of its prey. Man's dwelling is somewhat different; and he is wise enough to remove the remains of his victims, to avoid hurting anyone's feelings and to keep up appearances.

If he is a great conquerer, he leaves the slain to rot on the battlefield, if he is a millionaire, he lion-like crushes his victims with the jaws of foreclosing mortgages; if he is a common man, he quietly poisons his neighbors with his tongue barbed with slander.

There are many other points of similarity between you and the human race: that is all very good for it tends to bring you up to be justly considered. But they carry the analysis too far down to bring credit to you; for they talk of mixing sand under chemical laws, and by exposing it to certain degrees of heat and light, etc., they can produce all kinds of animals from it.

Now, of course, this is a grand principle: but they ought not abuse it. But at any rate you are being recognized; your rights are being vindicated. Your good day has come. Thus scamper ye, joyfully through the verdant forests; chatter ye among the leafy branches, and hang by the tails to the long, strong boughs.

MORAL

That's what the monkey thought.

QUESTION

How far was the monkey wrong? I pray you ponder those arguments, well, for in them are embodied most of the doubts of modern infidelity.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON GOVERNMENT AND ITS FORMS

From the instincts of its nature, the human family is gregarious.

In the result of this instinct, namely the collection of men, the necessity of government in some form must have been apparent. But how the first form of government, the patriarchal, originated, whether through a sense of filial duty, personal fear, or through love of order, and discipline, it probably would be difficult to determine. But certain it is that it was soon affected by personal ambition, love of glory, and by that element of man's nature that urges him to be superior to his neighbor.

Now, as a starting point, it must be obvious that the foundation, as well as the aim and end of all government must be *in* the people and *for* the people. Kings do not reign in forests, with trees for courtiers; nor emperors, in desert realms.

The people, no matter how much they are ignored or despised, constitute the whole life and power of it all. Governors, Kings and emperors are but straws on the ocean of political life. Rulers must accommodate themselves to the conditions of the ruled, whose offspring they are.

Then, every tree is known by its fruit. Thus, from principles, it

appears to me that, within an approximate degree, the government of every nation is exactly adapted to it.

Alexander and Sesostris fought with warlike races; and were tyrannical when tyranny was the order of the day. Sardanapalus was licentious among a licentious people, in a licentious age. The people were as base as the government itself. For were it otherwise, how could the strength of one avail against the force of millions or drive them to that at which their hearts revolted in union? No, all these things are true for the same reason that we can ignite combustibles. Those chance figures that appear to us in history are but the fire-brands; and failures are caused by attempting to burn water.

Let a king be firmly seated on his throne, sustained in his position by a long line of predecessors and by an army well chosen and wisely directed, and his encroachments upon his subjects are tolerated only because they think, and that thinking has become a part of their existence, that it is *right*, and they yield to it as to the voice of destiny; until perchance some indignant spirit terminates the monarch's infamous career by the assassin's knife.

Again, let some *appreciable* portion of the human race, for instance America, become expanded as to their intellects in some movement of reform or improvement and the sleeping senses of the world will become slowly aroused from their lethargy; their energies will slowly gather and concentrate, and, like the volcanic fires in the earth, they must eventually burst their barriers. Hence, Macaulay says: "It is a principle never to be forgotten, that it is not by absolute but by relative misgovernment that nations are roused to madness."

The growth of the people's sentiments and opinions is slow but it is as resistless as the waves of the ocean. On this point, therefore, I conclude with a French author, that forms of government are like forms of shoe-soles, they should be made to fit the feet that wear them. There are some seeming exceptions, but I think they can be explained on the same principle.

As when small states or small divisions of the body politic, which cannot greatly vary or effect the world at large, which fact must be the cause of the consequence, become exposed to the full fury and in-born malignity of conquering nations and superior powers. Bear witness struggling Poland and seditious Ireland.

During the first four thousand years of man's existence, brute strength and the force of the sword were the sole supporters of all government and dominion. All the people of the world were divided into conquerors and slaves. But at the end of that period, a revolution occurred that undermined the thrones of kings and must finally destroy them.

That revolution was Christianity. It casts to the winds the "divine rights of kings"; it teaches the insignificance of the greatest

of earthly powers, and the divine rights of all men. It turns the rod of oppression from the peasant back, as well as frees his mind from the shackles of superstition.

A fact of fearful import to those that would secularize the affairs of state. In short, its tendency is to change the entire nature of government as it has formerly existed; and the works, improvements and inventions of genius and industry strengthen and support it. "And thereby hangs a tale."

It shows that the mass of men need some outward force, some powerful, active stimulant to raise them to that scale of existence that is worthy of men. I know of nothing, in the history of events that warrants any other conclusion.

I do not believe in monarchies, because I do not like to see the rights of the many usurped by the few; the few in opulence, the many groaning in misery and want. I do not like to see one worthless, talentless man—in the language of Napoleon, a "hereditary donkey"—glutting himself upon the fruit of the toil of millions; sucking the heart's blood from the wasted skeleton of man's divinity, vulture-like preying upon the corpse of the public prosperity, rearing his dominion upon desolation and the destruction of all virtue, goodness, holiness and happiness.

How can a frail human creature stand up in the presence of his Maker and claim the right to deprive his fellow-creatures of their birth-rights, of the privilege of enjoying the happiness of this world, of what the heavens beam upon and of exercising his faculties upon them? It is wrong, darkly, hideously wrong. All monarchies are not as bad as this, for the reason that they dare not be; but all experience demonstrates that it is the innate tendency and natural direction of all monarchical institutions.

Pure democracy is better. For the people are to a certain degree their own possession; and if they are to be destroyed, it is more fitting that they should be their own executioners. Yet, it is not right. The excesses of the people are much more to be feared than those of sovereigns, from the reason of their predominance of power.

All men must agree that the aim of government should be for justice and for right. The vilest monarch that ever wielded scepter exhibited some discipline and pretended some justice; but, the nature of the case and the manner the people have ever conducted themselves show the futility of intrusting in their hands for inviolability, truth, justice or right. In order to practice these virtues, the faculties of their being must be educated, morally and intellectually, to an appreciation of them. And this is the grandest field of labor in which genius can exert itself, and accordingly in every country its martyrs and patriots are venerated while a trace of manhood or human gratitude remains.

It was formerly urged against democracy that it tended towards

ochlocracy or government by the rabble. But America, which approaches the nearest of any nation to a democratical form of government, shows that its tendency is in two opposite directions: towards timocracy or government by the rich, as shown in the increasing wealth and consequent power of many citizens; and towards ochlocracy or rabble government, as exhibited in the deepening poverty of the poor, and its occasional demonstration in riots and the like.

But a thorough democracy, a thorough personal government is an absurd, unnatural impossibility. All men cannot be put on the same footing in respect to talents and ability, any more than they can be equalized in respect to physical strength.

In every family and in every gathering and convention of people, whether on the streets or in the halls of the senate, some few are always found that surpass all the rest. That infidel sentiment of Macchiavelli that every man has all the right he can assert, when applied in the broader light of Christianity contains much truth.

I have told of those forms in which I do not believe and I will now speak of that in which I have faith. Far away, in the dim light of the future, my imagination can picture a land smiling with fertility and abundance, where dwell an honest, industrious, intelligent, religious people. Let me imagine this happy race, in the fulfillment of the conditions of their nature, with their energies wrought up to the highest tension of exertion, governed by those who in all respects have proved themselves to be the strongest, ablest, most enduring in the contest.

But, as no one is wise at all times, and as human nature is liable to depravity, and, lest they infringe upon the prerogatives of the people, or lest the people seduce them from the exercise of the strictest principles of right, or lest they themselves err in judgment or policy, let the "ship of state" be anchored upon a constitution, framed from the acme of human wisdom.

Thus, I believe in an aristocratic republic, not in the meaning of "Aristocracy" as generally understood, but, according to its derivative sense, *i. e.*, a government by the *best*. But this is indeed Utopian, *οἱ τοπος*, a place that is not. And with the people that now exist it is certainly best as it is.

It is to be hoped that the tendency of the world is in this direction, and should it ever be attained it will be by natural, healthy growth not by revolutions or sudden changes.

THOUGHTS AND INSPIRATIONS OCCASIONED BY MUSIC

The senses of touch and taste are sources of corruption and debasement. They fill us with a knowledge of our weakness. Even the sense of sight, though it be the master sense, connects us with things material and gross.

But the sense of hearing, at its perfection, which I take is in the reception of music, makes us forget for the time our mortality and though it recalls sorrow and adversity, it refines our whole existence.

Hence it seems to me that crime is foreign to the character of natural musicians; and when I see one fallen, I immediately think that his nature, which is doubly strong, has been exerted in a wrong direction, so that the fall is doubly great.

Man is subject to ever varying moods, moods changing as often as the aspect of nature around him; to-day he is silent and restless, to-morrow, loquacious and vigorous; now, slow and thoughtful, anon active and resolute.

Music seems to be almost perfect master of these moods, tuning man at its pleasure; mingling, as it does, past, present and future into one grand harmony. Now it rushes over him in torrents of sadness, overwhelming his mind in gloom, moving before his mind's eye sad, sorrowful pictures and it chokes him with grief and anguish.

But now it thrills him with delight; his soul is bathed in rapture; sunshine dances before his vision; his heart bounds joyfully; the music permeates every pore of his being, trembles on his very finger tips in floods of bliss. Now it bursts forth in swelling thunders of indignation; his heart leaps in anger; his nerves are strung for vengeance; scorn is on his lip, and lightnings flash from his eyes. What characteristic is there, worthy of human beings, that has not been ennobled and purified by the influence of music? Ask patriotism. It will answer:

In the songs of a nation is seen the people's love for their country. In these the mountain streams, the hills and vales of his native land are endeared and perpetuated to him. In them he recalls the pleasures, follies and sorrows of youth. Even in foreign lands his eye will gleam, as the old familiar song recalls his early manhood. They were thoughts like these that stole over Richard the Lion-hearted in the Austrian stronghold, as the strains of his favorite minstrel broke upon his ear.

In peace, the musician keeps the spirit of Liberty alive, perhaps, better than even the orator. And in time of danger, patriots are roused to action by the sound of music; it urges them to clutch the musket; it nerves them in the heat of battle, and hurls them in power upon the enemy.

When the war is finished, they march back in triumph, to the sound of martial music; and their heroic deeds, celebrated in song, cause others to follow in their footsteps, and emulate their glory. By most nations—even the most savage—music is used in the religious ceremonies.

The disciples of religion are inspired with a greater zeal in their cause by the power of music. It soothes their afflictions and adversities, lifts them high above the powers of darkness. They pour forth

glad songs of praise and thanksgiving, and in their glowing imaginations they see the choral angels circling the throne with their rapturous hosannas. Even the slowly plodding scientist confesses the power of music.

It collects his dozing faculties, quickens his slow wits, and raises his thoughts, wave upon wave, as it comes to his ear, and bearing him aloft to the vertex of inspiration, it pours light in upon his bewildered brain.

O music, food of love, language of the soul, I will close your praise with the words of Shakespeare: "Therefore the poet did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods; since naught so stockish, hard and full of race, but music for the time doth change his nature, the man that hath no music in himself, nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils, the motions of his spirit are chill as night, and his affections dark as Erebus; let no such man be trusted."

WHERE DID WASHINGTON EXHIBIT THE GREATEST GENERALSHIP?

God made every man for some distinct purpose: and as we look back through history, over the pinnacles of human events, we see that where great men have been needed they have been supplied; just as we see ordinary beings supplied for ordinary purposes, in every day life.

When the Persian hordes swept down upon the Grecian republic, Greece had her Alexander, Miltiades and Themistocles; Rome, her Caesar to mold the barbarians into her civilization; France had her Napoleon to smash the ancient monarchies of modern Europe, and it was right that on the virgin soil of America, Liberty should have such a noble architect as George Washington to build her shrine.

I am asked, "Where did he exhibit the greatest generalship?" Shall I search his records and tell in what particular instance the greatest foresight, prudence or courage was exhibited? Not so. I shall tell of the generalship that necessitated these results, go back to the prime cause of all his fortunes, and answer without hesitation, "In the command of his spirits."

For truly the Scriptures say, "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh the city"; and though Washington did both, the latter was the result of the former. Washington was a man of ordinary genius, and had he been supported by his original gifts alone, his name would never have reached the page of history.

But it was not a genius that Liberty required for her champion. And how beautiful, when contrasted with the bloody, selfish, sensual laurels of ancient and modern leaders, is the truth, justice, upright-

ness, perseverance and patriotism of Washington. He was a man in whom every mean desire, every base fear, every low thought and every cowardly avarice, was instantly crushed and banished; he was a man in whom the spiritual life was pre-eminently superior to the sensual; he was a man of a firm, true heart, and a sound head.

As an instance of his well-known purity of character, it might be mentioned that flour, bearing his brand passed without inspection in the East Indies—a human being whose honesty extended from one side of the globe to the other!

When we thus contemplate his sterling character; the matchless organization of his whole being, how can we wonder at his accomplishments of after years? How can we wonder at him, yet a young man braving the dangers of Indian warfare with matchless courage.

Now thrusting the glove of defiance in the face of tyrannical England, though his half-starved countrymen were dying on the frozen hills of the new world; now outwitting his enemies within the fortifications of Boston; now crossing the dark and ice blocked Delaware; now hurling down the dejected Britishers on the plains of Yorktown; now in the presidential chair, laying the foundation of the national prosperity, by his farseeing policy. Oh! What a difference between this man (The remainder lost. Judging by the writing he was probably sixteen years of age when he wrote it. He may have been younger.)

ADVICE TO A YOUNG AMERICAN

My dear boy, on account of my vast superiority over you in point of age and experience, I feel it incumbent upon me to give you a few words of advice. In order that you may the better appreciate what follows, I will commence by telling you that you are your own best counselor; and my advice to you is like seed placed in the earth, if the soil is good the seed will grow, if barren, it will die.

The experience that you have already acquired may teach you, as mine has long since taught me, the necessity of developing a good system of philosophy. For, indeed, every person above the order of brutes must be a philosopher, to some degree.

Philosophy is but the arrangement or classification of ideas—or more exactly, it is the science of principles in their relation to things. All your actions, your disposition, and, perhaps, even your happiness is governed by a system of philosophy in a certain degree of perfection.

The snarling, whining man, the jolly man, the active man, the lazy man, the benevolent man, the spiteful man, the charitable man, the miser, the robber and the sneak thief, are all governed by their respective systems of philosophy in various stages of perfection.

Now you must open your eyes and in selecting one for yourself,

the beauty of it all consists in this, that you can take the seed and tell the tree by means of innumerable examples. You may judge if such a person is a miniature Plato, a little Socrates, an Aristotelian, an Epicurean, a Cynic or a stoic. You can tell if such and such principles are perseveringly executed, in what they will finally result. And in applying this knowledge to yourself you must not be contented with "avoiding extremes," but you must know where your journey would end ere undertaking it.

Be cautious in your use of wise maxims, for maxims are wise only when applied with wisdom. A little boy having heard that a penny saved will make another, laid one away in a box, going regularly every day to behold its increase, but he at length, gave it up in disgust, and invested in candy.

Cultivate and strengthen your moral power; and, of course, you must practise some form of divine worship. For religion constitutes all the coloring of life's picture, and right here in your youth determine whether your mind will be engaged with things base and material or with things intellectual and spiritual. Then, whether you be Catholic or Protestant, it is expected that you will be bigoted. Your fathers and grandfathers have believed as you believe; and, furthermore, if a person attacks your opinions he attacks you, or, at least, that is the way it is generally regarded.

And, perhaps, it is right and necessary that you should be kept within Christian limits even by *un-christian* means. A whirlpool may prevent a vessel from drifting out to sea. Although it might be questioned whether it is more judicious for an Indian to bring a tiger into his hut to prevent his boy from going out to be devoured by one.

But, after all, your father's religion is good enough for you, at least till you are able to form a sound opinion upon it yourself; and remember that the most contemptible fellow out of prison is the one that would abandon his creed for ambitious or pecuniary interests; then, again, that all denominations pretend to be Christian, but while you continue to quarrel you might as well be a Turk.

Now, as a young pioneer in this western world you ought, of course, intend to make the most of yourself. Young sir, you ought to be making plans for the future which will gradually converge into the grand aim of your life. Do not waste your time in wandering aimlessly around, for if you do you will arrive nowhere, unless it be in Tramping-ton.

"All roads may lead to Rome," but, nowadays, you'll find that you must take the shortest to arrive there in season. And when you have determined upon it, impress it upon your mind, chisel it in your very soul, bend all your energies to attain it, and you doubtless will.

Out of duty to yourself and to your country, form your ideas and beliefs as slowly, but as firmly, as the nature of your mind will permit;

and then act upon your ideas. It was Gladstone, I think, that said, "I know but little more than when I was twenty years old, only I know how to apply it better." Little principles that we have, probably, let in and out our ears a dozen times have made the greatest men that have ever lived.

Be not discouraged with little things. It is now fifteen or sixteen years since you grew out of babyhood, and I hope that you have left all its customs behind. Use your judgment in everything. Be neither too particular, nor too wasteful; abstain from engaging your mind with little things, lest you narrow your mind to the limits of your contemplation.

Words are the medium of the exchange of ideas, and I caution you to be much more sparing in the use of them, than in that of the medium of value exchange. Apportion to each word its proper value and esteem it for its true worth. Balance it carefully with the idea to be expressed before you use it.

A man of bad judgment will put as much fury into a malediction upon a mosquito as a true orator would in hurling anathemas upon the enemies of his country. Now let me whisper a word to you about the ladies but tell no one what I say.

There are two great evils that beset the path of early manhood: the one is laziness, the other is woman in the shape of pretty girls. Don't forget this, Johnnie, for 'tis true. For your friends choose only those in whose presence you feel some restraint,

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In establishing your rule of action, remember that every thought, that every word, that every motion, that you make, will stand as living precedents which you will ever unconsciously refer to in all your actions hereafter.

Seize every possible opportunity to enjoy a good laugh. Let it flow and bubble through you, softening the dried and hardened portions of your soul, wearing off the sharp edges of hatred and oiling them, gladdening your heart, brightening your intellect, fattening you, and making you better all over.

A capacity for laughter makes Christianity possible. I can make no better ending than with the words of the good Sir Walter Scott, on his deathbed, to Lockhart: "My dear, be a good man: be virtuous, be religious; be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you lie here."

GOLD OR GREENBACKS

(The reader should remember that this is by a boy in his mid-teens and written long before the profuse education in monetary matters, centering around the "16 to 1" controversy.)

America is now at a crisis in which is involved the financial condition of the country, and therefore the prosperity of the country. It is now at a point in its history which is to determine whether it shall have money which has proved its honesty in all ages and in every country in which it has been used; or a currency which has disgraced itself in every country in which it has shown its face.

In short whether it shall have gold or greenbacks. Let the nation consider the qualifications and advantages of each, and choose the one that can prove itself most beneficial. Money is the measure of value; and to measure value it must have value itself.

For without value it could measure nothing, any more than a pinch of snuff could measure a barrel of wine. Its value must be steady; as, unless it is steady, it would be no more convenient than a yardstick that would one day be 20 inches, another day 26 inches, and another, 15 inches long.

We learn that long before gold had been used as money, it had been used for various purposes, but chiefly for ornament. The architect adorned his temples with it; the priest consecrated it to his gods; the king was crowned with gold; the queen flashed in golden jewels, and even the savage was fascinated with the luster of silver and gold.

There having been a demand for it, it was therefore produced; and as the world advanced, new gold mines seem to have instinctively opened up, to meet the increased demand; and ranging back through history we find the amount of gold bearing nearly the same proportion to the demand as it does to-day. The only change of any extent that ever occurred was after the discovery of the mines in South America and Mexico. The proportionate cost of its production has always been nearly the same.

Consequently, as the *cost of production, supply and demand* have always borne nearly the same relative proportion, the value of gold has always been nearly the same. It is the yardstick of value which is always 36 inches long.

Now what is the value of the greenback? Whence does it get its value? It does not get its value from the cost of production, for it pretends to be a dollar, and costs but about a mill to be produced. Then from what does it get its value?

The greenbacker will tell you: "It is a dollar by the power and responsibility of the United States of America, it is a dollar by the rights of the people." Now nearly all the paper money that has

ever been issued, has been based on something that *had* value and its own value has always depended on the soundness of the promise of redemption, and the value of the thing upon which it was based.

For instance our government issued greenbacks in 1863 promising to redeem them at some future date; but as that promise dwindled down in the uncertainty of war times, the value of the greenback diminished to 35 cents each. Then as the promise of their redemption became stronger they increased in value, till the government promised to redeem them in January, 1879, when they sprang up to within one fourth of a cent of their face value.

It is obvious that when the government requires the greenback to be changed into gold at short, regular intervals, as is the case in England, that one is as good as the other. For *then* the greenback represents the gold, just as a deed represents a farm.

But when the government says that it may be converted into gold, but has not enough gold to do so, it is evident that the value of the greenback depends partly on the gold of the country, and partly upon its promise; then it follows that the value of that promise depends upon the amount of greenbacks over gold.

Thus, the value of the greenback, which the government does not require to be converted into gold, is purely arbitrary. But the American greenbacker of 1878 does not wish to anchor this little vessel of his, to the harbor of Surety with the anchor of gold, and launches his little paper barque, bearing overhead the motto, "One Dollar," into the sea of promise and expectation. It reminds me of "tramp," down in Virginia, who put on a tall hat and said, "I am General Washington."

But the greenbacker says: "The government of the people, is by the people, for the people; and if the laborer says that he will work a day for a greenback, that the farmer should say that he would give a bushel of wheat for it; and, in short, every man should promise to give so much of his wealth for it. Then is the greenback not redeemed every time an exchange is made with one of those parties?"

"What other redemption does man need but that which will furnish him with the necessities and luxuries of life? Supposing a traveller is crossing a desert, can a piece of your gold satisfy the cravings of his appetite, or appease his thirst, or clothe the nakedness of his body."

No, neither does gold pretend it will; money was not made for deserts or hermits, but for the convenience of civilization and society, and that being true we want that money which will do society the most good.

In the supposition that each person should promise to give so much for a greenback, the value of the greenback would depend

entirely upon the worth of the promise; then comes the question, "How much is the promise worth?"

Is it possible that an able and skilled workman will promise to work for as little as a poor one? Or that a farmer should promise to give as much wheat when it is difficult to raise it, as when he can raise it without scarcely any trouble?

These suppositions would be ridiculous. When the greenback is thus based on the products of the country it will vary as the cost of production of these articles, which changes almost as fast as the weather. The value of our money would be affected by every breeze that would blow over the fields, not only that but its manifest dishonesty would produce a lack of confidence toward it which would tend to destroy it.

Even, if at the outstart a greenback would be worth as much as a gold dollar, another cause would greatly destroy its value. There is but a certain amount of money required to transact the business of the country, but when there is more than enough to perform that function, the value of each dollar must change according to the over supply; unless it can be turned to some other purpose equally important. Just as, when at a certain business, there are more laborers than work the wages of each must decrease, unless he can find work at some other business which pays as much.

There never has been an oversupply of gold for money; but even if there should be, its value for jewelry is nearly as great, unless the supply should be too great, which a record of three thousand years does not show. A greenback, for anything except money, is worth no more than any piece of paper of the same size, which is about 1/1000 of its face value.

Yet in every country in which it has been issued, regardless of whatever restrictions might have been imposed upon it at first, it has been rushed into the circulation until at length the hugely expanded bubble burst leaving a very small sediment behind.

Thus the value of the greenback would depreciate with threefold quickness; yet it would be legal tender and would pay debts for its face value. A man might contract a debt when the greenback would be at its maximum value and could pay it with the same number of greenbacks when the value of each would be worth but one half what they were when he made the debt.

The laboring man, whom it pretends to succor, it would hit with double violence, for the producer of any raw article would know that the greenbacks, with which he would be paid, would depreciate, and would therefore charge enough extra to ensure himself; the manufacturer of this article would do likewise; ditto, the wholesale and retail dealers; and when it comes to the laborer for consumption, with what does he pay for it? The employer, for whom he works,

cannot invest his capital for nothing, he must therefore protect himself against loss by the depreciation of the greenback and must, therefore, deduct from the laborers' wages; and with these diminished wages he goes to pay for his food and clothing, the price of which would be largely increased by these redoubled insurances.

If a man should save a few of those greenbacks it would be a good deal like saving fall apples for the winter; when you come to use them, you find them half decayed, just as the greenback would be by depreciation. Not only would it hurt the other classes of society indirectly, by hurting the laborer, but it also would hurt them directly.

The debts of the business man would be insecure; the fluctuation of the greenback often exceeding his calculation, thus causing him to sustain losses; and as always has been the case business men are loath to invest their capital in such uncertain times and then, like the unprofitable servant, they lose money which they would have gained in times of security; many business men would leave the country, taking their capital and investing profitably abroad.

Thus irredeemable paper money is a money of fraud and speculation; it would go from one party to the other, choking labor, stifling capital and paving the way for wrecklessness, idleness and theft. As a requisite of money, gold and silver have large value in small space and weight.

If greenbacks were immediately convertible into gold, this matter of convenience would be of considerable importance in its favor. But it would be as much easier for a workman to carry home his wages in silver and gold, than in irredeemable greenbacks, as it would for him to carry home a stomach filled with food, than one filled with air, though the latter is the lighter.

The counterfeiter wastes his brains endeavoring to imitate gold, nothing but gold can successfully imitate gold; the "ring" of gold cannot be produced by any baser metal. In making paper money counterfeiters are perfectly at home, and have done an extensive business at it in this country alone. For instance in 1875 the fifty cent scrip had been so dangerously counterfeited, that it had to be withdrawn from circulation, and the plate changed.

In order to counterfeit gold money, the thief has to have the bullion, then he finds it greatly to his advantage to be honest; for he can get nearly as much for his bullion, as though it were coined money, and make the exchange too without incurring any risk to himself. To counterfeit greenbacks all the thief has to have is a pile of paper, a printing press and a little ingenuity, to make money nearly as well as the government.

The greenbacker says that he wants a currency for *America*, not for *India* or *China*. He might assure himself of that fact, for not

even a redeemable greenback would be received outside of the country which issued it; it would thoroughly protect them from the trade of the outside world.

But what would the nation do in time of need or war? Would foreign countries send their assistance and their products to America to be paid in greenbacks? They could make enough of that kind of money at home, without sending their goods to this country to get it.

Silver and gold on the contrary are recognized as money by the whole civilized world, and even the savages exchange their goods for it.

Therefore gold and silver approach nearer the requirements of money than any other article, make the best money; and greenbacks, unless immediately convertible into gold, do not make good money.

Then let America pay her debts honestly. In an hour of desperate need this money had been lent by foreigners, as well as private individuals in this country; and without this money with what would the arms, ammunitions and provisions of war been furnished? With what would the soldiers have been paid? And in short, what would have become of the Union itself, of our boasted strength and liberty bought by the blood of the patriots of 1776?

Then let America be true to its faithful promises and sacred pledges. The nation can no more discharge its debts with spurious greenbacks, than a business man can pay for his goods by giving, in return for them, his note. A nation is a collection of individuals, and what is true of the individual ought to be true of the nation.

In conclusion, I would like to say that if the government can discharge its debts in such an easy way, why cannot the school boy improve the occasion and do likewise? So that when Friday comes around with its dread requirements, he might write the words, "This is a composition," on a piece of paper and gravely hand it in, for its face value.

THE WANTS OF THE AGE

All of us are influenced by our surroundings. The people with whom we associate, the books that we read, the philosophy of the age have a powerful and generally an all-controlling influence upon character. There are very few persons in the history of the world that have risen above the age in which they lived, and very few have fallen below it.

Then, that we may be true to ourselves and to that ideal standard of right, which every one must have, we should understand the defects of the times in which we live. We are told that it is wrong to look upon the dark side; that we ought to cheer ourselves with the knowledge that there is more good than bad in the world.

If we ought to do this, then we ought to abandon our clergymen, our doctors, our teachers, our philosophers and moralists, all of whom do little more than continually remind us of our faults.

Does the doctor content himself with the thought that there is yet life in his patient, or does he grapple with the disease itself? Is the man whose house is on fire, satisfied to know that much is yet uninjured, or does he try to stifle the flames?

I ask ye that study Greek, is our teacher content with some flowery spot in our declension, or does he unsparingly pluck up the weedy growth of our moods and tenses?

It is best, cheered by the inevitable dominion of justice and virtue, to attempt to find out what is wrong and faulty, that we may avoid it; and though our efforts be as the drop of water in the ocean, still we can do our part and rectify that for which we are responsible.

Taking as comprehensive a view of the times as possible, it seems to me that this is a hollow age, lacking in depth of religion, morality, thought and feeling. The sad disclosures, that are, and have been, constantly coming to light from different parts of the civilized world, show that the religious opinions and customs of the people are too much influenced by outward, public considerations.

Thus the moral code that emanates from it must be of the same nature and is tinged with the same shallowness of spirit. Children are often told to do right for crimes are always discovered, wrongdoers are always punished. And this same spirit seems to be continued forth from the infant home into the world and to control the public actions of men, in a great measure.

Merchants, bankers, lawyers, legislators recognize right much more for its expediency than for its eternal worth, for its intrinsic merit. The constitution and laws recognize no religion, though they do pretend a state morality.

Thus they attempt to suppress Mormonism as dangerous to its morality, but they must treat it as a religion. Hence their dilemma. How obvious is the futility of a nation's efforts to preserve its own foundation, in the strong character and moral worth of its people, by a statement of fines and penalties when crime is discovered.

Why, the moral life may deteriorate by degrees, the very heart of the nation may become decayed and rotten ere we become aware of it by outward indications. The laws can only smooth and polish the *surface*, while within the vile, wickedness and venom may be infinite.

It is mere *fiat*, superficial morality instead of that inward current that should force us, sweep us, right onward in the channel of rectitude. This, then, is the first defect in the foundation; it is the ulcer in the public heart that poisons the blood in its entire circulation. Then out of this spirit of impiety, comes the desire to cast off authority, for the basis of all authority is in religion.

We hear much of the freedom of thought, of speech, of act. Liberty! liberty! comes the cry from all sides. I believe true liberty to be the greatest boon conferred upon man, but I detest the popular, delusive idea of liberty.

True liberty is not freedom in everything we choose, it is negative, it is the removal from us of wrong. Instead of giving us power for unlimited motion in any or all directions, like a wild horse on the plains, or an engine turned off the track, it places us under additional bonds and restraint.

The most trivial thing that we can imagine is governed by law. Leaves blown through the air, insects crawling on the ground, bubbles on the sea act in obedience to eternal laws. And because the great Author gave man partial control of his destiny by the dominion of his will, should he prove himself so unworthy of his trust as to attempt to remove all law, which would be chaos and confusion itself?

There are two other qualities of which I would speak with reserve, namely, thought and feeling. They are intimately connected; and in the formation of character, each is the supplement of the other. This age has highly utilized the productions of the great minds of these and by-gone times. On account of the vast improvement in all things, thousands of miles can be traversed, mentally as well as bodily, with scarcely an effort.

Thus, in embracing the universe, a small appreciation of any of it is obtained. But the construction of the human mind is still the same, and must have its own time to work, which people seem to partially forget in the acceleration of attainment by other agents. This age is a fast one; people rush on in thoughtless masses, scarcely heeding their "ahence or whither." We are reaping the fruits of others' labors, and we poorly appreciate them.

Truly every good is accompanied by an evil. A great man has said that words were given us to conceal our thoughts, and observing the majority, one would almost be led to the same conclusion. Instead of arising from *within*, the thoughts and actions of the people, to too great an extent, arise from outward sources.

They speak a dead language, they execute dead thoughts and feel dead feelings. For how are they but dead, when the emotions of the heart and the promptings of the soul, which caused them, are gone?

These, then, I believe are the defects in the principles, the results of which, in their concrete forms, continually pour in upon us in the newspapers. We see their execution in the crimes and vices of the land.

Yet these defects are, to some degree, in the breasts of every one of us. How many of us are there who reflect that the same spirit that caused Nero to torture his subjects is the same one that prompts us to speak ill of our neighbors?

Politics are now causing a great turmoil throughout the country, and what honest person is there who is not disgusted with the actions of politicians? With their personal slander, their fraud and general corruption? And how much worse it is to think that those are the chosen men of the land. They are probably, as good, or a great deal better than the men they represent. If this nation is to continue, it is not with them that the reform must commence.

The solidity of the government can only be preserved by the deep honesty, by the moral worth, intelligence and integrity of its citizens. With these her mighty resources could be developed and her prosperity and happiness continued without ceasing.

Without these, want, wretched crime and dissolution, which are now advancing, would be propagated; and just as sure as others have fallen before, just so sure would she fall ere many centuries would have passed away.

BACON'S METHOD

Men love to anticipate, not only, it would seem, because of the saving of effort, but also because of a mental delight in it. Hence, the ancient philosophers endeavored to conjure up, as it were from magic of their brains, new worlds, material and spiritual, instead of trying to find out the nature of the one God had made.

Accordingly, their philosophies, as is shown by their numerous schools, were as much expositions of individual peculiarities as universal principles; and as those different systems passed from their authors to the disciples, they became filled with vain speculations, and perversion of sense in interpretation; and in the controversies of rival schools with the empty subtleties of an elusive logic and a mutual misconception of each other's standpoints. So that for the mass of mankind those philosophies lay far away in the misty cloud-land of abstraction, and scarcely ever gave or allowed a ray of light to fall upon man in his blind struggle with the terrible forces of nature.

Thus he lived in superstitious ignorance of the world, himself and his relation to the world. But as the ages rolled on, a disposition to depart from old modes of thoughts became manifest, and waxed strong in Western Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Bacon was the representative and champion of this disposition. His method of philosophy is that of a common-sense man, who instead of lamenting his own frailty and the baseness of earth tries to make the most of his situation, to gain knowledge of, and power over, his circumstances.

He saw nature, an endless round of materials and forces, and man subsisting by it and upon it, ignorant of what it was, and exceedingly liable to error in his judgment.

Hence his purpose is twofold: First to show man the sources of error in his intellect, and, second, to give him a plan to examine and gain power over nature. So he enumerates four kinds of error liable to the human mind, which he calls idols.

Idola Tribus, or universal errors, liable because of the constitution of man;

Idola Specus, or those that may arise from individual peculiarities;

Idola Fori, or those that may occur by misconception in the intercourse of society;

Idola Theatri, or untruths that may arise from the schools of philosophy.

Man being thus cautioned with regard to himself should next prepare as complete a history as is possible of all the facts and experiments belonging to whatever is to be inquired into, and Bacon enumerates histories of many conditions of earths and air, fire and water, and man and other animals in their different conditions and relations. Most of those bodies, substances or conditions will contain several qualities such as density, porosity, color, brilliancy, weight, heat or fluidity; and these must be inquired into separately with the view of determining their immanent supporting causes, which Bacon calls *forms*.

Individual facts differ in their power to illustrate any quality under question. Some may contain that quality in the highest degree,—which Bacon calls *ostensive examples*,—and others totally lack it and these are called *negative examples*, and between these two extremes Bacon enumerates twenty-five kinds of examples, according to their degree and manner of illustration.

If transparency is the quality in question, a history of the materials that contain it together with negative instances should be prepared; skillful experiments should be performed upon these materials, and these materials, and the results with reference to transparency carefully noted. Then some one substance, as glass, should be taken and all possible causes or forms of its transparency excluded.

Thus glass is a solid, brittle material, and hence neither fluidity, porosity or malleability can account for its transparency; then like processes should be taken with other transparent substances, excluding as many causes as possible till the different materials tried have but few principles in common that might account for it.

Then assuming one of these as cause, endeavor should be made in the opposite manner by deductive reasoning, to see if it will account for the quality. Thus by a definite graduated round of preparation, experiments, induction and verification the true cause must almost inevitably be reached.

From specific principles thus determined, the method proceeds higher and higher with caution and circumspection to general principles.

This is an imperfect skeleton of the full-fleshed body of Bacon's Indestructive Method, that lives, and breathes the spirit of life, of science.

It requires neither that man should go to nature like a worm to eat the dirt, nor like a god to come and say it must be so because I think it. Its author intended it to have two elements that he judged those of old had not: utility and progress.

It flows from never drying springs, for it depends on the ingrained human love for knowledge, and produces the rewards of life which men will probably ever seek. And as a small number of nature's powers can be used for countless millions of purposes, there will probably never be limit or end to its growth while man lasts.

To this method Bacon owes his title of Father of Experimental Philosophy. Others, indeed, had used the inductive method before him, others had experimented before him, but it seems to be agreed that he was the best exponent of the inductive method and fitted it best for scientific use, especially by the element of verification.

Modern scientists do not use it exactly in its original shape, but, nevertheless, they use a development of that method; and Bacon, himself, presumed it contained some errors which would be removed in its development.

Thus the Baconian Scientist is at once the wooer and betrayer of Nature. He loves her passionately, watches her afar and anear, ardently embraces her, learns the secrets of her heart, and when he has her in his power, uses her wealth and knowledge as his own.

Thus when man will have consummated the work which Bacon anticipated he will be doubly strong, in his *brain* with living thoughts fresh from the hand-book of the All-Wise and in his *arm*, strengthened with the power that spins the heavenly bodies as if they were but toys.

THE UNKNOWN

It flashes in the noonday sun, and dwells in the darkness that binds the midnight. It glares in the scorching heat of the tropics; and still it howls with the polar blast. Down deep into the bowels of the earth it thrives; and exists in the silvery radiance of the moon. Every star twinkles with it; and the flowers bloom under its breath.

It lives in the raging of the winds and the waves, and is with them when they are calm again. It exists in the cold and heat, light and darkness. It is still the Unknown. It rolls and surges in clouds of flame and darkness, and bursts asunder in thunder and lightning. It comes in the stillness of terror; and laughs from the eyeless sockets of deadmen. 'Tis the parent and offspring of death; 'tis the life and death of creation.

It dwells in brains of sages, for they know by ways that are unknow-

able. Come, get thou astride a sunbeam and we'll fly from the center of nothing to the bounds of its being. We've outstripped time; the wind reels and shrinks within itself, yet the soul rises up, swells out and fills up the universe. 'Tis still the Unknown.

Light falls upon the eye, and the beauties of nature flash upon the mind. But what know the light and the mind of each other, or who taught them acquaintance? And the Unknown cries out in answer. 'Tis the wise man's wisdom, and the folly of the fool. Its beginning is eternity and its boundaries are the Everlasting. It animates the heart of man, and is ever present in his pleasure.

It is the spirit of virtue, and the cause of deceit. On martyrs' tombs it stands; in patriots' graves it lies. It rages in the whirlwind and battle; again it descends beneath the wind of Peace. It groans in despair; laughs in joy and shouts in triumph. It is ever the Unknown.

It moans in the bitterness of Want, yet it hardens the heart of Pride. It teaches us that we are but atoms 'twixt the thumb and forefinger of eternity, and still it says: "The end is not yet."

While the occupation of the historian remains, the ever-prevailing influence of the Unknown must be recorded; and when the last historian shall throw down his pen for the last time, the Unknown will be but in the beginning of its existence. Whether it appears in Grecian, Roman or Hindustan idols; Israelitish sacrifices, inquisitions, witch-burning, alchemy or astrology; whether it appear under form of Zeus or Odin, another Paul may ever find an altar still dedicated to the Unknown.

With eagle gaze man penetrates all co-existent being, from the immensity of the heavens that arch above him, to the atoms of the matter at his feet, judging all things by himself. But, by what will he judge himself? When he has brought the spoils of the universe to the feet of his mind, he is face to face with another greater mystery within, which leads on to mystery, spreads out in mystery, mystery without end. Whether superstition or knowledge, it is still the Unknown. But why let this dishearten or intimidate? If all things besides are strange, mysterious and unknowable, so are we; and things of the same kind can know each other. All creation is bound together in mutual knowledge and love. And in love, we are told, is contained all the laws of God and the prophets. So that the least disturbance or interruption in any part will cause a wave that will break on the farthest shores of time, and vibrate through all eternity.

The planets are bound in each other's arms, and sweep through space in harmony. The sun beams upon the sky, and the sky smiles to the sun; she grows resplendent in gorgeous hues and outdoes herself in enthusiastic gladness. The clouds bathe the earth, and the earth cherishes the germs of beauty in her bosom, which at length burst

forth in trees and buds and flowers, which send up their perfume in gladness together.

And even thunderstorm and angry blast are but the harbingers of brighter and purer days. 'Tis only cold and darkness and uncertain things that are unkind; and I can but think that even these were intended as tests and spices for the created. For without darkness, we would not appreciate the light; without cold, warmth would be too hot; and when wrong is impossible, the well-doer loses his merit.

THINK FOR YOURSELF

When God commanded man to subdue and conquer all things upon the earth, how did he intend him to accomplish it? Was it by the strength of his muscles? We cannot think that the God of Wisdom ever designed man to perform such an utterly impossible task. For how does man compare in such strength with the elements or with the beasts of the field? With the winds that roar with the hurricane, or the lightnings that flash through the heavens, or the waters that dash against the cliffs? With the huge elephant, the roaring lion or the mighty leviathan?

Then how can he obey the precept?

By the assistance of a mightier force, a divine institution, the powers of the brain. By this force was man to overcome the elements, and to become the master of all other living creatures; this was to be the seat of all his power and pleasure.

And the wonderful results that have sprung from the exercise of this power, we see all around us. In the animal creation we see the horse, the elephant, the camel and even the tawny lion, obedient to the voice of its master; he makes fire drive his steamship from port to port, and his iron horse over the iron road; he makes the winds drive his vessels over the ocean; he compels the waters to manufacture his goods, and the lightnings to bear his messages through the air.

Not only does his brain satisfy his absolute wants, but it lifts him on the wings of its imagination into the heavens and bears back the lesson to his heart and soul. It draws reason from nature and makes him a philosopher; it culls sweet fancies and happy thoughts from the works of nature and makes him a poet.

Although no one would think of borrowing another eye or nose or ear, mouth or tongue, yet many are perfectly satisfied to use another's brains or thoughts and some do not use any brains at all.

What are books but the stored up knowledge and thoughts of others, and those who depend entirely upon them fall when left to themselves. "Yes, but," you may say, "God gave those persons more natural faculties and greater capabilities."

You are not sure of this and even if you were, you will acknowledge

that he gave you a few brains of your own; and you cannot tell how much he did really give you till you make a trial of them and use them.

What would the world have done if Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, Newton, Kepler and Gallileo, had been satisfied to let someone else think for them? They would not have been of any more importance to the world now, than the shadows they cast in the sunshine, if they had not proved themselves to be, by thinking.

If in the matter of religion, you allow some one else to think for you, it may be Satan in the guise of a friend. If you do not think, you cannot do justice to either yourself or your neighbor: You cannot do justice to yourself because then you cannot satisfy the physical or moral requirements of the body; nor without using reason, judgment and thought, can you distinguish right from wrong.

This power of thought was Napoleon's superiority over other men, not only did he think and act himself, but he made a large part of the world act for him. Let not the magnitude of the mental work frighten you; things just as great have been achieved by mortals before.

Shakespeare within the little town of Stratford-on-Avon could grasp the habits and feelings of all characters, and all times, and use them for the foundations of new ones in his own mind.

Edmund Burke, without stirring his foot from English soil, could see the whole country of India with its people, from the throne of Hastings to the hut of the meanest peasant; he had so thoroughly mastered history as to foretell the future career of nations with almost prophetic certainty.

Be not like Solomon's fool that "walketh through the forest and sees no fire-wood," the whole world is replete with wise lessons if you only trace their connection in your mind.

The pleasures of thought and knowledge are not like the sensual pleasures of the gay world at large, which flee when the merriment is over, and leave you as thoroughly alone as the man in the moon, but it is a part of your vitality and yourself. It is an infallible source of delight, a never ending fount of joy and pleasure.

To the thoughtful man the flowers and the trees, the hills and the valleys, the sun, the moon and the stars have their own wise lessons to teach; and when darkness envelops the scene, then can he roam through the forest of his imaginations, and revel in the kingdom of his mind. Milton realized this when he said that "Divine Philosophy is not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose, but tuneful as is Apollo's lute."

Then think for yourself, grasp the thought from the records of sages, or from the face of nature; whirl it through your mind; tear it to pieces with the forceps of your brain; be familiar with each of its parts alone or all together; digest it, assimilate it and make it your own.

TRUE LIBERTY: WHERE SOUGHT? WHERE FOUND?

We are all interested in liberty. The school-boy, at his desk, sighs for liberty; the youth, under paternal correction, pines for liberty; the prisoner in his cell, groans for liberty, the slave, under the lash, cries aloud for liberty; the poet sings his sweetest songs for liberty; the orator swells into his grandest bursts of eloquence for liberty; the musician sounds his wildest notes to liberty; the revolutionist risks his fortune and his life for liberty.

Then what is it, for which this inspiration surges in the human breast? Can it be that we are ever sighing and wishing for something of which we know nothing?

What is true liberty? Is it freedom from restraint? Is that the liberty for which the Pilgrim fathers fled from England and came to the Western Continent? Did they seek to be free from all moral and physical laws? In other words, that they might become desperadoes? If that was the liberty they shed their blood for in the Revolutionary War, what a lie the liberty was that they blazoned on their banners, when they immediately made laws to restrain the passions of the people!

If liberty means freedom from restraint, then the howling, frenzied, drunken, crazed savage is the best disciple of liberty that we can find. But let us leave this absurd theory; we want no liberty if that is all it promises. Where can we find such a sublime definition of liberty as is contained in the Scriptures? Christ said to his apostles, "You shall know the truth and the truth shall set you free." This is, indeed, the spirit of freedom, of true liberty!

Taking this as standard, let us go forth among mankind, and apply it to him and his works and ascertain where true liberty is to be found.

As we go back over the past history of the world, over the poetical days of chivalry and cavaliers, what a dreary, desolate spectacle is presented? What over-powering tides of tyranny and despotism we behold!

The wretched vassal was a slave in mind and body; the king on his throne was a miserable slave to his passions. There might made right; and ambition crowded truth, justice and morality, the trinity of true liberty, to the earth and made the possession of them a crime.

Reason and truth struggled with the wild fancies, dreams and superstitions of the scientists, and the philosophers were sophisters who built their theories upon fallacy and continued them to absurdity.

Ignorance, the enslaver of the intellect, ruled supreme. Liberty was in slavery! But in this vast desert of tyranny and slavery, here and there we found oases of liberty.

That sacred fire burned brightly in the infancy of the Grecian and

Roman republics. And even after opulence and corruption began to usurp the land we find Socrates chasing the sophisters through the mazes of their foolishness and dashing to fragments their groundless frostwork; and although surrounded with the darkness of Paganism he raised his theories and aspirations almost into the light of Christianity and liberty.

We find Demosthenes throwing off the fetters of scheming tyranny and thundering forth his Philippics. Brutus cries: "But as he was ambitious, I slew him," so loudly that it rings in our ears to-day.

Cicero denounces Catiline, and where can we find such examples of lofty liberty as the early Christians, suffering untold tortures and meeting death without flinching, rather than deny the truth.

There is a limit to human endurance, there is a time when all the powers of man's being springs up and demands his rights as a human being, and we find that where the oppression became too great, the fire-brand of liberty kindled successively its conflagrations over the different nations of Europe.

Now I come to America, "sweet land of liberty," and ask you to tell candidly if she is entirely free from slavery, even if the four millions of negroes have been emancipated. Is she free from prejudice that would restrain a man from the exercise of his duty?

Or is she free from the domineering influence of society that requires a person to tell petty, fashionable lies, to run all his thoughts and words into one mould? That requires a man in order to be popular to make his words to suit the people instead of suiting them to his own conscience as the God of nature intended? Has the Rum king no influence over his people? Or are there no sophisters among her financiers, or philosophers?

I ask you if the "mighty dollar" ever curbs the opinions or liberty of her inhabitants? Has it no power over her ballot boxes? Does it ever make highway robbers or lobby sneak thieves of her people?

A consultation of facts will readily answer these questions. Now let me cautiously take a peep into the sphere of morals and religion and ascertain if all is liberty here. Laying aside the countless millions of human creatures that are sunk in hopeless fanaticism and heathenism, what do I behold as I turn to Christianity, but what I think ought to be an everlasting disgrace to its authors! I find fifty-five denominations of the Christian religion with antagonistic doctrines. Are there fifty-five gods, and a prospect for some more? Or if there is but one true God, and consequently but one true doctrine, can the truth be divided? Can I not say that the whole is equal to the sum of most of its parts, or that Massachusetts lies partly in Connecticut, and have these versions equally good with the truth? I argue this not as a religionist but as a dealer with plain facts, and I ask, "Is this the liberty the German reformer sought when he broke the bonds of that oft quoted superstition?"

Finally, I think that we, as scholars of the nineteenth century, ought to remember that true liberty lies in the knowledge of the truth, in the possession of the truth, in discerning the truths from all base counterfeits and in clinging to the truth though all the powers of corruption, ignorance and prejudice conspire against you to enslave you.

Learned fools and walking encyclopedias have not true liberty though their brains be stuffed with a jumble of truth and falsehood. A great truth may be put in the mouth of a parrot or on the disc of a phonograph, but they know not where they receive it.

WAR

I can compare war to nothing but a raging fire, which burns up liberty, morality, principle and in short, whatever of good there is in the world.

A fire, first kindled by Eve when she plucked envy, hatred, jealousy and ignorance from the Forbidden Tree; readily incited by anger produced on the sharp edges of character, and leaves nothing but its ashes, wretchedness, misery and vice in its awful track.

Within the memory of most of us, our own country was deluged in civil war. And when will she recover from its awful effects? When will the enormous debt contracted during the war be paid? When will the confidence of the people be restored? When will her morals be mended? Or the loss of her million noble sons, slain in battle, requited?

Before the war crime was almost unknown; happiness, business and education thrived; nearly every man earned an honest living, and enjoyed domestic peace.

Now how is the scene changed? Men, in high positions of trust, become implicated as common thieves; bank robberies are every day occurrences, and murders are common.

From the time of the creation we find no nation capable of sustaining itself by force or violence, and every attempt at it has resulted in corruption and degradation.

We behold Babylonia, Assyria, Media, Persia, Lydia, Ethiopia, Greece and Rome rising one after the other from the reeking blood of the slain, and successively tumbling to pieces.

They "lived by the sword, and they died by the sword."

In thinking of those ancient nations, an indistinct mass of moss-grown ruins and broken temples rise in our minds; but the human feelings and human sympathies of man must have been the same as to-day, and the horrors of war none the less.

It is strange that although war has ever been the most deadly foe to civilization, civilization has always advanced the means of war.

The savage murders with the arrow, the spear and the tomahawk; the civilized warrior with the cannon, the rifle and the sword. The savage has his King Philip, Tecumseh and Powhatan; the civilized soldier has his Caesar, Napoleon and Wellington; the barbarian kills scores, while the civilized man slays thousands.

It is well for the philosopher to compare the number thus fallen, to the whole human race; but will this comparison satisfy the blood that calls to Heaven for vengeance? The peaceful cities, villages and towns laid waste? The orphans cries, or the "wild mother's scream o'er her famishing brood?" Or how repay the poor traveller in this valley of tears, whose existence of a day was his all?

So it is well for the astronomer to compare the nothingness of this world to the boundless expanse of the (remainder lost).

OUGHT THERE BE TWO GREAT POLITICAL PARTIES IN AMERICA?

In a new country like America, founded for the rights and freedom of its people, there must necessarily be much discussion and controversy in the attainment of those principles which are needful for the peoples' welfare.

Truth and wisdom cannot be obtained in a moment; and many forms of plausible untruth must be advanced, before the reality can be obtained.

And on the other side it might be strongly maintained that party is necessary for the true representation of the different views of a great question, and for the fostering of activity in those abstract spheres.

But it must be remembered that those great political parties, do not pretend to search for the truth, nor act as if they were working for the good of all. They act as if the truth, and the right and the end had already arrived; they raise aloft their principles at the beginning, compressing all of their members within the limits of their criterion, like Procrustes, stretching the short men, and chopping off the tall ones; and that standing they will maintain to the end, at all costs, and at all hazards, though they wade for it through fraud and corruption, taking every possible means, fair and unfair, against their adversaries.

Then, in the first place, the origin of the party must be in disagreement, which is readily sharpened into hatred; discord and strife is incited, and the structure of the whole country is loosened and disjointed by its baneful effects.

The government of those parties is centered in a few individuals, who, vulture-like, profit by the struggle of the lions. Instead of being a benefit to the country in enabling the people to ascertain the truth, in regard to politicians and their principles, party renders it nearly impossible for a person to judge which is in the right.

The principles of the majority of newspapers are outweighed by the feelings of party, and they "shout with the crowd"; the speeches of stump-orators consist in the denunciation of their opponents; every true partisan feels himself bound to denounce the opposite party, as often with falsehood as with trivial truth magnified, while he extols his own party to the skies. Votes are bought and sold; there is fraud at the polls necessitating Potter committees; the very quintessence of Republican liberty, the free votes of the people, are gravely infringed upon.

After such fraud and tyranny at the mere election, what can we expect when one party predominates? The fraud and deception of persons, in high positions, for a few years past, will fully answer the question.

Thus it goes on, each succeeding year only intensifying the disgusting and horrible scenes of the preceding. When a party is established, its leading principle is, of course, wholly for its own good; its birth was caused by animosity to all others, and that animosity is only augmented, and rendered more virulent by time. When that party gains the ascendancy how can its selfish principles be a benefit to the whole nation?

Many an experiment has proved that they cannot.

During its season of power, each party rules despotically; and, as that power is controlled by a few persons, it gives the government of the country a deep cast of monarchy.

So much for the principle of party.

Now how does it affect the strength and safety of the country? Which is strength, union or discord?

A father gave his son a bundle of sticks, bound together, telling him to break them, but the youth could not bend them. The father then (remainder lost).

AD QUEM FINEM?

Graduation essay, North Brookfield, Mass., June, 1880

As from century to century, generation after generation moves, toils, struggles, presses onward with ever increasing speed whilst the light of day illumines their path, and dark night affords shelter for hidden schemes, it may well be asked: Why this ceaseless motion? What seek heroes and beggars, warlike kingdoms and commercial republics? Why surge those dark masses through the channels of time? Ad quem finem?

Ask them one by one, as they come into the light of the present, and each and every one will answer that he works, he strives, he strains, for the gratification of some wish, some longing; to meet

the demands of body and soul; for the accomplishment of some happiness.

For every act that man performs, whether good or bad, interested or disinterested, so-called, must come from the desire to gratify some quality of himself that urges him to the act. Whether the mariner's love of novelty and adventure, the glutton's love of his stomach, the miser's greed for gold, the politician's love of honor, the statesman's fidelity to principle, the good man's benevolence or the missionary's thirst for souls; all come from the same prime cause, from hidden springs within. "*O bonheur! fin de notre être, pour toi nous vivons, pour toi nous osons mourir.*"

Then if this is the goal of human wishes, and the object of desires, why is it not always attained? Whence come those tears, those cries of agony and woe, from the eyes of the present and the heart of the past, that shock the ears of listening humanity? Surely they come not from the fullness of content, not from the conjunction of wishes and their objects, their end. What is this end, and why so seldom obtained?

As man wakes up to the consciousness of life and being, with space above and beneath him, time around him and eternity before him, whither will he turn, what course pursue, what guidance follow? To be able to answer those questions, he must be a sensible being, able to distinguish between greatness and smallness, relatively at least, if not absolutely, of something and nothing, of the gratification of the highest qualities of his being and the lowest, or yet of that which has no existence, save in fancy.

In order to do this it is evident that he must have the assistance, the harmonious action and co-operation of all the faculties of his soul. As Wordsworth says: "There lies no faculty within us that the soul can spare." And so Plato taught: "Education consists in the training of all the faculties of the being."

For everyone that observes the actions of the world must notice, or at least experience, the operation of two great forces upon it, ever acting upon men, by appealing to their wants, desires and emotions.

One which promises immediate pleasure, but confusing, seductive, gaudy, loud-boasting and destroying. The other slow, but calm, clear, enduring; seldom transporting, but never failing; the one like small vessels of filthy desires, quickly filled in disgust; the other like the abyss of time which is never full.

Those are the two courses that spread out before man; those are the voices that appeal to him. And how can he determine which to heed? For to follow a lofty principle, to steadfastly pursue noble ends, through a world of fears and duties beset by fawning pleasures, to defer present needs, hopes and wishes, to overleap the present and to continue to listen to the calm steady voice of the future

amidst the roaring voices of confusion, requires not only a cultivated judgment, but a strong moral force, a stern character in the execution.

But thus it must be if the end of man's existence is worth obtaining; for no permanent good, or worthy object has ever been obtained without sacrifice and toil. Low, base and unworthy desires must be sacrificed on the altar of a holier devotion. But days and years and ages have flown away, and misery has not yet departed from the earth.

How can mortals be freed from suffering? If misery be not a pleasure to man, how may happiness be obtained for him? It is obvious that it must be the result of union and of law; not of separation, disintegration and dissolution.

If there is a condition productive of happiness, there must be a force to preserve that condition. It cannot be supposed that all men can be equally strong, vigilant and active in the execution of what they know to be right. A slowness to action, a clouded understanding, a timid will and a failing resolution, it is the lot of common mortals to possess.

Therefore the apostle says, "Let every soul be subject to higher powers, for there is no power but from God." It is authority alone that can to any degree obtain this condition. It is the subordination of the inferior to the superior; the spur of duty and the represser of rashness. It is the forcing of electricity into the telegraph; the power of steam into the engine; the difference between a mob and an army; the separation of utility from chaos.

And hence, our government, for the preservation of order in the physical world; our schools, for the training of the faculties of the nation's mind; and our churches, for teaching the highest faculties of man's being to reverence the Center of order and love. But, that an intellectual result be obtained or godliness be taught, it is necessary that man have the seeds of an intellectual and holy ideal. The acorn must be cognizant of the oak. Whence 'tis evident that the desire of man's being is for life, for the construction of its powers and development toward the fullness of its aspirations. Even thought from its very nature, from its first awakening, is but the crystallization of construction, of formation and of law. It is the building-up of unity, the arrangement of order in apparent chaos. And it is not less so in the moral order. It is thus with the sense of duty, of loyalty, of patriotism, and, above all, of piety. Difficulties may press upon one, adversity may stun, friends may desert and calamities afflict, but if they are withstood there must be some gleam of light from within, some inward consciousness of better beyond, of some good to come, some secret persuasion of promises for future fulfillment. And this active principle, this inward light, this fresh-

ness of the heart and buoyancy of the soul, this living something that pours sunshine through the darkened portals of the intellect, philosophers call hope, and Christians, faith. And if this fails a man, the unknown spring of life that has thus far urged him onward in his career, the power that has impelled him forward, will turn back upon itself, jump the boundaries of fear, and leap into the gulf of desperation. The last grasp has escaped him hanging over a precipice, the last ray of light has faded from the drowning man, his sun has set forever, the dark waves swallow him up; then follows despair, death, destruction, suicidal grave.

Infidelity, in its principles and in its practice, is a remover of faith, a destroyer of hope, an abettor of destruction.

This is the picture of wrong: a hideous fiend that delights in gloom and darkness, which clothes itself in the pleasing forms of human frailties so as not to terrify its victims by its naked horror, which enters into a human soul through the portals of negligence or of passion, when the faculties are so little or so much aroused as not to perceive it; which can continue its habitation only by seducing and blinding the soul's best faculties, by setting nature at war with nature, whose infuriated victim dares not listen to his thoughts, to his accusing conscience, and his outraged sense of right, who strives to fill the aching void with intoxication, debauchery and crime; a monster that leads to diabolical destruction, in murderous brawls, in hellish dens of sin and shame; in myriads of desolated homes; in rivers of blood from famine, war and intemperance. For what is taken from the highest laws of nature, the soul shall mourn for in blood-red tears of woe. But is it in wrong that a person would seek the end of his being and the fulness of his soul, when its very existence depends upon their separation and perversion, and in mocking their highest wants and desires? No, wrong is not to be flattered nor pampered nor smiled upon; but is to be hated with an undying hate, whilst, like a maelstrom, it is sucking the goodness, holiness and happiness of the land into the horrid depths of crime and agony. And how could men, even if they had no other light to guide them than their own intellect, as they swing suspended by the slender thread of life in the abyss of eternity, how can they suffer themselves to fall howling into its dark and trackless depths, with the brand of sin, destruction and confusion burned into their very souls? Woe unto that individual whom crime has overpowered, for his life is a failure; woe unto that nation, that collection of individuals, that tolerate it, for it has within it the fermenting germs of strife, disorder and revolution which will eventually rend it to atoms. Existence, even, depends upon law and order founded upon love and increases according to their harmonious conjunction. No matter how wickedness may seem to prosper and fraud be triumphant, virtue and good-

ness are as enduring as human life, at least. For there must still exist some spark of right, of law and life, in the lowest degradation to perceive the horror of wrong, for dull stagnant death perceives not the horror of itself in its empty void. It is a capability for a happiness that renders misery possible. And, the huge clouds of the electrified wraths of perverted justice, thundering across the ages have lighted up the awful splendor of right in weird grandeur, have shaken the world in fury; and we are enjoying the comparative calm that succeeds the storms of a thousand years; and well be it, if profit be taken from the lessons they teach. Thus, even in our weak nature that a universal tradition pronounces "degraded," every human being has at least the outline of a noble ideal, the stamp of a divine seal impressed upon him. Even the most degraded human creature weighed down with the accumulated wickedness of ancestry, and with the dust and cinders that life has heaped upon him, yet, deep beneath them, glow the smoldering coals of a better nature. Those tender and holy emotions that cannot bear the rude contact with sin, seek refuge in the deepest recesses of the heart whence death alone can drive them; and out of the most arid spirit a dram of misery may be squeezed. From out the heart of the frozen zone, midst howling winds, the fierce savage reverences his rude ideal; from the wilderness, the fight and death-dance, the wild Indian calls upon the Great Spirit; in the scorching heat of the fierce tropics the Negro in prostrating himself before the idols demonstrates his higher aspirations; and in our own temperate zone, where the spirit is less obscured with the thick and clotted matter of corrupted sense, the soul shines forth in a purer light and worships its maker with a holier devotion. Thus, the faculties of man are developed with the scale of humanity, they ascend, enlarge, brighten and radiate into forms of beauty, music, harmony, poetry, and eloquence. Heroic and noble deeds animate for all time; noble thoughts dart full-armed from mind to mind. A Demosthenes at Greece, a Cicero at Rome, a Patrick Henry in America thrill noble faculties of man, by exhibiting Right in all its irresistible strength and glorious luster; higher proofs of man's nobility in the establishment of Christianity in a licentious, pagan world; and then, finally, the grand culmination in the martyrs who limit happiness to neither space nor time and in the pangs of torment were comforted with the quintessence of sublimity. So it is, as Daniel Webster termed it, action, noble, sublime, god-like action, and the combination of his forces that will obtain for man his end. It is not when dullness, sluggishness, semi-death subdue his best impulses; but it is when every faculty of his being is wrought up to its highest perfection, sparkling, glowing in primeval innocence and grandeur, when the heart illumines the intellect and the intellect guides the heart; when the qualities of the mind, the being, the

soul, look into, shine upon and unite with one another; it is then, in the exercise of those god-like faculties, the longings of the soul extending from the cradle are but augmented at the beginning of the grave; and in that intellect that embraces in its grasp the earth and skies, even casting a ruddy gleam into eternity by comprehending the incomprehensibility of its immensity; it is in the exercise of those that man catches a glimpse of that happy state from which he has fallen and of the *ad finem* to which he is ascending; and the nearer he approaches that end the brighter it appears. When on the eve of life he recalls the memory of good deeds in years gone by, as the mists of Death gather more thickly over his horizon, as he sees cherished objects, friends and foes alike vanish, as he gazes upon the blue sky stretching out into the immensity of forever and ever, what now will satisfy the yearnings of his soul? Is it science or knowledge or philosophy? No, no! Those stand back aghast before the stern reality of the tomb. Faith, faith, alone, remains to him, faith in the Immutable, whose pleasures vibrate through all eternity, enthroned in the heavenly azure above the "crash of matter and the wreck of worlds."



JAMES MAHONEY
WHEN HE GRADUATED FROM AMHERST, 1884

CHAPTER IV

*"Oh, the bells of old Amherst! Long may they be telling
Of Amherst, fair Amherst, and old Eighty-four."*

*"No friends are like the old, old friends,—
The men of Eighty-four."*

*"'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store."*

*Never does a man portray his own character more vividly than in
his manner of portraying another.*

—Titan.

*The only theory that will adequately explain our twenty-eight years
of steady convocation is the theory of Friendship founded on Mutual
Fellowship. Here we meet as friends and brothers, finding solace in
each others eyes, strength in each others hands, courage in a union of
hearts. Bound together by a higher bond than that of appetite or stale
custom. Drawn more closely by our losses than by our gains. The loud
bespeaks the open heart, the serious word speaks the thoughtful mind,
owing allegiance to our college and loyalty to our ideals of life.*

—James Mahoney.

*A paeon high for '84!
A paeon strong and high!*

*Our class shall live forevermore!
Our class shall never die!*

—James Mahoney.

DAYS AT AMHERST

James Mahoney entered Amherst in September, 1880, as a freshman in the Class of '84.

The transition from preparatory school to college is for all a notable one. For one coming from a large school like Phillips Academy, Andover, where there is an ample corps of instructors and a large body of students coming from many sections of the country, the most noticeable change is in the larger degree of freedom given. For those coming from a small country high school entrance into college

life is a never to be forgotten epoch, as when the butterfly leaves its chrysalis home and on spreading wings revels in the sunlight.

In the North Brookfield high school from which Mahoney came there was the usual small corps of teachers and a body of students coming from the immediate vicinity. At Amherst there was, for those days, a large and scholarly faculty and a student constituency drawn from most sections of this country and from some foreign countries.

The most obvious criticisms to be made on the faculty were these: Without exception they were graduates of one college, Amherst, and there resulted an inevitable narrowness of view; and in the second place the president and all but two or three of the faculty were adherents of one church, the Congregationalist, and Truth was viewed pretty much from one angle. But they were scholarly, self-sacrificing, and sympathetic, and a student could hardly have found their peers, intellectually and morally, in any other college in the land.

That period, '80-'84, is not so very remote,—measured in years it is a part of modern history. But as regards scientific and philosophic thought it seems a part of medieval times. The theory of evolution, now as generally accepted as the theory of gravitation, was fighting for recognition, and like the theory of gravitation in Newton's time was regarded by many as irreligious. President Seelye was distinctly unfriendly to it, but Professor John M. Tyler, then one of the youngest of the faculty, gave a course of lectures setting forth the evidence for the theory, and Henry Ward Beecher, with characteristic boldness, in a series of sermons on "Evolution and Religion" was interpreting the great truths of Christianity in the light of evolution.

If in the Class of '84, of which Mahoney found himself a member, there were imperfections, and the faculty seemed to think that there were, narrowness and uniformity of view were not conspicuous. There were Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, and one of the the manliest of them all, Frank Cooper, called himself an Agnostic. There were those who held that studies should not be allowed to interfere seriously with one's college course, and who never failed to take their "tenth," the full number of allowed absences. For these men any cerebral activity that secured a "3" in any course when "2" was the passing mark was misspent energy, a thing for which they should offer apology to their comrades.

There were others who believed that the prime object of coming to college was to study, to meditate, to gain mastery over difficult subjects, to have spiritual fellowship with Socrates, St. Paul, Galileo, Shakespeare, Kant, Abraham Lincoln, to gain thereby inspiration as well as information, and so grow in moral and intellectual stature;

to gain ideals that should be guiding stars in the grand enterprise of giving a life to the world.

To this latter class James Mahoney belonged. To him time was precious coin that should not be spent in vain. When he entered Amherst he had had in all seven years of schooling while the rest of us had had eleven or more. Small wonder is it that at the end of freshman year he was awarded one of the two Topping prizes. These prizes, each of twenty-five dollars in gold, were for the two members of the freshman class who showed the greatest improvement in the work of the year.

In those days the freshmen were ordinarily taught by young instructors while the professors taught the upper classes. It happened that we of '84 in freshman year had three instructors who were new recruits on the Amherst faculty, Stanton Coit, William L. Cowles and Charles E. Garman. The last named was a prince among teachers, clear, patient, and sympathetic, and '84 was blessed above all classes in having that man as instructor in mathematics in freshman year and as instructor in philosophy when we were seniors. Mr. Cowles, a rare combination of gentleness and power, is now the honored head of the Latin department at Amherst. Mr. Coit has rendered eminent service in the ethical culture movement and has been a ministering angel to the poor of New York City and London. In Greek two sections of the class were taught by Levi H. Elwell, a man of adamant Puritan character and profound scholarship, and the "rank division" men were under Professor Mather, a master of expression and a lover of the beautiful in literature and art. Mahoney needless to say, was in Professor Mather's division and was the pet pupil. I can recall to-day the elegance of his translations, especially in rendering the sublime thoughts of "Medea" and of "Prometheus Bound."

He received the first prize in Greek in freshman year, and was later awarded the Hutchins Greek prize in junior year.

During freshman year Mahoney roomed in East College. That building, a plain factory-like structure, used to stand at the east end of the splendid double row of maples which extends from the Chapel toward the College Church. Altho the building itself was unattractive the view which it commanded was glorious. No wonder Henry Ward Beecher remarked in his speech at our '84 Commencement dinner, "If the Garden of Eden had not been located where it was it would have been located at Amherst. In that case Adam never would have sinned and we would have been saved a heap of theology." The azure hills of Pelham lay three miles to the east; Leverett and Shutesbury could be seen to the north, and Belchertown with its commanding sentinel position formed the southeastern horizon, Norwottuch and the other mountains of the Holyoke range

were outlined against the southern sky. Especially in the fall when the maples on the mountains were clad in their myriad colors the outlook from East College was enough to compensate for the primitiveness of the structure.

Mahoney's roommate was Baldrige, a quiet fair-haired youth, keen in intellect and as delicately built as a fawn. Among those occupying rooms under the same roof were Loftus, later to be our Hyde prize orator and a power in the mining world; Hatheway, the lawyer-to-be and magnate in business; Hayes, the future railroad executive; Rockwood, now head of the department of chemistry in Iowa State University; Milan, now Dr. Milan of Providence, and Dr. Learoyd of Taunton. Old East College, plebeian and plain tho it was, sheltered that year more of the brain and heart of '84 than any other building in Amherst.

Owing to the sad and untimely death of Baldrige, sophomore year found him in South College rooming with Joe Heavens, a man of abounding good-nature and always ready for fun. Now he is a shining light in the educational world. Mahoney's roommate in junior year was Sherman, '85, whom he had known in the North Brookfield high school. Senior year he roomed alone in the home of Mr. Bartlett.

In the Amherst days Mahoney, tho by no means lacking in social qualities, was intimately acquainted with but few of his classmates, —our lives touched his chiefly in the classroom. The reasons for this were not difficult to find. In the first place it was his inflexible rule to place duty before pleasure, and after his work was thoroly done there was scant time for social intercourse. From participation in athletic sports he was barred by lameness. Those days were days of intense class rivalry and physical conflict, and the Classes of '83 and '85, considerably outnumbering our own, developed our militant qualities, and physical prowess was at a premium. Then when battles were over the exuberant spirit of '84 found vent in fun and student pranks. Mahoney was by nature meditative and the big questions of religion and philosophy interested him more than the question what punishment should be meted out to '83 for shaving off Frank Williams' whiskers. Many of us, who later found in him a spirit kindred to our own, would have made that discovery earlier and gravitated toward him had not the stress of poverty prevented. When a lad—I am thinking of myself now—earns money for college expenses by sawing cord wood for fifty cents per cut, and by husking corn for four cents a bushel, there is scant time for the cultivation of friendships. And the production of an intimate friendship, like the production of any fine fruit or flower, requires time for cultivation. In later years we saw that he regarded friendship as a thing of highest spiritual value and his friendship was generously given to young and old.

As a student Mahoney was serious, almost solemn, in manner, and his classmates little suspected the wealth of wit and kindly humor that later years revealed. I fancy that most of us were totally ignorant of this side of his nature until our never-to-be-forgotten class reunion at Amherst in 1909. On the last evening of the reunion we had our concluding "family gathering" at our headquarters, the Perry. After an exhibition of lantern slides which took us back to student days Mahoney started the ball rolling by making a speech that filled us with astonishment and delight. Such flashing wit, such delicate humor, such playful allusions to our peculiarities! Then Dakin as master of ceremonies scintillated better than his best. Alvord and Goodwin and others of our star speakers outdid themselves, and it was two hours after midnight when the display of oratorical fireworks ceased. It was remarked by many that such a sustained series of brilliant speeches they had never before listened to, and it was Jim Mahoney who had set the pace.

His excellence in Greek has already been alluded to, and with Tyler, Mather, and Elwell as teachers he was able to drink long and deep at the fountains of Hellenic culture. Latin he did not need to translate, he read it with consummate ease. It is said that he was familiar with the writings of Origen and Aquinas and would freely quote from them. The *Novum Organum* of Bacon he read in the original. He was familiar with the writings of Cardinal Wiseman and his keen mind was thrilled by the exquisite beauty and irresistible force of Newman whose "*Apologia pro Vit Sus*" he justly regarded as a masterpiece.

His felicity in English verse is illustrated by the following lines, written in freshman year, and rescued from oblivion by his friend Loftus, then an editor of the "Student."

AD AMARYLLEM

(After Virgil)

Approach, with empty basket in your hand,
O gatherer of the vintage, nut brown maid,
And pluck the purple grape with me to-day;
Inviting, yet untouched, the vineyards stand,
The grapes are drooping, cooling in the shade,
The vine leaves rustle, rustle, as they sway.

Approach, O maiden, with a modest smile,
And gently press the drooping leaf aside,
To pluck the cluster hidden underneath;
And muse on love, if love be sweet, the while;
Then will I twine the vine leaves at your side,
And deck your flowing tresses with a wreath.

Approach, O artless maiden, sun-embrowned,
And pluck with me the clusters on the vine,

And let the vine-clad hills with laughter ring,
Till hill and wood shall echo back the sound.
We'll sing anew the praises of the wine,
Forgetful of the vintage while we sing.

At the twenty-fifth '84 reunion at Amherst in 1909 he read the class poem, a production notable for depth of thought and feeling.

In those days analytic geometry was a required subject, and no '84 man will ever forget the joy manifested when we celebrated by a midnight parade, bonfire, and subsequent "Battle of the Hose" with '85 the completion of the required mathematical course. Along with Tufts, Gill, and a few others mathematically gifted, Mahoney pursued the study of the higher mathematics under Professor William C. Esty, as fine and beautiful a soul as ever graced the Amherst faculty. Later he studied physics and astronomy and was awarded the Porter prize for excellence in those subjects.

Mahoney's work was everywhere of the highest grade. To him thoro work was a part of religion. To him, as to the monks of old, "*labore est orare.*" Looseness in thinking was irreligious—like looseness in morals. Subjects large and difficult and profound interested him as big game interests the hunter. So it happened that the most potent stimulus to his intellectual life came in senior year in the course in philosophy and ethics conducted by President Seelye and Professor Garman.

One of the many ways in which President Seelye manifested his esteem for Mahoney was by entrusting to him the instruction of a daughter in her college preparation in Greek. On one occasion when Mahoney was enjoying a visit from a sister she met President Seelye, and after the usual formalities he said to her: "I congratulate you on having such a brother; he has but one imperfection and that is a physical one."

Both of these teachers indicated their opinion of Mahoney's attainments by awarding him the Phi Beta Kappa prize for excellence in the philosophical studies of senior year. Seelye, a man of dominant personality, had been a famous teacher of philosophy for a generation, and to him Mahoney was devoted. In the latter part of the President's life, in those days when in response to inquiries about his health he would say, "I am quite well, but I live in a wretched tenement," Mahoney called on him at Amherst. Since they had not met for a long time the visitor said: "I don't suppose that you remember me, President Seelye." The President replied: "I remember you with affection and esteem." Altho extremely feeble he went to the door as his guest was leaving.

Garman was just entering his brilliant career, and by his genius as thinker and teacher, and by his never failing sympathy, earned immortality in the affections of every man of '84. To him Mahoney makes reference in his class-poem at our twenty-fifth reunion:

“And Look!

In Walker Hall through the windows streamed
The sunshine o'er eager faces, all with earnest
Eyes as falls the sunshine on the master
At his desk, of swarthy hue, and dark and
Gleaming eye, his voice and mind
And sentence, all, as crystal clear,
As with charmed words he spoke of
Mind and soul; of matter and of God.”

With clearness in thinking Garman possessed a wonderful gift of exposition. We studied Hickok's Empirical Psychology and Hickok's Moral Science, and Hickok was justly celebrated as “the deepest down diving, the longest down staying, and the most mud upbringing” philosopher of his day. From Hickok alone we could have derived little profit—whatever clear ideas we had would probably have been dulled in outline; but with Garman as teacher paying scant attention to Hickok we acquired ideas and ideals that gleamed clear in the sunlight of Truth, we built a faith that stood unshaken in later years. His illustrations illustrated, they were not mere ornaments. For instance, he would say that the universe, material as truly as moral, depends on God for its continued existence from moment to moment as truly as the rainbow on the continued shining of the sun. And then he would go on to show that there was sound philosophy in St. Paul's words, “For in Him we live and move and have our being.”

It was in his work under Garman that Mahoney's keen mind had its greatest delight and stimulus and expansion, and something of the affection which he felt for his teacher is expressed in his lines,

We'll love thee till our life depart,
O Garman of our heart!
We'll love thee while our hearts are kind,
O Garman of our mind!
We'll love thee while the seasons roll,
O Garman of our soul!

Evidence of his philosophic attainments is seen in his winning the Phi Beta Kappa prize already mentioned, and in his oration, “Personality and Its Evolution in Character,” delivered on the Commencement stage.

When Commencement Day arrived, July 2, 1884, James Mahoney could look back upon a college course replete with honors, but his habit was to concern himself with present duty and not complacently to survey the past. There remained yet one height to be attained, one honor to be won. The custom of those days was to select as speakers upon the Commencement stage those eight men who ranked at the head of the graduating class. Of course Mahoney was one. The Bond Commencement prize of \$100 was awarded annually

to that member of the graduating class who delivered the best oration on the Commencement stage, both composition and delivery being considered in making the award. Of course a man of Mahoney's brain and heart could write an excellent oration, but could one so unaccustomed to public speaking hope to win the coveted honor? The occasion is always an inspiring one. The hall is filled with friends of the graduating class. Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, sweethearts are there, and every speaker is spurred to his best. This '84 Commencement was notable on account of the presence of Amherst's greatest son, Henry Ward Beecher. The governor and the lieutenant-governor of the Commonwealth were to be present at the graduating exercises and Mahoney was painfully aware of the fact. He had passed a sleepless night and his every nerve was tense as he took his place on the Commencement platform. Among the other speakers were men who have since risen to eminence, and two of them have been honored by their Alma Mater with the degree of Doctor of Laws. His oration, "Personality and Its Evolution in Character," the fruit of his careful study under Seelye and Garman, was listened to with closest attention, and after the awarding of degrees it was announced that the Bond prize, the crowning honor of the college course, had been awarded to James Mahoney.

The number of prizes he had taken in his college course was phenomenal and unprecedented, and equally notable is the fact that these honors were won in such widely different fields.

It was inevitable that such a man should be sought for as a teacher in prominent institutions of learning, but in many cases his staunch Catholic faith stood in the way. When asked whether he would be willing to change his faith in order to become eligible to these positions his answer was always an instantaneous and indignant "No." Had they known their man they never would have asked the question. A sand dune changes its position under the influence of the wind, but Mahoney was no sand dune. Like the granite hills of his New England home his faith, inherited from godly ancestors and made his own by earnest and profound meditation, was built upon rock foundations that no tempest could shake. How could he who could not be false to others be false to himself? He had early heard the divine question, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Not only to members of the Amherst faculty did he feel gratitude and loyalty but to Amherst herself, the spirit of the Alma Mater which had nourished him. One of the fruits of this loyalty is seen in his pioneer work in planning for what is now known as the Amherst Alumni Council. His clear eye saw that the ideas, loyalty, enthusiasm, and wealth were of enormous potential value to Amherst, but there was need of some body organized for their utilization.

To his classmates and friends he persistently pressed this idea, and to him in no small measure is due the agitation which crystallized in establishing the Amherst Alumni Council.

Professor Cowles, now the only one of Mahoney's teachers still a member of the Amherst faculty, writes: "I recall him distinctly as a member of my Latin class, and as one who was an excellent student and absolutely reliable,—such a student as every teacher likes to have in his class. I recall also with especial pleasure the many talks we had on various themes outside the classroom, often under the trees in front of South College, for we both had rooms on College Hill. He impressed me always as a young man with high ideals, marked earnestness of purpose, and one who would not desire to tolerate frivolity or hypocrisy in himself or in others. He had an eager desire to know the truth and was always ready to defend it in accordance with the light he had.

"He was a man well endowed with intellectual qualities and noble character, incapable of thinking or doing an unworthy deed."

Such, in barest outline, was the college record of the gifted lad who dwelt and pondered and saw visions in Amherst from '80 to '84. In such as he Amherst glories, and of such she says in the words of Cornelia concerning her sons, the Gracci, "These are my jewels."

JOSEPH O. THOMPSON.

EXTRACTS FROM MAHONEY'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK KEPT WHILE HE WAS AT AMHERST

James Mahoney was educated at a time when the common-place book was in the ascendant, at least for young people. It was a haven for scattered thoughts and was probably designed originally to afford practice in putting thoughts into words. James was inveterate in his devotion to his common-place book and the following, written between his eighteenth and twenty-second year, indicate an unusually high order of common-place book work.

Unless the mind frequently recurs to its ideal, it drowns heavily, thinking of beef and money and lands and things.

Events and objects sound the keys in the scale of being, but there is need of a guiding influence in the opinion, so that there may be harmony—an ideal though itself be undefined and the lines of its guidance focus only in infinity.

Some would have us believe we are but puppets of the Divine will. As if the Lord in some childish mood had fallen to making dolls.

In a single pail of water is doubtless enough electricity, if developed, to blast the largest edifice in the world with one fierce flash; so in the human will is enough fierce intensity to melt away all obstacles—if man chooses to use it.

Man's being is in the beginning a void, a chaos, till his God-given spirit move over its waters and says "Let there be light." Much is said nowadays of living according to nature. If I be not much mistaken, loafers, brawlers and savages come as near this as any, letting the elements of the soul lie stagnant instead of struggling and agonizing to rise up from the slimy pool, obeying the impulse of the Ideal.

There is especial need of an ideal standard in this age and even in this country, for the standard is the dollar mark, which some observing men affirm is the standard, not only of money but of opinions, morals and religion. In a word the tendency of the age is material, dwelling on external forms and surface force and losing its hold on the spirit of things.

We hear the expression "buried in thought." What an absurdity! Why it is only by thought that we are really excavated.

Man may confidently follow his highest aspirations, till the wild rumor rumbles through the universe, that he who incited them, the Lord, is overthrown and Satan reigns supreme.

Knowing that the rosy lips of the opening bud and the glories of the sunset are but the reflex beauties of the jewel of the soul, as the sunlight sparkles upon it. Let us glorify the jewel and burnish it till it show its highest radiance, the Ideal.

With a disposition, sentiment, thought, a new force is expanding in our soul to guide acts, to weigh in determining character.

One result from the influence of the Ideal, is the purification of our motives, which lie at the root of all actions and determine character.

But who may tell of a sacred vision of the soul in the words of every day? Who may catch it for any words? 'Twould be as hard as to catch the Aurora and put it in your pocket.

To purge the soul from taint of selfish thought. To purge the soul from filth of evil ancestry, to keep the heart pure as the driven snow, the spirit sparkling with youth even in age, this is work worthy of man.

Nature has no beauty for him whose heart and head are not good and kind.

Since it is our highest faculties that serve the Ideal; since aspiration is the service they render and not theories and formulas, which might be dangerous; it follows, hence, that those who strive after the Ideal continually endeavor to purify their own acts and thoughts and to reform others.

All agree that the subjective world is as real as the objective, but all do not consider that this implies that every man is the germ of a universe, capable of expanding into oceans, forests and mountains, that is vast and noble thoughts and as the laws of the objective converge to some mysterious focus and the deeper we penetrate into the depths of nature, the more closely do they converge to the thoughts and aspirations of man point darkly toward an ideal, and the higher we ascend with the noblest natures, the nearer we seem to approach the holy presence of the Ideal.

But as nature offers perfumed breezes, violets and roses to the shapeless blue of the skies, thus we should offer our purest, noblest thoughts to our Ideal, though he will not descend from his high abode, in naked form before our vision. Well for us, perhaps, that it is so, for were the mystery rent, God himself might burst upon us in piercing splendor.

Is it not safer to follow the risings of the moon, the settings of the sun, to "go to the sea in ships," try any fiery, any watery element, than to venture upon that internal universe, where there is no height, no depth, yet all that is high or deep; no night, no day, yet all that is dark or light. Oh, surely it would be madder than any airy project that ever entered the brain of lunatic, unless we believe there is a magnet, true as ever needle to the pole, far safer than to follow along the turnpike of custom.

It is said that the mind cannot act until it is awakened by the senses. Oh when will the mind grow independent of this call-bell and mount to its own regions self-incited?

It is the habit since the Darwinian theory to speak of everything as decided by its environment, by its conditions; everything as held fast in the iron fangs of fate, until the poor human soul cries in its struggles, "O God, the universe is weighing upon me. Free me from this load."

Sweet the mem'ries shed around us
By the sacred past;
Strongly friendship's ties have bound us,
One united class.

—J. F. Morse.

DARLEY-IN-THE-DALE
AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS

Sunday, September 5, 1915.

MY DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

I learned with sincere grief of the sudden passing away of your brother, and my dear friend, James, by telephone from Mr. Gavin at Greenfield to-day. I hasten to convey to you my sincere sympathy in the loss which has come to you.

I have notified various of his classmates, and, as soon as the details of the sad event reach you, I wish you would inform me of them and call upon me freely for any service which I can render to you in our mutual sorrow.

I can be reached here and can go on to Boston at once if I can in any way assist you.

Mrs. Dakin and my boys join me in sympathy for you and your sister, for the loss which has come so suddenly to us all.

Most sincerely,

ARTHUR H. DAKIN.

MISS MAHONEY,
72 G Street, So. Boston, Mass.

AMHERST, MASS.,
September 12, 1915.

TO THE FAMILY OF JAMES MAHONEY.

Dear Friends:

I am only one of the large circle of James' friends, and while my heart is filled with sadness at the thought of parting with such a true friend as he was, I am conscious that upon you this bereavement falls with greatest force. Be assured that in bearing this heavy cross you have my heart's deepest sympathy.

James and I were classmates at Amherst, and at the end of freshman year each of us received a Topping prize of \$25 for greatest improvement made during the year. That improvement continued through his entire four-years' course and, as you doubtless remember, he became the leading Greek scholar in the class, and received on Commencement day the Bond prize of \$100 for the finest oration delivered on the Commencement stage.

When my marriage engagement was announced a few years ago he wrote me some exquisite verses, full of poetic feeling and beauty. These lines with the title, "To Joe from Jim," were published in our classbook.

I glory with you in his earnest triumphant life, and I prize the memory of his generous friendship. May God comfort you and give you peace.

Sincerely your friend,

JOSEPH O. THOMPSON.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.,

December 22, 1917.

MISS NELLIE M. MAHONEY,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Miss Mahoney:

I should be glad if any word of mine could adequately express the general appreciation in which your brother was held by all of us who knew him. But I have an appreciation of him wholly personal, gained by my intimate knowledge of his ability and worth. During the year we were together, his quiet persistent search for the real truth and worth in any subject of study, his appreciation of what was finest and best in books and men and things were a continual revelation and inspiration to me. No superficial work, no incomplete knowledge could content him. No expense of time or effort mattered to him if only he gained by them the real things and the substantial truth he sought.

His earnest spirit, his eagerness to find the truth, his honest and intelligent work, and his zeal to make use of all the best which our common college afforded, and in it all his blameless life powerfully influenced me then, and have helped me ever since.

We, who knew him, all of us, have suffered great loss by his untimely going; and I more than they all.

Yours very truly,

F. J. HEAVENS.

HOTEL PURITAN
COMMONWEALTH AVENUE
BOSTON, U. S. A.

September 8, 1915.

DEAR MISSES MAHONEY:

Permit me to express to you my sincere and deep sympathy in your sudden bereavement.

Mr. Mahoney was my classmate at Amherst and one whom I was proud to number among my friends at college and since. It is an especially sad coincidence that he should have died at my home as I was about to visit him here.

His was an earnest and purposeful character in his college days which developed into life of singular charm and usefulness.

The most profound sympathy is inadequate at such a time but it must be a consolation to you to know that he had lived his life so well,

Very truly yours,

SAML. H. KINSLEY,
*of Colorado Springs,
Colorado.*

CORNELL UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES

ITHACA, N. Y.,
September 13, 1915.

THE MISSES MAHONEY,
72 G Street, So. Boston, Mass.

Dear Ladies:

The news of your brother's death was a great shock to me. I had a delightful breakfast with him in Washington last May and he seemed cheerful and happy and full of plans for the future. When we parted I hoped that he would give us the pleasure of visiting us at Ithaca, since he planned to come in this direction. Later I received in San Francisco a note telling me of his projected trip to the Coast and of the paper he was to read before the National Education Association. Had I received his note a day or two earlier we might have met and perhaps have returned together.

Please accept my heartfelt sympathy in your loss. In this I speak for the class as well as for myself, although the former will doubtless take some formal action at the earliest opportunity. With deepest sympathy,

W. F. WILCOX.

When we were classmates at Amherst I did not know James Mahoney intimately. But I had a great respect for his ability as a student and thinker. He seemed to have a genuine feeling for the Greek and Latin literature which we studied together and a remarkable ability to put into vivid and chaste English with a real literary flavor to his rendering. In our senior year his insight and acumen

in grappling with the philosophical problems which Professor Garman brought to our attention were conspicuous and gave high promise for his future.

After our paths parted at Amherst in 1884 I kept in touch with him only by occasional meetings or letters. Two or three times he saw Mrs. Wilcox and me when on hurried journeys to or through Boston and each meeting was marked by some act of gracious and thoughtful courtesy so characteristic of his gentle spirit. His interest in all class matters and Amherst matters was keen and noble; his presence at our class reunions never failed to lift them to a little higher plane of thought and feeling; and he had a rare gift of clean and kindly humor which bound him close even to those whose dwelling place was nearer the earth than his. We shall all miss him sorely through the shortening years before the last of us follows in his footsteps.

W. F. WILCOX.

In the White Mountains
HIGHLAND HOUSE

Winter Resort
THE HOLLYWOOD
SOUTHERN PINES
N. C.

JEFFERSON HIGHLANDS, N. H.,
September 9, 1915.

MY DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

Of course the sudden taking away of your brother and my class-mate makes the grief doubly hard to bear. I sincerely share your sorrow. In the last few years I had come to know James well, and to appreciate the sweetness and innate gentleness and refinement of his nature. He was a man among men, noble and manly and full of strength and courage. Only a short time ago he wrote me a tender letter after the loss of my daughter, and in it he expressed a strong conviction that those who went before were waiting for us. I am sure he is happy in finding those who he said were waiting for him. You have my tender sympathy in your loss. I wish I could be present Saturday, but find it impossible.

Yours sincerely,

JOSEPH H. SPAFFORD.

PASTOR'S STUDY
HARVARD CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
DORCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

MY DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

I learned a few days ago from Mr. Ward that you were to print for the benefit of friends some words of appreciation of your brother James.

We respected him at Amherst for his independent scholarship and for his earnest straightforward way of speaking and acting. He formed his own opinion and dared to stand back of it. He was keen too in his foresight of the future, taking a wide range and a large vision of affairs.

Altho of a different religious creed from most of his class at college, while quietly maintaining his own faith, he was never bigoted or intrusive of others' beliefs.

He was a loyal member of the Class of 1884, a diligent scholar, an indefatigable worker and a warm friend among his fellows. Jim Mahoney was an honor to his college and to the educational interests which he ably represented.

I shall not forget the genuine courtesy and cordial hospitality which you all extended, during Jim's lifetime, to Mrs. Weeden and me when we visited your home in South Boston.

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES F. WEEDEN.

July 20, 1916.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.,

December 8, 1916.

MISS NELLIE M. MAHONEY,

72 G Street, So. Boston, Mass.

Dear Miss Mahoney:

Your note informing me of your purpose to perpetuate the memory of your brother through the medium of a biographical sketch reached me in due season. My delay in replying thereto demands an apology which is hereby tendered.

I heartily commend your undertaking as one, without qualification, well deserved.

Of your brother's life work I had no intimate personal knowledge, but there is abundant testimony from others that it was of the highest order. My privilege was to be associated with him during college days and since graduation to meet him at class reunions, and the friendship thus gained I have cherished as one of my best possessions. We in Eighty-four from the first accepted and regarded James Mahoney as one of the strong men of the class, both morally and intellectually, and our admiration of him increased as the years went by.

His death was untimely, but he has left behind a record of honorable, efficient and praise-worthy achievement, most gratifying to his many friends.

Very sincerely yours,

WALTER S. ROBINSON.

E. M. GREENE, M. D.
45 CHESTNUT STREET
BOSTON

November 28, 1916.

MY DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

I am very glad to learn that you are preparing a biography of James. The story of his life will carry inspiration and encouragement.

He was one of that rare type that impresses on all classmates and associates an ideal of sincerity, determination to achieve the highest in character and mental development and of unshakable Christian faith that will remain a never-to-be-forgotten inspiration.

Long years of close association increased our love and admiration of him as a man and brother.

With best wishes,

EDWARD M. GREENE.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

June 28, 1916.

MY DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

It's unusual for a man to have a friend covering a period of twenty-five years and at the end of that period realize and appreciate his virtues more than at the beginning.

Your brother and I entered college in the fall of '80 and, while we never were very intimate in college or afterwards, we were the best of friends and frequently met—always several times each year. In recent years I have been profoundly impressed with the high ideals and strong purposes to which he held and by which he guided his life.

It was a very great shock to me to learn of his death last fall—yet I cannot but feel that his fifty years or more of life have enriched the lives of those with whom he came in contact—so that it can be truly said that he still lives among us.

Yours sincerely,

C. E. KELSEY.

BROCKTON, MASS.,
September 11, 1915.

MY DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

I feel that it is something which I owe to you and your sister as well as to myself to express my sympathy for you in the loss of your brother, and my own sadness in the loss of a friend. It does not seem thirty-five years since I first met James, at Amherst, and began an acquaintance which ripened into friendship which has grown dearer through all these years. I learned long since what, of course, has always been known to you, that he was one of the noblest works of

God—a Christian gentleman, whom we '84 men loved. I don't know that the multiplication of words could add to that. But life means more to us all because we knew him.

I was sorry not to have been able to reach the home to-day owing to a misunderstanding about the time, which was sent to us as 9:30 instead of 9, so I went directly to the church. It is not possible for us to understand why one in the richest time of life should be called from his work, nor can we be reconciled to it now. But it is my hope that you and your sister will be upheld in your sorrow by the faith which we have that in God's own time when you meet him again it will be clear. Meanwhile I shall always remain,

Yours very kindly,

A. V. LYON, M. D.

NUMBER ONE BROADWAY
NEW YORK CITY

January 3, 1917.

MY DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

I very much regret that a continued absence from the city has prevented me from making an earlier acknowledgment to your letter concerning your good brother, whose untimely and premature death brought so much regret and sorrow to us all. It was not my good fortune to know him well in college, but in later years I learned to prize his regard and his friendship more and more, and I look back with the greatest pleasure upon the time when he first visited Mrs. Atwater and me almost twenty years ago, at our house in Fall River, and later, only a very few years ago, when we had a most delightful week with him at our summer place on the eastern end of Long Island.

If I were to try to characterize him, I would say that he was an idealist and that to him all sham was abhorrent and all untruth revolting. He always strove for that which was the greatest good and allowed nothing to swerve him from the shining ideal that he could see ahead.

I am sure the feeling is already borne in on many of us who were his classmates, that, as each day and week goes by, we miss him even more than we did before, and at each recurrent reunion the void occasioned by his absence will be very, very great. I had learned to love him and so can in some degree, perhaps, feel an appreciation of your very great loss.

Very sincerely yours,

WM. C. ATWATER.

MISS NELLIE M. MAHONEY,
72 G Street, So. Boston, Mass.
WCA/E

W. H. WHEELER, Prest.

H. H. BUTTS, Vice-Prest.

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NEW YORK,

November 14, 1916.

DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

It strikes me that a biography of your brother James would be a fine thing to publish. He was a classmate of mine and there was not a member of our class who did not with great regret hear of his being called from us. "Jim," as we familiarly called him, was a *man* and there is no greater word in the English language.

Very truly yours,

W. H. WHEELER.

WILLIAM P. KINNEY, JUDGE

County Court Chambers

El Paso County

COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.

James Mahoney and I were fellow students at Amherst College. As classmates we were brought into daily contact with each other and I came to know him quite intimately. One of his dominating characteristics which impressed me from the start was his intense love of hard work. Whatever he undertook he performed with a thoroughness which was exceptional. He was not content with mastering the allotted tasks of the day, but he pondered deeply upon the subjects under consideration and weighed them from every possible point of view. The fact that a certain conclusion had been reached by the author of a text-book did not satisfy him. He insisted upon reasoning the matter out for himself. This thoroughness became by continued practice a habit which controlled him through life. It marked his work as a teacher and was a stepping stone to the leadership which he attained in his chosen profession.

He was endowed with more than ordinary ability. With this ability, with his zeal for ascertaining underlying causes, and with his habit of close application he could have made a success in almost any walk of life. It is especially easy to imagine him as a successful physician or lawyer. But he sought service rather than wealth. He was convinced that he should devote his talents to the instruction of the young. This he made his life work, and he continued in the harness to the very end with courage, vigor and enthusiasm undimmed.

James Mahoney was loyal to the core. He was not demonstrative in his manner, but those who were closest to him well knew the warmth of his feelings for his friends and especially for the members of '84. We who survive him ever regarded him with the highest esteem. We shall forever treasure the countless pleasant memories of our associations with him.

W. P. KINNEY.

November 18, 1916.

WILLIAM GARDNER, D. O.
402 STEWART OFFICE BUILDING

ROCKFORD, ILL.,
September 21, 1915.

THE MISSES MAHONEY,
72 G Street, So. Boston.

Ladies:

Accept my heartfelt sympathy. We too, the men of Amherst '84, have lost a *brother*. I feel that I have come to know better many of my classmates than I knew them when we were fellow students. I shall always bear in mind the form of your brother trudging up college hill to recitations, patient, cheerful and determined, with never a complaint arising from his physical infirmity, which men of less grit would have regarded as an insuperable handicap. His Irish will power and quiet, wholesome sense of humor saved him from taking the whips and stings of fortune too seriously, and enabled him to get the best possible results out of his college course. His powerful handclasp and wholehearted greeting were among the most gratifying experiences of our reunions in later years. His poetry, his eloquence and force in debate, his broadmindedness and balanced judgment made him in his maturity, one of the big, strong men of the class. With kindest regards believe me,

Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM GARDNER.

NEWTON CENTRE, MASS.,
July 13, 1916.

MY DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

It is a sad pleasure to pay my affectionate tribute to the memory of my dear classmate—your brother James.

He was always too generous in his hospitality, loyal in his friendships and true to those he loved.

It was not until after my marriage that we had a home in Newton, that I began to know Jim better and to appreciate him at his true worth. What an implacable foe he was to graft! He was almost

Miltonic in his denunciation of wrong—especially to children. How often have I seen him at white heat when the destructive personality came in his way. And equally incandescent was he when he felt that any one of his friends had been falsely blamed.

Mrs. Ward, in her quiet way, loved and appreciated the nobility of his nature as well as the sensitiveness of his soul. In many ways they were kindred spirits—both cherishing a tender regard for each other until the Angel of Death beckoned them onward.

When James lost his mother, Mrs. Ward wrote to him:

I hope that this will reach you promptly to tell you that we feel a true sorrow for your affliction. In your busy, but lonely life, the old home ties are precious, and we know what it means to you that any of them must be snapped.

You will have, in this instance, the comfort of knowing that you have been more than a good son, a devoted one, an unselfish and tender one. There *is* no comfort of any other kind, when death bereaves us of our dearest.

Most sincerely and sympathetically yours,

E. S. P. WARD.

In another letter to him she wrote:

“Death is natural—and must be easier than life.
And eternal life is beyond, and God is good.”

Each of these sympathetic friends has now proven the philosophy of these simple but penetrating words.

Each Easter for years James sent Mrs. Ward the appropriate remembrance of flowers. This she appreciated greatly—and more and more as each Easter came nearer her last here. In acknowledging them in 1900 she wrote:

If friendship means a faithful, delicate, sympathetic power of never forgetting to remember, then yours for us deserves to stand model for many a more obtrusive or more articulate feeling. I don't know which of us enjoys your flowers and kind thoughts the more, my husband or I. I hope your Easter will bring you some breath of the immortal hope which is all that keeps this world from despair—or, I'll go so far as to say, from suicide, for the thoughtful. As for the thoughtless, they are as they are, and their gaiety is sadder than a wiser sadness.

Both had that “wiser sadness”—for both were physically greatly hampered—and so expanded in soul and wisdom, and saw visions that were denied to many a stronger and more rugged nature.

I can recall many a dinner of us three—many a quiet evening in which the conversation touched and penetrated civic, social, spiritual subjects, as all of which those two dear friends had thought deeply and for which they had acted fearlessly. Both were dreamers and fighters, for of such are the noblest in this staggering world of ours.

“But such a tide as moving seems asleep,

Too full for sound and foam,

When that which drew from out the boundless deep

Turns again home.”

Tennyson might have written these lines for Mrs. Ward or James Mahoney. Both had cryptic understanding, with such deep religious natures that they understood the Pilot and His commands when others could not read the signals. I think it sometimes takes great suffering to bring out the noblest ideals and make them of poignant value to humanity.

James really completed his work, although his sudden crossing the bar did not make it seem so.

Each one completes his work when he has lived the limit of his powers, James did that.

His thousands of pupils are stimulated by his life. His friends are ennobled by his passing their way. Those who loved him feel no "sadness of farewell." He is the happier for this broader and more wonderful experience.

And why should we grieve?

Believe me very faithfully yours,

HERBERT D. WARD.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY

May 25, 1916.

MISS N. M. MAHONEY,
72 G Street, South Boston, Mass.

My dear Miss Mahoney:

Thank you very much for sending me the copy of your brother's publications which has just come to hand. They show evidence of his characteristic carefulness and scholarship in their thoroughness of treatment and will be a welcome memorial of the professional side of his life, about which most of his classmates knew too little. He was so modest that he rarely told us anything about what he was doing.

It is nearly a year now since he left us and I have thought many times since of his remarkable ability in college. He was far beyond most of us in his appreciation of the things of the mind, of fine literature and true scholarship. I prized his friendship and shall prize his memory as long as I remember anything.

Sincerely yours,

JAMES H. TUFTS.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY

July 11, 1918.

My dear Miss Mahoney:

When I think of your brother and my classmate two pictures rise almost inevitably, which it seems to me suggest two characteristic phases of his character and abilities. The first picture is of him as I

used to meet him so frequently of a morning, he on his way to chapel, I on mine to breakfast. It was characteristic of his spirit that, so far as I know, he never asked any exemption from chapel because of his lameness; he merely rose earlier. Some of the rest of us were frequently late; I never knew him to be late. I think this is typical of his spirit in his whole life. He came very near to illustrating* Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior" who, out of necessity, makes glorious gain. A certain resolute temper, a certain attitude of mastering, instead of being mastered by, what to others would have been a handicap, a certain dignity and seriousness—all these may have been part of his natural endowment but they were perhaps reinforced by his circumstances. At any rate they always challenged my respect and admiration.

The other picture is of him as he used to rise and translate Greek in the Athene room in Williston Hall. Just why he is associated with this classroom more than with the classrooms in mathematics or philosophy in which we sat together I am not sure, but so it is. I think it was in that classroom that his striking ability in the use of language and more than this in the appreciation of the shades of thought and artistic expression first impresses me. Certain it was that although he excelled in all his studies, so far as I recall, he was particularly at home in the world of thought and art which was gradually dawning upon us in that classroom. It was largely beyond the scope of most of us but for him it was a liberation of spirit and the welcoming of kindred mind. The appreciation of things of the mind, of fine literature, and a genuine scholarship which he showed here was an earnest of his whole life and work in college.

Yet in many ways I did not know him in college—none of us knew him—as I came to know him later at some of the class reunions. While he could not enter into the rough and tumble athletic life which made up a considerable part of our class experience while in college he was one of the most active in contributing to the good fellowship and literary features of our class reunions. In particular his poem at one of these reunions was by far the strongest note that has been struck on any of these occasions. Its interpretation of the men and values that we cherished brought us all nearer together in a common bond of high thought and noble feeling. I prized his friendship and shall always prize his memory.

Yours sincerely,

JAMES H. TUFTS.

* Wordsworth's "Character of the Happy Warrior" to which Professor Tufts adverts is appended.

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
—It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care;
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain,
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also more alive to tenderness.
—'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labours good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows:
—Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all:
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired;

And, through the heart of conflict, keeps the law
 In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
 Or if an unexpected call succeed,
 Come when it will, is equal to the need:
 —He who, though thus endued as with a sense
 And faculty for storm and turbulence,
 Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
 To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes;
 Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
 Are at his heart; and such fidelity
 It is his darling passion to approve;
 More brave for this, that he hath much to love:—
 'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,
 Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
 Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
 Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
 Plays, in the many games of life, that one
 Where what he most doth value must be won:
 Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
 Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
 Looks forward, persevering to the last,
 From well to better, daily self-surpass:
 Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
 For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
 Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
 And leave a dead unprofitable name—
 Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
 And, while the mortal mist is gathering draws
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
 This is the happy Warrior; this is He
 That every Man in arms should wish to be.

William Wordsworth.

WORCESTER, MASS.,
 November 28, 1915.

MY DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

It was extremely thoughtful in you to write me of the death of your brother James. I had read a brief word in the newspaper but saw no mention of his kindred, else I should have written you.

I knew him first in college as a fine member of the Class of '84, which I believe has been the most genuinely and wisely enthusiastic of all Amherst's classes. Then I knew him when he was a teacher here in Worcester. In the later years our meetings have been less frequent, chiefly at Amherst and at gatherings of Amherst men. His sweetness of temperament and thoroughness and simplicity of his scholarship have impressed me most. He had been, as I have seen him, a man of most stimulating and elevating influence. It must have been a rare privilege to have been, as a student, under his

tuition. His loss will be felt most severely by those outside his family.

Please accept my sincerest sympathy in the great bereavement which you feel.

Cordially yours,

ARTHUR P. RUGG.

TO MISS NELLIE M. MAHONEY.

320 WEST 83D STREET, NEW YORK CITY,
September 12, 1915.

MY DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

The shocking news of your brother's death was sent me the past week by Helen Cooke.* It came, as you can imagine, as an utter surprise. I fancied him as hardy, if not vigorous, and good for a green old age. And now his brilliant career is over. I wish I might have seen him oftener, for every visit was an intellectual treat.

The blow to you and your sister must be a crushing one, to you both I send my heartfelt sympathy. Jim was a rare man—strong and brave, as well as brilliant.

Sincerely yours,

JAMES E. TOWER.

*A North Brookfield friend.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
October 28, 1915.

MY DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

I received the news of your brother's death with the sense of personal loss. I have known him slightly for a number of years and always enjoyed meeting him, but it was not until last winter that I got close to him, and then how fine he was. He was a fine type of an Irish gentleman (and there is nothing better). Proud of his race and proud of his religion but broad and tolerant, with a scorn of anything base or mean.

I used to see him walking with that lame foot of his, uncomplaining and with undaunted courage and a gentle and winning smile, and it always seemed to me an outer symbol of the way in which he walked through life, undaunted and brave and smiling to the end.

I hold it high privilege to have had him as a friend, and I send to his sister, to whom his loss must be irreparable, my sincerest sympathy.

Faithfully yours,

ROLAND COTTON SMITH.

COMMENCEMENT ORATION

PERSONALITY AND ITS EVOLUTION IN CHARACTER

Though the heavens rain their bounty and the earth is heavy with riches and man is strong, yet, year by year, millions are groaning with want, with sin and misery. Government has been blamed; capital has been blamed; and, now, environment is said to be the cause; a blind demon, who makes some the "fittest," and blesses them in their "survival," makes others unfit, and crushes them without mercy.

No independent power is granted to the individual. We are shown our kinship to the brutes; we are analyzed into carbon, nitrogen and oxygen and even our self-consciousness is declared to be but a phase of the unknown, a ghostly phenomenon fluttering over the unknowable.

If this be all there is to man then let the world, the flesh and the devil environment have their way. Let us jeer at the phrase, "Nobility of manhood"; let us scoff at the command, "Praise God"; let us mock, and with our empty mockery sink back into the black unknown.

But to whom unknown? Shall we call it "void?" But void of what? Has full or empty, finite or infinite, man, God or unknowable any meaning except to a personal individual mind? Blot personality from the universe and you blot not only the universe and environment, but you blot the very act of blotting. However much environment and race may influence, we *think*, not as environment and race, but as individuals.

It is by the intrinsic worth of individual mind that we declare the existence of the universe, and race. If the world does not exist without us—as some philosophers say—if there is nothing but self, then the splendor of the jewel, the beauty of the flower and the rolling systems of the sky are but the self revealing to self its native grace, power and nobility.

And if the world exist without us—as consciousness and common sense decide—still it is certain that we can know the universe only as we *think* it, reconstruct it within the lofty spaces of the mind; and still, the gem, the flower and the rolling systems of the sky are self-revelations of native grace, power and nobility.

As God is Constructor of the universe and of the individual, so the individual himself, being in the image of God, is Reconstructor of the universe and self developer. Nay, in really thinking, in reconstructing the world, we self-develop; a genuine thought is not mere mental perception, but extends into the depths of the moral and spiritual.

A new thought is a new fountain of vigor, a new life bursting up through the soul. Great things are allied to great thoughts; even slaves should be kept in dungeons and hovels, where they may not see the mountains and the high vault of heaven lest their souls expand and they burst their chains.

Thus the potential of self, the possibility of self-development is great. But there can be no reconstruction and no development, except as there exists within the self a plan of development, a deep, holy, central constructive thought, in a word, an ideal thought; which is not some fine fancy of a sentimental youth; not a fair, but distant shape of beauty, with snowy form and angel eyes, but it exists within the nature of the noble and also of the base.

It is the birthright of man; granting dignity to human nature, honor to him who works it out in organic living character, and meanness to the conscious wretch who rots away in sloth and vice. It is that which makes the ages bow in reverence before an act of heroism; it is the selective standard; and urges to public and private reform.

To accomplish this, to incorporate by living acts the noble thought into the body personal and the body politic, requires stern effort, a constant use of the conscious will-power, the personal energy.

And let no man think his blood so pure that he may depend upon that; if he will trace his ancestry a little way he will find the blood of thieves and savages flows through his veins. Many a rascal has been a patrician. But let no man think his blood so villainous that he must despair, for he is made in the image of God. While he has one honest thought his own, while he can consciously, of himself, strike one honest blow, he has the power to exalt his nature. Many a true man has been a plebeian. Not for us is it to quibble whether our wills be free; if we feel within our being a power which we know we may or may not exercise, then our will is free, or consciousness is false.

In a single drop of water there is probably enough electricity to melt mountains. Who will say what power the conscious self, the self-developer may not reveal? If we whine about our weakness, and show our craniums and tell our pedigrees and declare we are too weak to do anything, we fulfill our expectations and do nothing. But if we swear upon our soul that we are strong, that we will *suffer* and will *conquer*, we *will* suffer and *will* conquer, though death be the trophy of victory. Yet in this homely life of ours not with one transcendent bound can the soul reach its ideal. Hour by hour, moment by moment, calmly and sternly, crushing petty cares and fears, purging away the filth of evil ancestry, purging away the filth of evil habit, drawing life and love from race and environment, gladness from the morning, vigor from the sun, sternness from death, rebounding vigor as we pay forth love and gratitude to God and man, rejoicing in difficulties, the will, the active agent in self-development moves to its goal; finely seconded in its efforts by the reflex action system, as it radiates from the central, personal energy, it reacts with equal vigor upon the self; an act is repeated, a habit is formed, and the man is revolved in a self-ordained orbit. But energy is wasted in vain, no real character is formed, nothing but loathsome egotism and selfish-

ness is gained, unless the man employ his growing powers in pure hearted honesty. Without this quickening sincerity which probes into the soul of life, our hearts within us become dead hearts, our thoughts become dead thoughts and our lives moulder away. Look into shallow eyes and barren faces, look into the bleaching lives of white-haired hypocrites and shiny pated rascals, and see the desolation of dishonesty, sown thick with lies. Lies, lies, lies, until the home, the church, the state, are crawling with vile things, and we almost look to Heaven for a thunder-bolt to turn them into dust; and, oh, how our hearts beat high at the brave and honest soul in scorn of wealth and worldly power, speaking out its bold truth to the ages.

These are the personal elements in the evolution of character; the strong will linked to the lofty thought in honest sincerity. And it is a glorious thing to unfold the powers of our being and grow strong beneath the sun of heaven, to feel the gladness of new strength, in the brain and new purity in the heart; the very birds and fields in spring feel the joy of new-born growing life, and why should not the joy of man be great as he consciously assists in his growth of character? And when we have done our best, man by man, and man with man, then we may sternly blame capital and government and environment if there be any failure.

Some say there is no God in Heaven and no life hereafter. If this be so, yet e'er we sink down into nothingness, we may proudly greet our soul after its strong endeavor with "Well done my heart." But if God still reigns, we think He will be glad that men act like men, and will say: "Well done, good and faithful."

JAMES MAHONEY.

CHAPTER V

"A faithful Friend is the true image of the Deity."

*Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?*

—Tennyson.

*There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again!*

—Moore.

*The turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
My temple, Lord! that arch of thine;
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayer.*

—Moore.

LETTERS FROM PEOPLE ASSOCIATED WITH HIM

ST. ANN'S RECTORY
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

MY DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

Let me say a word of sympathy to you for the loss of your brother who was a very dear friend to me.

Catholic life, especially in Massachusetts, has been poorer since the day the wires flashed from the West that Professor James Mahoney was dead. The friends who knew him best and loved him most had heavy hearts that hour, and, save where the goodness of God and mellowing time assuage the sense of loss, have much of the burthen yet.

He was a rare man,—one from a thousand. A ripe scholar was he, a fast and true friend, and, in defense of right and hate of wrong, as fearless and as knightly a man as ever rode with couched lance and visor down.

I have heard James Mahoney in public discourses and marvelled at the depth and accuracy of his utterance. I sat with him for hours afterwards in the freedom and friendship of my study and marvelled the more,—so learned was he, so sure and firm his advance as he warmed with his theme. It was said of Father Faber that he could

light up dark abysses of thought as by a lightning flash. James Mahoney had something of that same power,—he was wonderfully illuminating when his heart and mind were burning with the love of his work. He was master of German and of most of the Roman tongues, held German University degrees in mathematics, and was familiar with Greek and Latin as most teachers of our day are with the ordinary literature of our own tongue. All this with a native energy and a tireless love of labor, made him, in an eminent degree, what I have called him, a ripe scholar.

Once James Mahoney took you to his heart in friendship he would have you grow there. You became part of himself, and no courteous lover ever sought for his lady-love more delicate and tender ways of manifesting preference than did he,—costly and rare books, beautiful flowers on occasions that were sacred to you, a picture with a history,—anything and everything that could speak to you of him.

In strange contrast to this gentleness was the flaming fierceness of his hate for a lie, a wrong to the defenceless, or treachery in any form. Then the whole man was transformed. His speech could be vitriol, his eye full of lightnings, and were he an armed man in other and older times his sword would have worked havoc among the oppressors of the weak. James Mahoney had a hot and turbulent heart by nature; he was gentle unspeakably when he saw God and right and truth in control. May God rest him!

Very truly yours,

JNO. J. MCCOY.

ALL SOULS' RECTORY

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

November 28, 1916.

MY DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

In sending to you my estimate of your dear brother's character, I feel that I am doing the one service which he would ask from a friend, if his silent tongue could speak. Unselfishness so strongly characterized him that in the interchange of friendly confidence one seemed ever warned against speaking to him the word of praise. As deeply rooted in his nature was another virtue—his devotion to yourself and your sister. In life he would have his good qualities and deeds speak for themselves. Now at last one may write the word of genuine esteem and feel that it would be the wish of our departed one to have a friend bring such a word to both of you to comfort you in your loneliness.

Years brought to our friend increase of efficiency in his chosen calling. We to whom he came in the early '80's, fresh from signal academic achievement, take pride in the fact that we were the first to sit before this great teacher. It was given to us to receive of the first

fruits of that mind aflame with enthusiasm to give unto others from out its treasures and to impart to young minds his own passionate love of study. In his long pedagogical career among the thousands who deem it an honor to have been taught by him, perhaps no pupils are indebted so largely to him as we who were privileged to make up his first class. At that period of his early fervor the youthful teacher, ambitious to succeed in his chosen profession, bent every energy to have success stamped upon the first work assigned to him. From the beginning he gave promise of that eminence as an educator to which he came in after years. It seems now a far-off day since we first greeted our youthful teacher, but we have not forgotten and will not forget James Mahoney. His was a character too strong, a mind too gifted, a heart too benevolent, not to have left an impress for all time upon our young lives. Our school-boy admiration of his gifted mind underwent no dissolution when years brought us maturer judgment and larger experience. How welcome to me, as one of his early pupils, the word that often came of the increasing reputation in his profession conceded to him by impartial minds in the city of his adoption.

The interest of my teacher in me and my respect for him ripened into a friendship which grew stronger with the years and continued until death called him away. In that friendly intimacy I knew him as few have known him. It revealed the high standard of rectitude which he set for himself and for others, the moral convictions from which he would not be shaken at any cost, the clean white life of this noble man. One distinctive quality characterized him: His contempt for dishonesty in any form, and to this many of his acts and words may be referred for their explanation. Scrupulously upright himself, he expected as much from others. Compromise with the faintest semblance of dishonesty was abhorrent to him. However much his heart was set upon an object worthy of honorable ambition and pursuit, it lost its value to him if it must be gained through the devious ways of truckling to men of baser moral fiber. This attitude, a rebuke to others who were wont to shade their acts for temporal gain, brought back upon him the common charge of denounced insincerity that he was unpractical and "temperamentally unfit." He heroically resented the unjust imputation, the while he grew in the esteem of his friends who appreciated his high purposes and moral worth. He discerned the ignoble in others to shrink from it; when it became obtrusive he unmasked its hollow pretense. This trait may not have brought him worldly advancement; dull resignation would have earned him more; but this sensitiveness to moral lapse in others and the courage to rebuke it revealed the high sense of uprightness and honor which guided his own life. Because of this he may have lost the complacent regard of some, but never their respect. The

man does not live who is justified in tracing his ill-will to any pretext that would imply a mean or dishonorable act on the part of James Mahoney. When one recalls his passionate love of justice and truth and his fearlessness in denouncing hypocrisy, in any portrayal of this character, the thought comes unbidden which pictures him of heroic stature. He would have been a great tribune of a just but unpopular cause if his life had been cast in another setting. Death's summons in the very hour when he had come into his own may have seemed untimely, but it has in it the comfort that, before he went to his grave, his great talents had received the highest measure of recognition and that at last his dreams of years had come true. In the years of our friendship the many proofs of his kindness towards me will be one of the sweetest memories of my life. It would be ungracious for me to reveal by the written word the sacred intimacy of the friendship which bound us together, as it would be impertinent for me to speak to you of that sweet home life in which you knew him as son and brother.

James Mahoney was a Catholic gentleman, a loyal son of the Church of his fathers. It was a source of pride to him that he had taught many boys who in later life had consecrated their lives to the priesthood of his faith. The struggling poor had first claim upon his deep human sympathies. He could not give as largely as he would wish of material goods, but without counting the cost of personal sacrifice, he gave generously from the wealth of his trained mind. Hundreds of young men owe to this good and great man's personal labors and counsel—and that gratuitously outside the schoolroom—the education which he made possible for them and the careers towards which he had directed and aided their ambitions. His social life was cast among men above the ordinary in education and achievement. When the time was his, he was an honored guest at exclusive and intellectual gatherings. In such circles he was proud to be known as a Catholic. When conversation or written paper touched upon his Church he ever proved himself a loyal son and champion. For the honest inquirer, he had the lucid "reason for the faith that was in him"; for the unfair critic, the strong defense or the caustic rebuke upon religious bias. His conception of the educated gentleman went beneath the exterior of polite speech and action. With him education was a misnomer if it did not influence for good the mind and the heart of him who had received it. He expected such a man to be freer than other men from prejudice and hate. Religious narrowness, then, in an educated man never failed to awaken his contempt or to stir him to brand any manifestation of it in such a person as a contradiction to the claim of a judicial mind or of true culture. When called to offer service for his Church he counted not the sacrifice but gave to her the best of his great gifts. Who ever heard a lecture of his on a Catholic subject but will recall the earnest

faith that inspired his words? If it had not been decreed otherwise by his early taking off, what splendid service he might have given to his Church in bringing his scholarship to the exposition of her teachings! In this lamentable shortening of his brilliant career and in the ending of the promise of aid which his future held out for them, his fellow Catholics find the keenest cause for sorrow.

On that fatal day which was to be his last on earth as he planned for his return, I was in his thoughts. His message to me was "Homeward bound." Since that day how often have these words come back to me. They will ever bring me consolation as in vain I look for the coming of the friend whom I loved. He has gone to the eternal home prepared for such a truly noble soul—homeward bound in truth.

Yours sincerely,

OWEN M. MCGEE.

PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE, HIGH SCHOOL,
WORCESTER, MASS., June 9, 1886.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This may certify that Mr. James Mahoney has been for nearly two years a teacher in this school. During this time he has conducted, regularly, recitations in Cicero, Caesar, Latin and Greek Prose Composition and Beginning Greek. Also for a time as substitute he has done excellent work in Homer, Herodotus and Anabasis. In every place he has proven himself a thorough master. I should have no hesitation in recommending him for any position that he would be willing to undertake. All that could be said of any man as a teacher, disciplinarian, gentleman, I can trustfully say of him.

ALFRED S. ROE,
Principal.

PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE, HIGH SCHOOL,
WORCESTER, MASS., October 10, 1887.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Mr. James Mahoney was for three years a successful teacher in this school. His work was in Greek and Latin, having intrusted to his care a large class of turbulent boys. His success in imparting knowledge and securing order was marked. I have not the least hesitation in recommending him as a young man certain to succeed in whatever work he undertakes.

ALFRED S. ROE,
Principal.

Office of
SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS
492 Main Street
WORCESTER, MASS.

November 1, 1887.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This will certify that James Mahoney was employed in the High School of this city two years. He is a young man of excellent character, superior scholarship, and an earnest, conscientious teacher. He may be relied on implicitly.

Very respectfully,

A. P. MARBLE.

WORCESTER, MASS.,
August 11, 1888.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This may certify that Mr. James Mahoney was a successful teacher in our High School for three years and is cordially recommended by

Yours sincerely,

WM. T. SOUTHER, M. D.,
Member of H. S. Committee.

Office of
E. WARNER, M. D.

574 MAIN STREET, WORCESTER, MASS.,

July 30, 1888.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This certifies that the bearer, James Mahoney, was a teacher in our High School for several terms and his resignation was received with regret.

As chairman of the Committee I visited his classes many times and always found his work satisfactory. He is a young man of refined manners, scholarly habits and a good disciplinarian. Careful and accurate himself he seeks to make of his pupil an accurate scholar.

He is cordially commended as worthy of the confidence of any who may wish his services.

E. WARNER.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, BALTIMORE,

August 13, 1888.

This is to certify that James Mahoney, of North Brookfield, Mass., has studied for one year in the graduate department of History and Politics at this institution, having been graduated at Amherst Col-

lege, Massachusetts, with the highest honors. He has done excellent work in Baltimore and I have no hesitation in recommending him in the strongest terms to the favorable consideration of any board of college trustees, or any public school committee. While possessing remarkable attainments in point of scholarship, he is a man of finest character and of the truest spirit. In whatever post he may be placed he will prove himself thoroughly trustworthy. I take great pleasure in giving this testimonial.

H. B. ADAMS,

In charge of the Department of History and Politics.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY
BALTIMORE, MD.

March 21, 1904.

DEAR SIR:

Mr. James Mahoney writes to me that he is a candidate for a position on the Board of Supervisors of Schools in the city of Boston, and he asks me to write you in regard to him.

Mr. Mahoney was a graduate student in the Johns Hopkins University in the academic year 1887-88. During that time he attended the following courses:

Under Professor H. B. Adams

Seminary
Ancient Politics
Church History
Prussia
Renaissance and Reformation

Under Professor R. T. Ely

Finance

Under Dr. Jameson

England and France
English and American Constitutions
Modern Historians
United States History, 1789-1793
Greek and Roman History

Under Professor Emmott

Historical Jurisprudence (English Law)

Under Dr. W. Wilson

Administration

So far as the records show his work while here was entirely satisfactory.

Yours very truly,

IRA REMSEN,
President.

"The best teacher is the one who suggests rather than dogmatizes, and inspires his listener with the wish to teach himself."—*Bulwer-Lytton*.

APPLICATION OF JAMES MAHONEY FOR A POSITION AS ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT

The data on Mahoney's equipment as a teacher are so well stated in the document, that his application for the post of assistant superintendent of schools is appended:

EDUCATION

5. Public Schools of North Brookfield, Mass., graduating from High School 1880.

Amherst College, graduating 1884.

Johns Hopkins University, 1887-1888.

Sauveur School of Languages, 1889.

Certain courses in Law School of Boston University, 1894.

University of Berlin, Germany, 1895-1896.

STUDIES

6. Since graduating have made special studies in the subject of History, in the broad sense of that term, pursuing it along economic, social, political, legal and constitutional (*i. e.* Civil Government) lines, at Johns Hopkins, under Professors Herbert B. Adams, J. Franklin Jameson, Woodrow Wilson and George H. Emmott; at University of Berlin, under Paulsen, Dilthey, Kohler, Schmoller, von Treitschke and Wagner; and in Boston, under the general direction in legal matters of Homer Albers, Esq.

These studies have made it necessary to become familiar with the modern languages, particularly German and French (with some knowledge of Italian and Spanish).

Have found it necessary also in connection with work in teaching to become acquainted with the modern phases of educational thought, and in this connection took a course in the University of Berlin under Professor Stumpf on Educational Psychology.

SALARIES RECEIVED

7. Employed by President Julius H. Seelye of Amherst College to teach his daughter, two years (\$2 per hour).

Worcester High School, three years (\$1,300 was, I think, salary last year of service).

English High School, Boston, sixteen years (present salary \$3,060).

REFERENCES

8. Bishop Thomas J. Conaty (member of the High School Committee during service in Worcester).

Rev. John J. McCoy (also, formerly of Worcester High School Committee).

President George Harris, Amherst College.

Professor Charles E. Garman, Amherst College.

Professor E. P. Crowell, Amherst College.

Professor D. P. Todd, Amherst College.

Arthur H. Dakin, Esq., Trustee of Amherst College.

Mr. Ellis Peterson, recently Supervisor of Boston Public Schools (in charge of my work for about fourteen years).

Dr. John G. Blake (formerly of the Boston High School Committee).

Homer Albers, Esq., Professor in Boston Law School.

Professor Joseph Kohler, University of Berlin.

GENERAL AND SPECIAL STUDIES, ETC.

9. In Amherst College, took a general course; Natural Science (including Astronomy, Physics, Chemistry, etc.), Mathematics (including Calculus, differential and integral; Quaternions, mathematical electricity, etc.), and the Languages, particularly, Latin, Greek and German.

Since graduation have striven to make my studies as concrete as possible, *e. g.*, in the study of Civics, have striven to obtain practical knowledge as well as theoretical information; while in Berlin, for example, frequently visited the Prussian Legislature and the German Parliament; in my legal studies, have striven to acquire a knowledge of the laws as actually administered, as well as a knowledge of legal theory and legal history; and hold certificates of admission to the State Bar of Massachusetts, and to the Bar of the United States Circuit Court;* in my educational studies, have striven, not only to get an insight into the science of education, but have also sought to acquire knowledge of the different methods of training children, *e. g.*, in Berlin, obtained permission from the Minister of Public Instruction to visit the different schools of that city, and availed myself of the privilege.

In Boston, have had a peculiar opportunity to apply such knowledge, having had approximately five thousand boys in the Entering Class of the English High School, and have thus also had exceptional personal opportunity to study the results obtained in the Boston Secondary Schools.

Am a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, of the National Educational Society and of the American Historical Association.

See page at end of chapter for list of societies of which he either was or had been a member.

*Was later admitted to the Bar of the United States Supreme Court.

RECENT TESTIMONIALS

305 CHESTNUT AVE., JAMAICA PLAIN,

October 3, 1903.

DEAR MR. MAHONEY:

I carefully observed your work as a teacher of History in the English High School, and am glad to write that in aim, method, and result it was, in my opinion, excellent.

Wishing you continued success in your work, I remain

Sincerely yours,

ELLIS PETERSON.

BOSTON, February 27, 1904.

TO THE HONORABLE SCHOOL COMMITTEE,

Mason Street, Boston.

Gentlemen:

The undersigned desire to present for your consideration the application of Mr. James Mahoney as a candidate for the position of your Board of Supervisors, made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Martin.

Mr. Mahoney is forty-two years of age and has been for twenty years a teacher. His early training was in the schools of North Brookfield, Massachusetts; and he entered Amherst College in 1880.

While in college he took prizes for best work in Physics, Astronomy and Philosophy; he took all the first honors in the department of Greek, and, finally, the prize for the best production on the Commencement stage. He was in the same college class with James H. Tufts, Professor of Philosophy in Chicago University, Walter F. Wilcox, Professor of Social Science and Statist in Cornell University, and Chief Statistician of the United States Census, William B. Clark, Professor of Geology at Johns Hopkins, Geologist of the U. S. Geological Survey and State Geologist of Maryland, and President Guy W. Wadsworth of Occidental College, California. Mr. Mahoney received his degree *Magna Cum Laude* in June, 1884. He was appointed that year to a position in the Worcester High School—a school which rated as one of the best in the country. Here he remained for three years. Then, desiring to fit himself for higher service, he took a year of post-graduate work in the Historical Department of the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore under the charge of the late Professor Herbert B. Adams.

He came to Boston in 1888, and accepted a position in the English High School. Here he passed through the various grades of service: *substitute, temporary teacher, junior master, junior master on permanent tenure*, and now for several years, a *master*.

During his sixteen years of service in the English High School he has had under his charge approximately five thousand young men coming direct to him from the various Grammar Schools of this city; and he has always insisted on good behavior and upon accuracy and diligence in work.

While in Germany he had permission to visit the Gymnasia and other institutions of learning in that city; and thus he familiarized himself with German methods in secondary education and with the spirit of public instruction in Germany.

He has travelled extensively in Europe and is a man of wide experience in educational methods and requirements and is in our opinion a man eminently qualified in scholarship and character for the position to be filled by your Honorable Committee.

Mr. Mahoney's work has been valuable especially in History and Civil Government. Mr. Mahoney has not only made a particular study of History, with unusual advantages for a man in the public school service, but he has also devoted himself to a broad study of the history of laws and constitutions, and is at the present time a member of the State Bar of Massachusetts and of the Circuit Court of the United States, having been admitted to the latter by Judge Colt. He is thus especially qualified to take up with advantage and to develop the work begun by Mr. Martin.

Mr. Mahoney is also a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

We trust that the qualifications thus outlined will be carefully considered by you in the selection of a candidate to fill this most important position. We believe that there is a peculiar opportunity now presented to your hand to improve the quality of the instruction in our public schools and we know of no other man who would put as much conscience, energy and brain into that work as Mr. Mahoney.

Very respectfully,

ROBERT GRANT,
MRS. J. MONTGOMERY SEARS,
JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE,
WILLIAM CALEB LORING.
MRS. HENRY PARKMAN,
CHARLES P. PUTNAM,
THOMAS J. GARGAN,
KATHERINE E. CONWAY,
CALEB CHASE,
MARY E. BLAKE,
MRS. HENRY WHITMAN,
MRS. ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD,
HERBERT D. WARD,

FRANCIS H. APPLETON,
MOORFIELD STOREY,
J. T. COOLIDGE, JR.,
MAURICE H. RICHARDSON,
MRS. THOMAS MACK,
HOMER ALBERS,
GEO. M. GARLAND,
ARTHUR H. DAKIN,
THOMAS F. GALVIN,
P. M. KEATING,
And others.

NEW YORK

SHEPARD NORWELL COMPANY
Winter Street and Temple Place
Cable Address "*Shepnorwell*"

PARIS

BOSTON, MASS., April 7, 1904.

TO THE HONORABLE SCHOOL COMMITTEE,
Mason Street, Boston.*Gentlemen:*

I regret very much that I was not in the city to sign Mr. Mahoney's petition, and add my name to this list of gentlemen, but I think Mr. Mahoney would be a good acquisition if elected to fill the vacancy now existing on the Board of Supervisors.

Very truly yours,

JOHN SHEPARD.

Mr. James Mahoney was graduated from Amherst College with the class of 1884, a class conspicuous for its brilliant men, and for the prominent part they have taken for twenty years in matters pertaining to the welfare of the College. This class has been a leader in almost every good work. It gives me great pleasure to state that Mr. Mahoney was one of the brilliant men of that class. He was graduated with honor and selected on the basis of rank as one of the speakers on the Commencement stage. He won the Bond prize for excellence in his Commencement address.

As a student, Mr. Mahoney attained the highest success. President Seelye often spoke to me in glowing terms of his work. It is my conviction that he richly deserves the high praise that he received. He was thorough, faithful, always ready. He thought for himself and would not rest until he had solved his problem. As a man he enjoys the highest confidence of the Faculty and of his classmates.

Of his work since graduation, I do not need to speak. "He who runs may read."

He is a man of the highest moral principles, completely devoted to his work, and has a persistence and energy as well as reserve power that makes his success assured from the start.

I understand that he is a candidate for Supervisor of Schools in Boston. It gives me pleasure to testify to the splendid qualifications which he possesses for such work. He will bring with him to that task indefatigable energy, judicial poise, clearest insight, and the wisdom gained from the long experience of a successful teacher.

Respectfully,

CHAS. E. GARMAN,
*Professor of Philosophy.*AMHERST COLLEGE,
March 26, 1904.

AMHERST COLLEGE
DEPARTMENT OF LATIN
AMHERST, MASS.

Mr. James Mahoney, of the class of 1884 in this College, ranked in scholarship among the first four in his class.

Of his intellectual ability and of the qualities of his character while he was a member of College, I have a distinct recollection. With his subsequent career as a teacher I have also had some acquaintance.

In my judgment, he is exceedingly well equipped in every respect for the position of Supervisor of Schools, for which office I understand he is a candidate.

E. P. CROWELL.

March 22, 1904.

AMHERST COLLEGE
DEPARTMENT OF BIOLOGY
AMHERST, MASS.

AMHERST, March 23, 1904.

I remember Mr. Mahoney very distinctly as a student in Amherst College. I knew him as a young man of firm and strong character, high principles and aims and of earnest purpose. He was always courteous and gentlemanly and well liked and highly respected by his classmates and teachers.

He was a first-class scholar, a man of clear thought, perseverance, industry and of sound judgment. He carried through what he undertook and did not flounder. He had a sound mind and plenty of common sense.

Men of that stamp and stuff generally improve as they grow older, and I doubt not that Mr. Mahoney has fulfilled the promises of his college life. I shall be greatly surprised if he has not steadily maintained his former high standard of work and life.

AMHERST COLLEGE.

JOHN M. TYLER,
Professor of Biology.

COPIES OF TESTIMONIALS
FILED WITH BOARD OF SUPERVISORS
BEFORE BEGINNING SERVICE IN
BOSTON, 1888

No. 104

August 21, 1888.

PERSONAL RECORD.

1. The date of this examination is Aug. 21, 1888.
2. My number is 104.
3. I apply for a first grade certificate.
4. My place of birth is Hardwick, Mass.
5. My age is twenty-six years and three months.

6. I have spent the greater part of my life in North Brookfield, Mass.

7. I was educated in the public schools of North Brookfield, Amherst College and Johns Hopkins University.

8. I completed the course of study at Amherst College.

9. I travelled in Europe the summer of 1885, spending most of my time in Germany. This gave new life to my studies in many ways. The past year I lived with a German family in Baltimore and so extended the practice which I got in that language abroad.

10. My reading till within a few years was quite general; but I have read more works of classic English and of History than of other subjects.

11. (1) I have devoted special attention to Political Economy and History the past year or two, but in college my course was general.

(2) I think I am best qualified to teach the languages or History.

(3) I have chosen History and Historical Geography as my "elective."

12. (1) I taught school (2) for three years (3) in Worcester, Mass.

(4) in the Worcester High School (4) having pupils in the second and third years of their course. (5) My entire time was passed in the

High School. (6) I was not the only teacher; I was an assistant.

(7) My teaching was special, being mainly Latin and Greek; although, since I had charge of a room, I had also Rhetoricals and some Mathematics. (8) I am not engaged at present. (9) If I receive a certificate I shall at once be available for as good a position as the Com-

mittee deem me worthy.

13. (1) Pres. J. M. Seelye, Amherst, Mass.

Dr. H. B. Adams, Baltimore, Md.

(2) George Swan, Esq., Worcester, Mass.

Supt. A. P. Marble, Worcester, Mass.

(3) Dr. Warren Tyler, North Brookfield, Mass.

AMHERST, August 2, 1886.

Mr. James Mahoney was graduated at Amherst in the class of '84 and was the best scholar in his class. He was good in all the departments and excelled especially in the Greek and Latin Classics. He took the Hutchins Prize for the highest excellence as a Greek scholar. He was gentlemanly in manners, exemplary in his whole conduct and without reproach in his moral and religious character. Since his graduation he has taught with the greatest success in the Worcester High School. It is his purpose, I believe, to make teaching his life work, and I anticipate for him the highest success in that profession.

W. S. TYLER,

Professor of Greek.

AMHERST COLLEGE,
July 11, 1884.

MR. W. E. HATCH,
My dear Sir:

Your note of inquiry concerning Mr. James Mahoney is at hand. It gives me great pleasure to give him a *very strong* recommendation, both in scholarship and character. One is so often asked for a recommendation where cautiousness of utterance is painfully essential that it is agreeable—because so rare—to be asked about a young graduate who is so brilliant a scholar and so fine in his manhood as Mahoney. He is one of the finest scholars in Greek I have ever graduated and I believe has the same record in Latin. He is faithful and reliable in every way, and has coupled with these qualities a certain quiet enthusiasm which as a teacher must prove infectious. In character and manliness too he is all that you could wish. Unlike his race, he is not mercurial in temperament, but calm, judicious and well balanced. If you have a good place for such a person I hope you will give it to him, for I feel confident you will find him a prize. This view here presented, I think would be endorsed by our Faculty, but most of them are out of town and so cannot speak.

Yours very truly,

R. H. MATHER.

P. S.—Mr. Mahoney closed his course by taking the Bond prize of \$100 for the best efforts on the Commencement stage.

GEO. G. PARKER, ESQ.,
Milford, Mass.

NORTH BROOKFIELD,
July 10, 1884.

Dear Sir:

Mr. James Mahoney informs me that he is an applicant for the position of principal teacher in your High School, and wishes me to express to you my opinion of his qualifications for the place and his general character and standing in this community. It gives me great pleasure to comply with his request. Mr. Mahoney has lived in this town from his childhood; has attended the several grades of our schools, graduating from our High School with high honor and entering at once on a collegiate course at Amherst, where he maintained a high standing, graduating this year with most distinguished honor. During his collegiate course he was awarded more literary prizes than were received by any other member of his class,—in all \$265. His moral character is above reproach, and nothing more need be said about it. Mr. Mahoney does not know the contents of this letter, or what my opinion of him is. I believe he will fulfill all the requirements of the position he seeks. If anything I have stated shall aid him in obtaining it I think the benefit will be yours as well as his.

Yours very respectfully,

CHAS. ADAMS, JR.

NORTH BROOKFIELD,
August 20, 1888.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

The bearer, James Mahoney, of this town I have known from childhood and had he not fallen into the hands of a Quack would have been a good physical specimen. He has since his recovery been well and I consider him sound. He is of good repute in morals and integrity and I believe a worthy young man.

WARREN TYLER, M. D.

In college he was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa. In after life, among the prominent associations and societies of which he was a member are:

The National Educational Society,
The American Historical Association,
Catholic Alumni Sodality,
Catholic Literary Union,
University Club,
Bostoner Deutsche Gesellschaft,
Salon Francais de Boston,
South Boston Trade Association,
South Boston Citizens' Association,
Amherst College Boston Club,
Public School Art League,
The Johns Hopkins University Club of New England,
The Alumni Association of Harvard University,
The Alumni Association of Amherst College,
The National Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education,
The English Council,
The Amateurs,
The American School Peace League,
The Boston Home and School Association,
The Drama League of Boston,
An Associate Member of the Ninth Regiment,
Boston Teachers' Club,
While in Washington he was a member of the Cosmos Club,
The Home Club,
He formerly belonged to the Twentieth Century Club,
The Unity Art Club,
The Society of Arts and Crafts,
The Italian Club,
The American Irish Historical Association.

CHAPTER VI

"To live in honor, to work with steadfast industry, to endure with cheerful patience, is to be victorious."

*"Not in rewards, but in the strength to strive,
The blessing lies."*

—John Townsend Trowbridge.

*"Who would not die in the fire,
With his soul purged clear for his God,
Than to live with his soul, in the mire,
And to rot, without soul, in the sod?"*

—James Mahoney.

*"Strong grows the oak in the sweeping storm;
Safely the flower sleeps under the snow;
And the farmer's hearth is never warm
Till the cold wind starts to blow."*

*"Day will return with a fresher boon;
God will remember the world!
Night will come with a newer moon;
God will remember the world!"*

—J. G. Holland.

TEACHER OF HISTORY, 1888-1907

James Mahoney went to the Boston English High School as substitute teacher, September 5, 1888, and he resigned on April 1, 1907, with the grade of master. The fidelity of his service it would be impossible not to recognize, for he played a useful part in the training of thousands who are of the bone and sinew of the city. A career which is a constant application of deeply grounded principles has charm,—“It represents a successful experiment in the great art of life.” It was in his diligence on lines marked out for himself and in the regard won from so many of his pupils that Mahoney found compensation when the burdensome years seemed more than he could carry.

The auspices were nothing if not favorable when he entered upon his work in Boston. He was twenty-six, and with that combination of courage and vision that will take a man over life's rough places.

The three years of teaching in the Worcester High School he had regarded only as preparation, and, with forethought unusual in young men already settled in a vocation, he had devoted a year to graduate study at Johns Hopkins. A wiser move could hardly have been made. He had come into direct contact with a brilliant group of instructors. In history, in political science, and in jurisprudence he had had the advantage of schooling under the careful direction of Herbert B. Adams, of Richard T. Ely, and of Woodrow Wilson. And the opportunity had been faithfully improved. English High had gained a competent, purposeful teacher, and to those who knew him there can be no doubt of his pleasure over the appointment. As a free public school it had good rank. Boys came from all parts of the rapidly growing city, usually from the more enterprising families. It met the need of the large class between the poor or the indifferent and those who sent their youth to paid schools. English High was conducted primarily for boys who were going directly into business employment or who would enter the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at the end of the third year and not undertake preparation for college. The proportion going to Harvard was small, and any fitting in the classics was for that reason confined to individual cases, and usually in the fourth year. At the Boston Latin School, in another wing of the same building, there was more emphasis on college entrance, and English High was free to follow the excellent aim of those who established it in 1821. A school, then, where boys of fifteen to eighteen were given sound training for ordinary pursuits was James Mahoney's broadening opportunity. His use of his talent and wherein he was distinguished above other men in the same calling it is my object to point out.

I was not personally in touch with Mahoney during the first years of his service in Boston, but he could not have changed greatly from twenty-six to thirty-one, and my boyish impression in 1893 was distinctly of a forceful, alert instructor, whose habits had become fixed, and whose thought was seasoned. At the beginning of the fall term, perhaps on the day following registration, it was customary to assemble the boys in the exhibition hall and assign them their rooms. I was among those sent to Room 3 in charge of Mahoney. He called our names, scanning each face as he read the cards, he carried out the petty details of issuing books and supplies, he assigned a lesson, he gave us friendly counsel at dismissal,—throughout we observed that quiet determination and abrupt address that were blended in a manner so peculiarly his own. We measured our man as fifteen-year olds will, and there was no encouragement for cutting loose while he was in the chair. On the other hand we knew instinctively there had to be prompt compliance with his directions, or a clash with authority. Years before, in his application for a Boston

position, Mahoney had stated that his lameness, in his opinion, did not interfere with his teaching. He was right. As I look back upon the year I was in his room it is not his lameness I think of first. True, we noticed his slow progress up the stairs or along the corridor, but there was no sign of weariness about it. Clearly he would have been a splendid physical specimen but for the accident of boyhood, and such vigor did he show and such respect did he instil that I do not recall a single occasion when a room in his charge was not under excellent control. Although a man of positive views on politics and with a definite religious creed he was scrupulously careful not to impose opinions on his pupils. I remember I felt a certain mystery about what his opinions were, and I suppose the very fact they were not disclosed attracted me and gave this rugged teacher of history a part of his charm.* He would throw out suggestions and then drive us to the wall with his searching questions, but at the end it was Greek or Roman history we were considering and guess as we might we could not discover his personal bias toward Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Altgeld, or "General" Coxey; neither could we elicit his views of the Know-nothingism of the day; but we had only to ask exactly why it was men tired of hearing Aristides called the Just and we got a clear-cut answer, in detail, straight to the point.

Years afterward, in one of the reports he prepared for the Federal Bureau of Education (1914), Mahoney re-stated some of the pedagogical beliefs that were frequently impressed upon us in the classroom. He emphasized the value of personality. "The vital principle of the Republic" was his phrase; and how he made it glow! In youth there must be encouraged "individual power of self-support, self-reliance, self-control," and habitual working together for the common welfare. "Are teachers skilled," he asked, "in culture of adolescent talent, through insight, sympathy, kindness, and affection?" And James Mahoney faithfully carried out his tenets just so far as opportunity and the limitations of his pupils would permit. Like

* Apropos of this characteristic of withholding opinions, except on a proper occasion, the following extract from a composition by Mahoney, when a pupil in the North Brookfield High School, indicates that it was not merely taciturnity, but a deliberately chosen rule of life:

"In all your intercourse and communication with men, friends and foes alike, be thoroughly, wholly and originally yourself. Draw back within yourself; sink down deep into yourself. This is not hypocrisy, it is self-control.

"Do not expose the tender emotions of your heart, what you love and cherish, to the rough storms of existence, to the winds of opinion, to jeers and sneers, thus losing the respect of others, and your own also.

"In a country like yours there will be of necessity much tearing down of old landmarks; much changing of opinions; many conflicts of ideas. But I entreat you to remain firm amidst it all. It is in the struggle between great minds that a man of little self shows his true colors in taking advantage of it by having no opinion at all upon it."

NELLIE M. MAHONEY.

Jowett of Balliol he was out to strengthen their mental fibre,—“the chief thing is the desire to work.”

I wish I were able to pay the tribute Mahoney deserved for his work as teacher. I should like to describe him as he revealed himself to his pupils, but it would take a facile pen suitably to convey to others the qualities that lifted him out of the commonplace. He was stimulating in the best sense, genuinely interested in boys and their possibilities, and I can remember many instances where this quality was vividly brought out. By the ordering of the school in those years his scope was confined to Greek and Roman history for the two hundred fifty or more boys in the Third (or First Year) Class, including the forty assigned to his particular charge. German was listed as one of Mahoney's other subjects, but little or no opportunity for it was given. History was his subject; in his application for a position in the Boston schools he had chosen history and historical geography as his “elective,” and after doing “the hard general drudgery” which was regularly required of the newer members of the teaching corps, it was Ancient History that was granted him.

For the First Year Class there was but one text-book,—P. V. N. Myers's *A General History*. To most of us it seemed needless to carry a book three inches thick when only two hundred out of the seven hundred fifty pages were covered in the year's instruction, but however that may have been, somebody wiser, or more interested, than we, had decreed that Myers's should be the sole general history text-book for the entire school. A teacher in the Third Year Class went so far as to tell his pupils to put the book in the far corner of their desks and not take it out until the end of the year. Mahoney had no admiration for the book, but it was prescribed and furnished by the authorities, and he had a conscience about the duty owed the public and the public representatives. He used the book, believing it to be a good enough skeleton around which to drape the fabric of Greek or Roman history. A given number of Myers's topics was prescribed, and on that basis we recited, in the first instance. Very soon, however, there were intimations as to the amount of independent work that would be acceptable. We were directed to use maps and we had class drill in geography. No pupil was ever allowed to slide over a pronunciation; he was required to say and say again until his rendering was satisfactory. And for a failure in recitation there followed swiftly an irksome penalty,—five copies of Myers's remarks on the topic. Who could forget a lesson thus re-assigned? Or, after such drill, who could mispronounce Achaia or Boeotia? But that was by no means all. We were asked to bring in reports of our reading, and on the points raised there was general discussion. And now and again on a fortnight's notice there were short debates,—say on the merits of the Athenian constitution. I recall such a

debate on the motives of Decius Brutus, and whether Shakespeare had done him justice. Mahoney was always eager to set us forward, to rouse in us a scholarly interest. Ploetz's *Epitome*, Creasy's *Decisive Battles*, Freeman's *Historical Geography of Europe*, and other manuals—his own property by the way—were on his desk and open to all. In study hours we were encouraged to draw upon the reference library, provided our previous carriage had entitled us to such consideration! What a treat it was to take down one at a time the stately volumes of Lavissee et Rambaud! Or at another time to be invited to the desk to read an account of the battle of Zama in French! Mahoney interested himself in each individual boy, gleaned from him in casual but amiable conversation not alone his racial extraction, but his ambitions and attitude toward further schooling. A characteristic bit came out in one of his controversies, and here I let him speak for himself.

. . . I do not wish to be restricted to an arbitrary limit. If, for instance, John Bartholomew Devitt cannot understand Greek art, but does have some conception of what a battle means, shall I leave out a good account of the battle of Marathon, and give John a description of a fragment of sculpture by Praxiteles? We have had a very hard time with John, and it is a very important question for him, and it lies at the basis of my conception of history work, namely: to study the individual boys with the greatest possible care and find out what it is that will arouse their interests and their minds; to go as fast as the particular set of boys that I am dealing with can go with profit, and no faster. Mr. X said, "Don't you think that the divisions are near enough alike to have them all cover the same amount of ground?" I replied, "Mr. X, I say to myself, when I think that *two boys*, even, are near enough alike to cover the same amount of ground, that I don't understand the boys."

A boy who shyly admitted he was receiving parts of the *Congressional Record* Mahoney would invite to pursue some interesting subject his reading had brought out and perhaps prepare a written exercise for the benefit of the class. Once it was to compare the agrarian policies of Spurius Cassius with our American homestead law. And he would lose no opportunity to emphasize the value of an active interest in current politics. It was the traditional attitude of the teachers to regard the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the Boston Public Library as the two institutions supplementary to English High, and so far as the Library was concerned the tradition suffered not at all in Mahoney's keeping. At one of the early meetings of the New England History Teachers Association, the subject of discussion being "Text-Books and Methods of Teaching History," Mahoney seems to have used some plain language.

After a number of addresses had been made on the subject by prominent members of the association, I asked for leave to say a word, and declared that in my opinion a teacher who had not mastered his subject and was not familiar with *all* the methods of teaching it, and who was not capable, when placed face to face

with a concrete boy, with his special needs and difficulties, who was not capable then of casting his methods to the winds, and helping that boy where he needed help, was not fit to teach the subject; and as for text-books, why was it necessary to bind the souls of teachers with them? If we had overcome tyrants in other things, why was it necessary to fall down and worship the *Text Book*?

Elsewhere in his papers, Mahoney left the statement that he had always been devoted to his pupils and to his studies, and that he gave all his time to his work. I believe that to be as nearly the literal truth as in the case of any teacher I ever knew. His pupils, his school, were to him both wife and child those earlier years of his service; his heart and his enthusiasm were engrossed in his daily employment. That I am obliged to set a limit in point of time to this refreshing period will presently appear, later in the chapter, and I shall be pardoned, I am sure, for choosing to dwell a bit longer on the first six or seven years, a time not only encouraging to Mahoney himself, but a time when in considerable measure his efforts were unfettered.

His lameness I have already said was lost sight of once he took charge of the class-room, and it only increased our respect for his virile qualities. The boys quickly noted the ease with which he would pull himself up a high step, as on boarding a street car, and there were tales of wonderful feats he had performed with weights. I do not know whether these accounts were more than boyish gossip, but in years since I have seen him manage a refractory horse, and there is no end of testimony to his great physical endurance. Holmes Field, in Cambridge, or even Newton Centre, was not too far for him to go to see a twenty-minute game where some of "my boys" were playing good football. He was particularly constant at track meetings. In those days Tom Burke, as an E. H. S. boy, was doing the 600-yard dash in 1 m. 20 $\frac{2}{5}$ s. and "Mike" O'Brien, another of Mahoney's pupils, was able to put the 16 lb. shot 38 ft. 2 in. In all such exploits Mahoney took the keenest enjoyment, although there was never any undue reference in the class-room.

In fact, pandering of any sort was entirely out of keeping with Mahoney's ideals of teaching. There was plenty of cheap badinage in some quarters, but none of it came from him. Being at school was important business, and we were usually mindful of the hour. The hapless boy who sought to try him out soon got his due. "Twelve copies of the general rules, sir, by nine o'clock on Monday!" And the first laborious copy had to be made standing, for the rules were posted inside the glass door of the book-case! No slipshod copies were acceptable. "Come, M——, get a shovel, will you? and clean up this paper." By other teachers on the staff this practice on Mahoney's part was made much of, the waste of ink, and so on,—men who were themselves apt to be prodigal with the city's time,—but could any one dispute the disciplinary value of Mahoney's pet corrective?

He was also patient, and scrupulous about holding up to ridicule the dull and stupid who always seep in for the entering class. "Brace up, S——," he would say brusquely but with good humor, "you don't want that good mother of yours deciding you'd better be improving your time on a tip-cart," and usually S—— braced. "Mahoney was always square and a gentleman," was an expression I have heard countless times from men who were his pupils. Once I sought to question a mark he had given for two months' work in history. With not a sign of annoyance he got out his records, asked me to take down the entry for each oral and written exercise, and suggested that I average them according to the weight to be given each and announce the result. It of course coincided with my bi-monthly mark, and there was no room for argument. A man in a public school who can leave the impression of scrupulous fairness is a successful teacher.

And Mahoney was never tolerant of indecency. One instance is enough for illustration. A sheet of vulgar doggerel had been passed from hand to hand until some over-shifty culprit had drawn the fire of Mahoney's vigilant eye. The offending "poetry" was promptly corralled, likewise the boy responsible, and I shall never forget the blaze of indignation and the torrent of scornful, short-syllabled words that poured from Mahoney's lips that morning. I can almost feel the tingling of that tongue-lashing, and I suppose the easy-going chap upon whom the vials of wrath were chiefly visited will never outlive the pre-eminence of that unforgettable day.

As to military drill there comes to mind only one pronounced reference by Mahoney while I was still a pupil. The drill held a prominent place in the school, and the annual scramble for offices was the be-all and end-all of a school career in more ways than one. It was customary for the boys of the Third Year Class themselves to do the voting. This election was then laid before a teachers' meeting, the head-master having the last word. The instance I recall was when a disappointed youth went to Mahoney to pay his respects. A short-sighted teacher, possibly making a confession in avoidance, had told the boy that Mahoney had been unfavorable. I can see the latter now as he faced his venturesome critic. "I did argue against you, because your record does not entitle you to the office. Do you want me to state my reasons fully?" The boy was quickly in a panic; he saw the grins on forty faces, and made a hurried exit.

Let us hear a little more of Mahoney's ideas of drill appointments. It was a sore subject with many, both teachers and pupils. There was much unfairness and a lot more trafficking and wire-pulling than was good for the school. As usual, Mahoney's ideas were crystallized. Among his papers is a memorandum, apparently written for a teachers' meeting. It shows his mental habit, and it must have been hard to combat.

The chief reason for having military drill in the school is to give physical training. Hence the boys who can cause the best drilling should be appointed as officers, as far as this can be done without injury to the school. This furnishes a clear principle of selection, and the exceptions to it are distinctly indicated. Of course it would be of injury to the school, if boys of (a) bad conduct or (b) of low scholarship should be appointed to conspicuous positions. The department of *physical* instruction, while it is a separate department with its own standards is still a department of the school. For that reason the tests of (a) *scholarship* and (b) deportment should be *negative* tests *i. e.* limits should be assigned and boys below these limits would be disqualified. *E. g.* (a) below 75 % in scholarship (b) found guilty of serious misconduct by any teacher. But it would be necessary to have positive tests for the actual appointments. For this the standard should be capacity to command. Here a record of highest scholarship is even more irrelevant than mushroom popularity. Each teacher should give his estimate of each candidate's capacity, for the office in question, in the form of a mark. The boys having the highest average should then pass a military examination. If desirous to preserve the principal of election the officer could then be elected from the two or three highest on the list. The electors should as far as possible be, not from the candidates class, only, but from the company, division etc. commanded.

N. B. A gymnasium and general athletic record should be kept and consulted by the teachers in giving their estimate of the boys' capacity. This would also be a general encouragement to athletic education.

Looking back more than twenty years one's judgments of a teacher are apt to be softened, I know, but in conscience I cannot recall a single unfavorable impression. My acquaintance with men teachers was then very limited. I liked history and I enjoyed reading; I am aware there were those who did not enjoy either to the same degree. Unquestionably our boyish impressions were influenced somewhat by our liking for the subjects taught. It must be allowed, I think, that Mahoney's standards were unusual; even the head-master who was his most bitter critic felt obliged to concede to the authorities over his own signature that Mahoney was among the most scholarly and best informed teachers in the service, and that his "methods,"* though original, achieved good results.† I suppose that no two preferences of his brought down upon his head such caustic comment as the pronunciation of his family name and his insistence upon frequent airing of the class-room. Yet he persisted in both with a serenity that was peculiarly baffling to those who took issue with him, and he carried his point, in both. It is not clear to me that so much energy and vitality should have been expended upon issues of that degree, but to Mahoney they were as supreme as truth itself. He would have gone to the stake rather than be recreant to his father's name, or bow to the little tyrants of the corridor.

* Many "methods" like his "originals" are found in the most approved text-books of the present day.

† See following this article.

NOTE: This matter of ventilation is not at all the trifling thing it appears to be. The controversy described was in what some modern educators would call the benighted

It is not to be imagined that a teacher endowed with such positive views of right and wrong, of the decent and proper thing, will be admired or even equitably judged by all his associates. Yet we have it on ample evidence that Mahoney enjoyed friendly relations with all the teachers in the school up to the spring of 1895. In one place in his papers he does refer to a possible exception, but in his own phrase seven years was a period certainly long enough to test all his qualities. It is a remarkable story,—Mahoney's persevering struggle to hold his position through nearly twelve years of bitter personal controversy. The record of those years is exceedingly hard to summarize. One feels constrained to tell all or none; and I am aware of the gate I am opening when I pass comment on conditions in the English High School during that period. My errand is biographic, however, and I have no apology for desiring to keep alive the memory of a kindly, forceful, and conscientious teacher, a man whose character and service were in a decisive way distinguishable from others whose grooves were along parallel lines.

Of what might be called "school politics" English High seems always to have been full. Once on the staff of instruction it was usual for teachers to spend nearly all, if not all, of their active years in its routine. The ambition of each was centered in promotion, and when to this is added the circumstance that the controlling authority is in "the people" as expressed in the election annually of members of the school committee, it can readily be seen the possibilities were large. Many of the innumerable skirmishes were fought over the succession to the head-mastership, and although time is said to heal all wounds it has never had any apparent solace for some of the men who failed to reach the pinnacle, unless it was the sweet privilege of harboring resentment. One who knows the school can get some vivid impressions merely by scanning the list of instructors,—say for

age in pedagogy; when ventilation was really regarded as hardly worth a serious teacher's attention. Nowadays, what Mahoney so stubbornly insisted upon has become the required rule for all. Mahoney was decidedly ahead of his time in 1895, in regarding pure air as essential to good teaching. Moreover he had attended to this ventilating matter without arousing anyone's comment for a long time and took a great deal of pains with it. He left old records, most carefully kept, of the temperature of the classroom; all at a time when it was not only not required, but was hardly thought of by teachers.

He even caused chemical tests to be made of the air of his class-room by Institute of Technology experts. To-day there is perhaps no one subject more carefully considered than ventilation; usually provided for by the architects of the new school buildings, not as incidental to mere comfort, but as a vital need in education, which is the point insisted upon by James Mahoney in those old days.

Who can say that the present development is not the natural result of his efforts and so was it not worth while for him to endure all that he did to have the health of all safeguarded?

NELLIE M. MAHONEY.

the fifty years from 1865 to 1915. As head-master Mr. Cumston succeeded Mr. Sherwin; Mr. Edwin P. Seaver followed Mr. Cumston. When Mr. Seaver resigned it was to become superintendent of public schools all over the city, and at once the promotion pot boiled. Little fires flared up, and as a result, in a word, an "outsider" in the person of Mr. Francis A. Waterhouse was given the position. This was in 1880, the year Mahoney was graduating from the Brookfield High School, eight years before he took up his work in English High. Mr. Waterhouse took charge, personal charge; and with a grotesqueness that I am tempted to call Lilliputian, the sore and the disappointed nursed their grievances and bided their time. It was as if, when they met in the corridor, they accused each other, "*You kept me from being head-master!*" If there seemed any chance of the feud dying down, some new arrival by taking sides would fan the blaze. Meanwhile Mr. Waterhouse ran the school, made his own assignments of the teachers under him, and framed his own schedule of hours, according as seemed to him wise and for the good interest of the school.

It is worth noticing that during this régime Mahoney had no "difficulty" with his associates. In fact, the first "incident" he could recall was the hurried petition when it was learned Mr. Waterhouse was to have leave of absence. The enterprising group who thought so much was at stake wanted to name the master who to their minds should be first in line for promotion. Mahoney had high regard for Mr. Waterhouse, and took exception not only to the feverish haste of the round-robin but to the propriety of it. It was in line, however, with a sustained effort, as Mahoney thought, to undermine the influence of the head-master. Years before, when Mahoney entered the school, a supervisor who was afterwards superintendent had cautioned him to be wary. And one of the senior instructors had volunteered, "Do what you think is right, and every hand will be against you,"—this with a Bismarckian gesture! Mahoney was destined to learn the full bearing of so weighty a pronouncement as applied in English High.

Into the merits of all the differences that arose we must not go, but Mahoney's account of one of them is enlightening.

[Dated January 27, 1906.]

Soon after I entered the school, the little group of men (above referred to) formed a dining club, open to all the male teachers in the high schools of the city with the exception of the Head Masters. However, but few teachers save those of the English High School, attended these dinners; and, in the main, from the High School the men who regularly came were the more intimate friends of Messrs. X—, Y—, and Z—. At these gatherings, slurs and attacks upon Mr. Waterhouse were very frequent. The belief was gradually formed in my mind that that dining club was intended as a means of attacking Mr. Waterhouse, and all the facts that I have since learned have confirmed that impression. . . .

At one of the dinners Mr. Z— sat next to me, and introduced the subject of anarchy and anarchists. He asked my opinion about the justice of executing Chicago anarchists, who had just been convicted of throwing bombs. I told him that in my opinion the anarchists richly deserved their punishment. This statement of mine brought a strong protest from Z—. He told me that he was an anarchist, and gave me to understand that my opinion on the subject was due to ignorance of what anarchy meant. This statement led to a long series of arguments with Mr. Z—, and then with his two most intimate friends, Mr. Y— and Mr. X—, both of whom sided with Mr. Z—.

Our arguments were finally reduced to writing, and both Mr. Y— and Mr. Z—, who took up the argument in this way, were obliged to abandon their positions: but claimed that I had won my victory by hairsplitting with regard to definitions. They still persisted in continuing the oral arguments. At length, I became heartily tired of the subject, and of always meeting the same arguments. I gave Mr. Z— to understand as much, not in the way of a quarrel but in a single pointed statement that I didn't care to discuss the matter. In addition to my feeling on the subject, my judgment was that the discussion was getting altogether too prominent as it was being carried on during school hours; and even some of the pupils had begun to get hold of certain anarchistic books and papers which Mr. Z— had been responsible for getting into the school building.

[Briefly there was an altercation over Mahoney's refusal to receive the literature. Mahoney was completely surprised by Z—'s attack.]

. . . I had always found Mr. Z— gentle in his manners, and I regarded him as perfectly sincere in advocating the doctrines of anarchy, although I considered him something of a fanatic. I had become fond of him personally, and when he attacked me, I was more surprised than angry. I tried to reason with him for a moment, but his insults quickly stopped me. . . .

It is never pleasant to include details like these, nor is it agreeable to bring in the unfavorable traits of some of Mahoney's associates, but there seems no alternative if his hard experience is to be told with due regard for things as they were. So we continue. A further "incident" was one which comes within my own recollection. For a time [in 1895] there was a small publication issued by certain of the Fourth Year boys and called *The Advance*. It was designed to be more readable than the *E. H. S. Record* and rather made a point of being facetious. The jokesmiths went pretty far on more occasions than one, and it was impossible not to think some of the quips inspired. They were at least a commentary on the jovial relations of teachers and pupils in the Advanced Class. It was inevitable under such circumstances that there should be a play upon Mahoney's name. I remember distinctly the hum of excitement the day this came out. All of us were kept in our rooms until every copy of that edition of *The Advance* had been surrendered, later to be thrown under the boiler. The only day to be compared with that was when a master vehemently objected to "Casey at the Bat," for purposes of public declamation. Some of the teachers seem to have thought themselves very waggish.

Good reason had Mahoney for regarding the subsequent years as passed "under the most trying circumstances." The year [1895—

1896] at the University of Berlin, on leave by permission of the Boston School Committee, was a welcome respite, but once he returned the fray was on with redoubled energy. Not only in his own room were Mahoney's ideas of proper ventilation interfered with, but X—, Y—, and Z— with their associates would casually hold meetings just outside Mahoney's door, taking pains to slam down his corridor windows, and express opinions loud enough for pupils to hear. His marks, and in certain cases his recommendations of pupils for promotion, were arbitrarily overruled. Other history teachers were given precedence as to choice of work or hours or grade of pupils, even though their rank was junior to his. I am not prepared to say that on every occasion Mahoney's view should have been adopted—the responsibility for conducting the school was upon other shoulders—but I do assert that Mahoney was always ready with a reason for the view he took, and that from instances that came to my notice it grew into a habit to deal with his advice in ways that were unnecessarily crude, ill-intentioned. In a word, the procedure was too often calculated to give the maximum affront to a capable, high-minded teacher. Mahoney's capacity had been certified as had the capacity of others; he was there under the appointment of the School Committee and not of any man in the school, and we must agree it was proper for him to resent any invasion of his rights as an instructing officer. I have gone over his papers, I talked with most of the other teachers while the cauldron was bubbling, and Mahoney's judgment of what was going on I am bound to say was extremely accurate. In 1900 he told me that among the “junto,” the “inside group,” a definite succession to the head-mastership had been agreed upon. It may be a coincidence, but certainly it is a fact, that that “succession” has been carried out! “It was very clear now that the school was being turned into a perpetual caucus, that a rush-line was being formed, and men were being whipped into line.” Mahoney felt he was none too severe.

The effort to super-organize the school by delegating supervisory functions to certain teachers and not to others was particularly repugnant. The duties of head-master were not so exacting that any division of responsibility was either necessary or desirable, and in due course there was a superintendent who upheld that view,—“Deans of Classes” and other superfluous designations were peremptorily discontinued.

But if there was one practice above another that Mahoney abominated, it was active soliciting by text-book salesmen, often during school hours. He consistently refused to write text-books on the ground that it was improper for an instructor in the school system to use his personal influence to have them purchased by the city. He also declined to favor specific books, and he carefully returned quantities that were sent him, stating that he accepted gifts only from

personal friends. Always his eyes would snap and his face grow tense when the text-book companies were mentioned. He would not support the introduction of a certain manual on Greek history, partly because he considered the book poorly adapted for high schools but chiefly because he wanted first the wall-maps, atlases, translations of authorities, etc., all of which had been promised but never received. Nevertheless this particular book was introduced and much of Mahoney's history work was assigned other teachers. Mahoney felt the weight of the school program being steadily exerted to his disadvantage.

. . . All my work with the upper classes was first taken away [for some years German appeared as one of his subjects]; then my divisions in history were taken away one after another, until but one now remains; and English with the entering class was substituted. In these English divisions, new directions were now given for an unusual amount of written work and correction of the same. A person who is not accustomed to high school teaching will fail to realize just what this means, both in the difficulty of maintaining discipline and of imparting instruction. One hour of work in the entering class takes at least twice as much from a man's vital energy as a like period in the upper classes—not to mention the added dignity of teaching in the upper grades of the school; and the satisfaction that a teacher finds in following his pupils in their growth.

For all this manoeuvring there had to be a climax. In 1899–1900 there were charges of insubordination against Mahoney. And the large item in the bill of particulars was that old misdemeanor, the too frequent ventilation of his room! After years of a watchfulness that was feline, after conferring that was constant, and in possession of every shred of information that could possibly have a bearing, this camarilla of intrepid men fixed upon ventilation as the capital sin. Mahoney said he was never permitted to know what was being laid against him, but the cabal went in a body with their sore thumbs. As each came from the committee room he conferred with those in waiting, and frequent were the expressions of elation at the progress being made. The committee, however, did not agree with the complainants, and the charges were dismissed without being referred to the full board. Members of the committee stated afterwards the strong impression made upon them by Mr. Ellis Peterson, long the supervisor in charge of English High. He took a part in the hearing and paid Mahoney a strong compliment; he considered him, he said, one of the ablest teachers of history he had known. Mr. Peterson was one of the most punctilious of gentlemen, with a high regard for discipline and for the proper ordering of schools, and not lightly would he have raised his voice in defence of a teacher under charges.

It should be remembered that during all this time the man who was superintendent of schools had been a head-master of English High; X— had been his colleague, and Mr. Seaver was committed to the régime which others besides Mahoney found oppressive and

unseemly. By 1900 the Public School Association had been established, at that time a well-intentioned effort to "keep the schools out of politics," but through a peculiar posture the members of the school committee elected on that platform felt it incumbent on them always to support the superintendent's nominations. There were several school committee members anxious to correct conditions at the school, but it can readily be seen how difficult it was to pry off the lid.

There are other things that might be said, but they are not needed in an appreciation of Mahoney's work. His memory can stand the omission. The hearing referred to was in 1899, but for nearly eight years more Mahoney stayed in the school, not because the atmosphere was congenial, but as a matter of principle and to testify to his firm belief that his sacrifices would be recognized and that eventually some measure of justice would be done. But there remained other lengths to which those hardy citizens would go. Mahoney had beaten them on ground of their own choosing. His hate for a lie, his scorn for what was indirect and sinuous, his reliance not upon political friends but upon his own character,—these did not make his presence, for them, either a comfort or a mantle of light. No effort was spared to get him out of the school. Whether teachers were friendly to him or lent themselves to mean annoyances seemed the test of preferment at the head-master's office. One can imagine the state of things.

I leave out the janitor, his salary, and his reputed political consequence. His position was unique; it would not have been tolerated in any other institution. But I pass him by, lest the record seem unbelievable. In desiring to commemorate Mahoney's services to English High we need deal only with men who were his colleagues, men whose calling should have forbidden the little low ways of human cheapness,—should have saved them from "the mongrel heel-snapping breed of injustice." But with a few last sentences from Mahoney's statement of 1906 I must cut short what bids fair to become a volume, and not a chapter.

During all these years, at every hour of the day, I have always been found absolutely attending to the duties of my position; always with my pupils and minding my own affairs. When orders came to me from the Head Master or from other sources of authority, I have instantly and to the best of my ability obeyed them. Attacks upon me I have simply turned aside in the way of self-defense, and I believe I am absolutely correct in saying that more than this I have not done.

. . . Personal insults, vicious and wholly unprovoked, have come to me from this set of men, . . . These insults have been of the grossest kind, and are almost past belief. . . .

Having failed to force me out of the school, these men endeavor to resist in every possible way my honorable promotion from it. I desire to call especial attention to this fact and also to declare that even my patience must finally have a limit.

That was in January, 1906. In 1904 Mahoney had been a candidate for supervisor. He was not successful, but neither was Y—who

had made a strong bid for the place, backed by the unqualified support of X—. In 1906 Mahoney made another effort for promotion to the same office. Seven of his colleagues joined in the indorsement, and Mr. Peterson added his precisely worded approval: "I carefully observed your work as a teacher of history in the English High School, and am glad to write that in aim, method, and result it was, in my opinion, Excellent." Mr. William H. Partridge, from 1872 treasurer of the English High School Association, wrote of his relations with Mahoney on the Board of Government. "I learned to respect his ability, erudition, judicial temperament, and universal urbanity of manner. . . . The expression of his convictions while firm was always gentle and kindly. I should consider him a *valuable* acquisition to the Board of Supervisors in these days when so many educators are tempted to manœuvre for position rather than eminence in their profession." And in a sheaf of letters written by former pupils there is one from Professor C. E. A. Winslow, paying graceful tribute to "an old teacher of mine." "I know nothing about any special issues which may be involved but I am sure the enthusiasm and strength of Mr. Mahoney's teaching instinct could hardly fail to be helpful. I went from the E. H. S. to Technology where I studied and am now teaching, but I remember few contacts in my whole educational career more inspiring than that with him." Several members of the school committee in 1904 were equally strong in their support, but thirteen was still the necessary majority.

Mahoney longed for an honorable release, comparable with the preferment that had been given others. He should have had it; of that there is no question among unprejudiced observers. With unexampled patience he waited an opening for promotion. At length it came, at the South Boston High School, as head of the English department. Not until then did he give up his work at English High.

Five years later, he sought the head-mastership at South Boston. The cabal was unrelenting, untiring, and undismayed. The old portfolios were opened; the same old grist went into the mill. The "charges" were mouldy with age, but dealers in damaged goods seldom examine their wares. Promotion was again withheld, but marvellous to say somebody had at last signalled a retreat. On July 7, 1913, in a communication to the chairman of the school committee, X— signed a recantation; it deserves a name no less imposing. "I desire to withdraw the statement which I made before the School Committee which referred to Mr. James Mahoney, and wish it regarded as never made. . . . I have not made any statement with the purpose of injuring Mr. Mahoney and in the future I shall refrain from making any statement whatever in regard to him."

Some months ago I saw Y— on the train, bemoaning the grind he was obliged to return to. The other day I saw Z— conducting his

classes precisely as he has for a generation. X— is in retirement, not easily separated from a place he tried to retain. Mahoney died at the end of a pleasant serviceable year on the staff of the United States Bureau of Education. I have been tempted to ask X—, Y—, and Z— whether on sober reflection the pursuit was worth the candle. Perhaps it would be a foolish question, but I should have a curious interest in their replies.

A pupil in the school, I respected Mahoney; as the years went on I grew fond of him. I was the recipient of kindly attention which it was not open to a youth to reciprocate. But had I not enjoyed his friendship I think his work in the English High School would still have appealed to a certain commemorative instinct which I acknowledge I share. If the boys who wrote letters were stimulated as they say they were stimulated, then the fruits were ample and our friend's life is justly a matter of biographic interest. It is to be hoped this account will not be considered merely *ex parte* praise. The intent is to show Mahoney's singular fidelity to truth, to the highest ideals of teaching. Had he been less faithful he could have enjoyed a comfortable humdrum good-fellowship sort of existence among his teaching associates. "Happily," as Maitland said of Leslie Stephen, "there was at least one price that he would not pay for a pleasant life."

G. G. Wolkins, '96.

Two addresses by James Mahoney at teachers' meetings, given below, indicate very well his method in teaching. The first is regarding the teaching of "The Lady of the Lake," and the second "English in the South Boston High school." Also a Topic Syllabus for written work.

He was ever original in educational method and had no special reverence for tradition unless it "made good." The appended may be described perhaps as a technical paper, being addressed by a teacher for teachers' ears only, but is illustrative of how Mahoney would help the student toward good English.

NELLIE M. MAHONEY

"I consider that the value of instruction in the 'Lady of the Lake' is to be determined in the same way that the value of instruction in any text is to be determined: It depends, it seems to me, first on the teacher's insight into the nature of her pupils; and, secondly, on her ability and skill in using the text to draw out and strengthen the native qualities of the children. Her insight will be measured by her capacity to rightly 'size up' the concrete class group before her, to see their mental qualities and attainments, emotional, as well as intellectual. In fact, these young people are emotional rather than intellectual, and sympathy is the magic quality in the teacher that will teach her insight."

"Then, the teacher of insight, if she truly loves her author and his work, can inspire in her pupils sympathetic interests in the general subject matter of the text.

"In the case of the 'Lady of the Lake,' pupils quickly take warm interest in the mountains, lakes and valleys of the Scotch landscape, and in the romantic history of Scotland, as well.

"When once the pupils really feel a sympathetic personal interest in the author and his work, the teacher can go to almost any length with them in the nicer points of scholarship.

"Striving to carry out these thoughts in practice, I have never, I think, taught the 'Lady of the Lake' in just the same way with any two classes; but my first endeavor is to get the students to make out the story and to like it so well that they will then, in a review, use as much care as they are capable of in learning somewhat accurately the meanings of the more difficult words, phrases, allusions, meters, and the like. In this way they will look up with less reluctance difficult words, and strive with some intelligence to unravel hard sentences.

"In accordance with this plan, I generally ask them to strive to explain the introductory Spenserian stanzas after reading and reviewing the body of the Canto.

"When the interest is truly aroused, even young children will quickly master the meters and scansion of the poems. If personal interest is not aroused, the 'Lady of the Lake' may easily prove a mechanical burden and a source of real injury to pupils.

"On a real reading of, let us say, the finer passages, interested pupils will show real appreciation of the harmony of the lines, and the beauty of the language. For the boys, specially, I am convinced that the 'Lady of the Lake' is one of the best gateways to the realm of poetry. Most boys, at first, seem to care but little for poetry; and to so teach them that they will later voluntarily, and with profit, read a volume of poetry is an object worth striving for.

"I believe that this text is one of the best means to teach pupils how to express themselves, for to give an adequate account of one of Scott's descriptions will tax their powers—but here again everything depends on the good judgment and enthusiasm of the teacher.

In answer to a question from Miss O'Connor, Mr. Mahoney said that it was his plan to get the pupils to tell him the story, rather than that he should tell the story to the pupils. In fact, he never intended to tell them anything which he could get them to tell him. This was the way to draw out their powers.

Miss Butland inquired how far Mr. Mahoney thought it possible to go in the explanation of words and phrases. He answered that he thought that a test of the teachers' judgment and insight. If the proper interest is aroused, one can go far in that direction, but he said that he must admit that classes varied in their capacity.

JAMES MAHONEY,
Oct. 7, 1907.

ENGLISH IN THE SOUTH BOSTON HIGH SCHOOL

It is not my purpose to try to tell the teachers many things which they do not know in regard to the English language. It is my hope, rather, to remind them of things, which, under the pressure of other duties, may be overlooked.

Specialization has invaded our schools to such an extent that there has come of late a just demand for greater co-ordination of work. So loud is this demand that there is danger of forgetting that spirit which "makes all things work together for good."

Inasmuch as I trust that that spirit exists in this school, I venture to remind you of the fundamental value of our English tongue; and to suggest a few practical means by which our mutual efforts will benefit all our departments; and so our school.

But a few years ago it would have seemed presumption to offer a defense of the English language. Its importance was taken for granted,—just as the knack of using it was taken for granted. All other things had to be studied and practiced. Not so, English! That came free with the tongue.

Volapuk is indeed forgotten; but, to-day, the noisy lovers of Esperanto would have us think that English is in the yellow leaf, and with all the other old tongues must soon disappear, leaving roots only, for a scientific mode of speech.

Let us not be unkind to Esperanto, for it represents the reform tendency in language which does for a language what manicure does for the fingers. But our native speech is as truly an organic growth as our brain.

Recall to your minds what our English is. It is the native tongue of the mightiest racial element in the universe—the English, Irish, Scotch; Kelt and Teuton combined, the strongest, fiercest, subtlest of the human race. It is the storage battery of their heart, their soul, their intellect and their will power. It holds, as if by magic, all the racial attainments, in science, art, government; in love and in war.

But more than that. More than any other tongue, it represents human speech. It has drawn into itself, the structure, the contents, the genius and energy of all other tongues and peoples.

For our boys and girls, then, it is the light of their minds and the gateway of their souls. Deeper than their breath, it is the very garment of their consciousness. By it, they seize upon nature, science, history and art.

True proficiency in language is the true index of mental power. The increase of efficiency in science and art and industry bears a constant ratio to the increase of efficiency in language. Here lies the common ground of all the departments.

With this in mind let us examine some of the interacting cogs of our educational machinery, with a view to greater efficiency in our boy and girl products.

All our work is either oral or written. The spoken word is the unit in human exchanges; the sentence is the unit of thought in algebra, chemistry, biology and dynamics as well as in German or Spanish.

The microscope and the acid test make the meaning of the word clearer in the mind, and the balance of the sentence more true.

To put it bluntly, when the teacher of English vitalizes the meaning of a word in a child's mind, she is directly helping every other department. But the word must receive wings so that it may reach the ear and all teachers ought to insist on right pronunciation and articulation. Joint and constant effort will help to overcome local errors, and mumbling speech. And that is something harder and more glorious than the Japanese war.

The sentence in language is more wonderful than the "flower in the crannied wall." Sentences form the framework of the temple of thought. Whoever helps to build them true as the plumbline, is an architect of civilization, and a benefactor of the arts and crafts and sciences.

Sentence structure means grammar, not grammatical red tape, but a thorough knowledge of the parts of human speech with the practical art of using them as subject, as predicate and as modifiers, that is to say, it is not pedantry, but it is *human intelligence in action*.

In insisting on correct sentences we will all bear a common burden for a common advantage, to wit—clear thought.

Language is a means of self-expression, but it would be a poor thing if it meant only our self-expression to others, and not also the self-expression of others, of the race, of mankind for us. Herein lies the value of wisely directed supplementary reading.

The teachers of English are making lists of books for supplementary reading. I invite the teachers of the other departments to suggest books, which, while not rated as English classics, would be valuable for general reading. Some boy's soul may be saved thereby.

Writing seems necessary for civilization—therefore the boy and girl, however unwilling, must have it. All the departments have it. I wish to call attention to the greater efficiency we may obtain if we all insist upon certain points, wherein agreement is permissible.

Written work is generally the bugbear of both teacher and pupil. It is apt to worry the pupil. It often saps the vitality of the teacher; and where is the corresponding benefit? A faithful teacher spends fifteen or twenty minutes making comments in red upon an essay which violates all the laws and canons.

With a class of thirty-six pupils that means nine or ten hours of the hardest drudgery. With five such classes in a week it means forty-five or fifty hours of such work, for one such written exercise per week from each pupil. This is the same as saying that something like eight hours a day every day in the week, including Saturday, are spent on that brain killing, soul killing, teacher killing job.

And the pathos of it consists in this that it is the finest and most conscientious teacher who comes nearest to killing herself in doing just that thing.

For years I have wrestled with this subject of correction of written work, and I consider it the teacher's bad angel. I have reached the conclusion that very much of that effort is wasted, and is due to a misconception of our duty in the matter.

Why! Fifteen minutes are entirely inadequate to properly criticize that paper! It would take a special volume to do justice to it. And the boy would not read the volume; most likely he wouldn't profit by it if he did read it; and the chances are that he will not read the crimson criticisms, although hovering betwixt respect and fear on the one hand and disdain on the other, he may compromise by a hasty glance!

I am very confident that more may be accomplished by teaching the pupil the elements of criticism, requiring him to apply them to his own work, and marking him upon the skill with which he does it. In this simple system of abbreviation and reference will be time saving machinery for pupil as well as for teacher.

Let me illustrate my meaning by reference to my own usage. (Forms for written work were here distributed.)

The essentials of grammar and rhetoric I have condensed here under twelve heads. Well nigh every criticism that can be directed against written work will come under one of these heads, which I term standards of criticism. Let me take them in their order:

1, indicates neatness and form.

NOTE: The notes from which this paper was copied had become obliterated in places, so that it may well be that the writer's meaning has not been brought forth in these few places.

It is evident that neatness and form are matters of convention, and are somewhat arbitrary in their nature; but it is also self-evident that if some particular standard of neatness and good form is insisted upon by all teachers much better results will be obtained than if each teacher has a different standard and requirement. Immediate improvement will result if the teachers will return immediately to the pupil, without credit, every paper which grossly violates the standard: With regard to standard No. 1, note of attention to paper, which should be smooth, uniform size, clean, straight edge. With regard to personal data, their position, name; home-room, date; whether in or out of class, etc.

If some such requirements are not made—the appearance is repulsive and tends toward slovenly work and confused thought. It is said indeed that genius is careless, but many of our children are not geniuses.

2. Penmanship—careful, legible: 2 at head of paper in *red* means rejected for poor penmanship; 1, rejected for inattention to form; 3, for bad spelling; 4, . . .

5. In or out of class. (The paper may be referred to later and we may wish to know the conditions under which it was written.)

6. Class and division, N. B. All these with punctuation, . . .

7. Subject—position of that and all the others. Other positions might be chosen, but this arrangement has certain distinct advantages.

8. Margin and indentation.

9. Ink.

Caps. for simple rules as for 5, E means Eng. Gram. condensed. Many subheads might be used here if found necessary or desirable; viz., 6 1a subj. is sing. and ought to be plu. But one advantage of this system is that the pupil soon becomes so familiar with the general rules that he quickly tracks down the error without having it "caught and held" for him, so to speak.

7, 8, 9, 10. Unity is the principle insisted upon here. But unity is the very essence of mathematics and the sciences. So I submit that these standards are serviceable alike to the teacher of science and to the teacher of language.

11, 12 refer to the higher literary qualities, value for other depts., etc.

If the teacher does not wish to *reject*, he returns to the pupil to mark with black lead pencil each error with the figure which represents the standard violated and then to sum up and tabulate the errors at the end. Then comes the teacher's estimate of the pupils self-criticism. This work may be done very rapidly and with great accuracy viz., 1, 3, 5.

SOUTH BOSTON HIGH SCHOOL

English: Topic Syllabus for Written Work, 1912-1913

A. Letter Writing:

(1) School; *e. g.*, Notes of Request to Teachers, Complaints, etc.

(2) Business Letters; *e. g.*, Orders to Grocery, Dry-Goods Store, etc. Complaints in regard to Goods Sent, etc. Replies to Advertisements.

(3) Types of Superscriptions: business, social.

(4) Telegrams, Cablegrams.

(5) Brief Advertisements.

(6) Social Letters: informal, formal.

B. Exercises in Spelling and Defining. Lists of Words Commonly Misspelled, or Incorrectly Used. Lists, also of Common Business and Industrial Terms.

C. Exercises in Use of Capitals.

D. Exercises in Punctuation: period, comma, semi-colon, colon, apostrophe, quotation marks, interrogation point.

E. Elements of Grammar; Sentence Structure.

- F. Elementary Rhetoric, Figures of Speech: simile, metaphor, irony, personification, metonymy, contrast, climax.
- G. Types of Tests in Text-study.
- H. Book-Reports—Not on Novels only, but also on Lives of Great Patriots, Great Business Men, on Industry, Trade, Geography and Travel, etc.
- I. Themes in Descriptive Narration, Exposition and Argumentation. In addition to the ordinary topics, to emphasize and encourage topics with a Vocational Trend; and especially those bearing on Boston (and South Boston); Trade and Industry:—highways, boulevards, machines, mills, warehouses, stores, docks, waterways, means of handling freight, pictures, art; art-manufactures, etc.
- J. Principles of Rhetoric and Composition; Paragraph Structure, Topic Sentence, Unity, Coherence, Force, Beauty, Originality.
- K. History of American and English Literature.
- L. Quotations: prose, poetry.

A king can make a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that,
 But an honest man's aboon his might
 Guid faith, he mauna fa' that.

—Burns.

His life was gentle; and the elements
 So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
 And say to all the world, "This was a Man!"

—Shakespeare.

APPLICATION.

ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL,
 February 12, 1906.

THE HONORABLE, THE SCHOOL BOARD,
 Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen:

While I have designedly ignored attacks from a source which is not disinterested, I have been advised to furnish you with the following letters, which, in addition to those already placed in your charge, tend to show that temperamentally, as in every other way, I am entirely capable of cordially co-operating with others; and, furthermore, to act thus is quite in accord with my disposition, my custom and my character.

The writers of these letters have had amplest personal knowledge of me in the matters of which they speak, which matters, taken together, embrace all the relations and activities of my life in Boston.

I send you copies, as more convenient for use; but the originals, of course, are at your instant disposal, if you wish them.

Respectfully yours,

JAMES MAHONEY.

RECENT LETTERS

EAST BOSTON HIGH SCHOOL,
BOSTON, February 3, 1906.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to certify that during the school year 1904-5 I was associated with Mr. James Mahoney, of the Public School Art League of Boston, in providing art decorations for our public school building, and that our relations were characterized by uniform courtesies and consideration on his part.

(Signed) JOHN F. ELIOT,
Head Master.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS
Massachusetts Normal Art School

NEWBURY, COR. EXETER ST., BOSTON,

GEORGE H. BARTLETT,
Principal.

February 6, 1906.

MY DEAR MR. MAHONEY:

In reply to your favor, I beg to say that I have in mind the summer of 1903, I believe it was in July of that year, that the National Educational Association held their Convention in Boston. I certainly shall never forget the excessive heat, and although poor humanity was sweltering at that time you were suddenly called upon by the executive committee of that Association to organize the Fine Arts Department, and I believe I am right in saying that it was on the very eve of the Convention. The program of the proceedings had already been made out, but you did not allow these difficult conditions to handicap you but at once organized a committee and arranged for a series of lectures, which were given. You also provided an exhibition in the Huntington Chambers, which was well attended, and to add to this, a series of visits to the studios of prominent artists, besides attending to the newspaper end of the matter.

In view of these facts, allow me to say that I know of no man who could or would have undertaken such a task at such short notice. Your quickness of perception regarding detail and promptness of action proved to me that you were a man that possessed intuitive executive ability and would at any time be equal to any emergency that should call for quickness of action and grasp of detail.

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) G. H. BARTLETT.

AGASSIZ SCHOOL,
BOSTON, January 30, 1906.

For a number of years I met Mr. James Mahoney frequently and consulted him in connection with the Boston Public School Art League.

Our relations were always of the friendliest character and I prize his acquaintance very much.

(Signed) JOHN T. GIBSON.

PHILLIPS BROOKS SCHOOL,
DORCHESTER, January 31, 1906.

MR. JAMES MAHONEY,
Charlesgate, Suite 310, Boston.

My dear Mr. Mahoney:

I was somewhat surprised at your statement of yesterday, for I know you only as a gentleman—one courteous and considerate at all times. This being the case, it is scarcely necessary to say anything further unless it be to add that I have had an acquaintance with you, as a member of the executive committee of the P. S. A. L., covering several years.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) HENRY B. HALL.

THOMAS N. HART SCHOOL,
BOSTON, February 2, 1906.

DEAR MR. MAHONEY:

It has been my intention for some time to write you a letter to tell you how much I appreciated your extreme kindness and courtesy during the interviews and correspondence relative to the Boston Public School Art League, of which you are a prominent member.

It was all the more marked because I was obliged to disappoint your League and you by my unwillingness to have a public meeting at the time you suggested. I hope our meeting in this matter may be the beginning of a long and pleasant acquaintance.

Yours truly,

(Signed) JOHN F. DWIGHT.

It has been my good fortune to know Mr. James Mahoney quite intimately for some time as the Secretary of an Art League and as teacher and friend.

I have uniformly found him to be a genial, courteous, most accommodating, and an exceedingly agreeable gentleman.

Because he has shown unusual interest and devoted much time to an important matter pertaining to our schools—the beautifying of

the buildings—he deserves the praise and the confidence of all interested in our schools.

(Signed) CHARLES N. BENTLEY,
Oliver Hazard Perry School.

BOSTON, February 2, 1906.

January 30, 1906.

DEAR MR. MAHONEY:

I take much pleasure in stating that your services in behalf of the English High School Association, of whose executive committee you were at one time a member, were marked, and you displayed much interest and energy in the work. As an ex-President of the Association and member of the committee for many years I have been in a position to know its value. Permit me to add that our relations have always been most pleasant, and you have my best wishes for success in any undertaking upon which you may enter.

Yours truly,

(Signed) JOSEPH M. GIBBONS.

JAMES MAHONEY, ESQ.,
“Charlesgate,” Boston.

Confidential.

This is to certify that I have known Mr. James Mahoney for fifteen years as a colleague in the English High, and believe him to be devoted and able in his work, and conscientious in the discharge of his duty.

He is a man of unusual ability and exceptional force of character.

(Signed) WM. T. STRONG.

BOSTON, MASS.

January 14, 1906.

Confidential.

ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL,
BOSTON, January 15, 1906.

My relations with Mr. James Mahoney during the past eighteen years have uniformly been cordial, and in all our intercourse he has shown himself a perfect gentleman.

He ranks high as a scholar, and his ability to instruct and handle a class of boys has been first class.

My room has always been near his so that I have had a fine opportunity to observe and pass judgment.

(Signed) M. J. HILL.

BOSTON, January 15, 1906.

MY DEAR MR. MAHONEY:

In view of the fact that I was your colleague for fourteen years at the English High School and that during that time our relations were always cordial, above board and those of gentlemen imbued with a common desire to devote our best life and our best efforts to the betterment of the youth of the city, I am impelled to write you this letter, upon learning that you are a candidate for the position of supervisor left vacant by the resignation of Mr. Brooks.

This is a personal letter to you, in a sense confidential, yet you may use it as you see fit. In it I simply wish to bear testimony to the high regard in which I hold you as a man and as an educator. I have the fullest confidence in and the greatest admiration for your deep and varied attainments as a scholar and for your uprightness of character. I consider that the judicial turn of your mind, your grasp of the true inwardness of things, and the knowledge of foreign schools and school management, obtained by you while abroad, cannot but be of great benefit to the schools of Boston.

I sincerely hope that you may be successful in your aspiration to enlarge your usefulness to the city.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) H. C. SHAW.

BOSTON, January 16, 1906.

MY DEAR MR. MAHONEY:

You have asked me to state what my relations have been with you during the past eighteen years that we have been together in the E. H. School.

One word will express my answer: Our relations have always been most pleasant and most cordial.

As a man, as a teacher, as a colleague and as a friend, I have always found you ready to do your part, and it is because of all that that I stayed by you even in spite of threats that I would be sorry to keep company with you; threats which quickly materialized when charges were preferred against me last May, before the High School Committee.

But I had impartial judges who recognized as did yours that these attacks were altogether based on calumny. I was vindicated, so were you; that must be sufficient.

We have both done our work to the best of our ability; let us continue and we shall find in our hearts our reward.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) CHAS. P. LEBON.

18 ARMANDINE ST., NEW DORCHESTER, MASS.

January 16, 1906.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

My acquaintance with Mr. James Mahoney extends over a period of nine years. Our relations with each other have always been of the most pleasant character. In his dealings with me he has ever been manly, courteous, obliging. I have always found him kind, gentlemanly, and ever ready in his manifestation of good will in the many ways which our association in school life affords.

Respectfully yours,

(Signed) JOHN J. CADIGAN.

MY DEAR MR. MAHONEY:

In reply to your kind note I will state that I was associated with you in school work for eleven years in the E. H. S. The last four or five years of that time my room was near yours, so that I had every opportunity to judge for myself in regard to the discipline. I am happy to be able to say, from my own observation that the discipline was perfect, during your presence and in your absence the pupils were perfectly under your control. I know that there is no more thorough instructor in the school and that your scholarship is of the highest class. I have been informed on trustworthy authority that you have also a profound knowledge of *law*. In your intercourse with me, you have always been a perfect gentleman, kind and considerate in word and action and, so far as my observation goes, that has been your manner toward every teacher. I do not know any one who has more perfect self-control.

You have my best wishes for your future.

Cordially yours,

(Signed) CHAS. E. STETSON.

27 GRANITE ST., QUINCY.

ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL,
BOSTON, January 15, 1906.

It gives me pleasure to certify that I have been associated with Mr. James Mahoney, as a fellow-teacher, in the English High School since September, 1888.

Mr. Mahoney possesses excellent ability as a teacher, accuracy and breadth as a scholar, combined with strength in discipline and dignity of deportment seldom equaled. I believe Mr. Mahoney to be thoroughly conscientious in his work, and, so far as it is in my power to judge, always punctual and prompt at his post of duty, and

anxious, above all things, to develop manhood and gentlemanly qualities in his pupils.

Respectfully,

(Signed) CHARLES B. TRAVIS,
Master in E. H. S.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This may certify that a few years ago Mr. James Mahoney and myself were thrown into close relations in connection with "The Public School Art League."

It is a pleasure to say that all our relations were of the most agreeable character.

Very respectfully,

BOWDOIN SCHOOL, (Signed) ALONZO MESERVE,
January 22, 1906. *Principal.*

MR. JAMES MAHONEY,
Master, English High School.

Dear Sir:

Your favor of the 22nd inst. is at hand.

Although I never do or say anything intended to influence the choice of my superiors I am happy to say that your dealings with me in connection with the placing of some \$600 worth of works of art in this school by the Public School Art League were most honorable and I retain very pleasant recollections of our business relations at that time.

Hoping you are enjoying good health and have a pleasant class of pupils this year, I am

Yours very respectfully,

(Signed) WILLIAM B. ATWOOD,
Master, Frothingham School.

CHARLESTOWN,
January 23, 1906.

I am glad of an opportunity to state my opinion that Mr. James Mahoney would serve with efficiency in the office of Superintendent of Schools.

From an experience of a number of years upon the Executive Committee of the Public School Art League, with Mr. Mahoney, I have found him to be most earnest and fair-minded; and on many occasions I have seen him deal with a difficult situation with consideration and tact.

(Signed) J. T. COOLIDGE, JR.

114 BEACON ST., BOSTON.
January 16, 1906.

ROXBURY, MASS.,
January 20, 1906.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This may certify that I have personally known Mr. James Mahoney since 1877, when he was a pupil of mine in North Brookfield, Mass.

As a pupil he was singularly faithful and capable; in fact, I should rank him as one of the six ablest pupils I have had in thirty years of teaching. I know that since then he has been a constant student, covering a wide range of subjects, ambitious to excel in whatever he undertook. As a result I consider him, to-day, one of the most scholarly men I know, with a breadth of scholarship and an accuracy of information exceedingly rare. In my judgment Mr. Mahoney cannot fail to adorn any position where such scholarship is essential.

(Signed) CHARLES M. CLAY.

BOSTON, January 17, 1906.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Mr. James Mahoney served with me formerly on the board of government of the English High School Association. His relations with the other members and with myself were always harmonious and agreeable.

I have no knowledge to the contrary. I was at the time secretary of the Association.

(Signed) WM. H. MORIARTY.

23 PEMBROKE STREET, NEWTON,
January 22, 1906.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

While Mr. James Mahoney was associated with the Board of Government of the English High School Association of Boston, some years ago, of which I have served as Treasurer since 1872, I learned to respect his ability, erudition, judicial temperament and universal urbanity of manner.

I found him to be a perfect gentleman in the strictest meaning of that term, and have enjoyed his acquaintance all these years. The expression of his convictions while firm were always gentle and kindly. I should consider him a *valuable* acquisition to the Board of Supervisors in these days when so many educators are tempted to maneuver for position rather than eminence in their profession.

Yours respectfully,

(Signed) WM. H. PARTRIDGE.

August 30, 1904.

TO THE COMMITTEE ON NOMINATION OF SUPERVISOR OF THE BOSTON
PUBLIC SCHOOLS,
Mason Street, Boston.

Gentlemen:

I have for some years known Mr. James Mahoney, a candidate for the position of Supervisor of the Boston Public Schools, and consider him an excellent man in every way for the position. From long experience and other mental attributes I think he is especially well fitted. He is perfectly able physically, in my opinion, to attend to the duties of the position.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) M. H. RICHARDSON.

JOSEPH A. SHEEHAN
Counsellor at Law
53 State Street, Boston.

BOSTON, May 26, 1906.

JAMES MAHONEY, ESQ.,
535 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Dear Mr. Mahoney:

The ambition, which animates every real man to advance in his chosen profession, is a laudable one and ought to meet with encouragement, in the absence of good and substantial reason to the contrary.

With that thought in mind, I am pleased to express my belief and confidence in your ability and capacity to fill any position to which you might be chosen in the educational system of Boston, with credit to yourself and to the advantage of our schools.

It will not be gainsaid, I believe, that you are thoroughly competent from a scholarly point of view. Those who oppose your advancement do so because of what they term "temperamental" objections. This idea, I think, arises out of the conditions which have surrounded you in your work during the past few years. Because you have not remained passive and undisturbed under what you have regarded as unjust treatment, but have at times manifested indignation as would every true and useful man under like conditions, your opponents urge that you should not be advanced. In fairness, the objection presented, should not militate against you.

From my knowledge of you acquired as a pupil under your instruction in the English High School sixteen years ago, and my acquaintance with you since, I am convinced that if you were advanced in the service, in the fullness of your power, the objection which has been raised against you would readily fade away; that you would demonstrate to your superiors by the manner and quality of your

work, as well as by your personal stability, the wisdom of their choice, which I feel would meet with the approval of all fair and impartial critics.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) JOSEPH A. SHEEHAN.

MOORS & CABOT
111 Devonshire Street

John F. Moors
Charles M. Cabot
C. Lee Todd

Bond department
in charge of
Francis E. Smith

BOSTON, February 14, 1906.

DEAR MR. MAHONEY:

I am glad of the chance to show that I appreciated having you for a teacher when I was in the English High School. I feel that you were impartial, and well know that it was almost never possible to impose upon you. I remember that your history lessons were well taught.

There are three things about your hours that still stand out strongly:

1. Your love for fresh air, and your care that we should begin your hour with a well-ventilated room.

2. Your teaching us to write about our history subjects in short, concise sentences. You emphasized this point so strongly that I have remembered and profited by it in business.

3. Most of all I remember your great disgust for anything dirty or "smutty." It is a fine thing for a pupil to have not only a teacher who teaches well, but one who also holds him up as much as possible to good clean ideas.

Yours truly,
(Signed) FRANCIS E. SMITH.

GOULSTON & STORRS
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

17 MILK STREET, BOSTON, MASS.,
January 27, 1906.

JAMES MAHONEY, ESQ.,
University Club, Beacon St., Boston.

My dear Mr. Mahoney:

I have been given to understand that you are a candidate for the position of Supervisor in the Board of Supervisors of the Public Schools of the City of Boston.

I want to take this opportunity to express to you my earnest hope that the School Committee will elect you to fill the vacancy which now exists in the Board. I look back with a great deal of pleasure to our relations as master and pupil in the English High School, and I remember you as a teacher whom we all respected and esteemed. Your

control of the pupils and your ability to impart knowledge which you possessed to them made you, in my estimation, one of the most competent and valuable teachers in the old English High School.

In your relations with your pupils I have always found you to be honorable, fair and just, and, above all, a perfect gentleman.

Wishing you every possible success, I beg to remain,

Very cordially yours,
(Signed) LEOPOLD M. GOULSTON.

FALVEY BROTHERS Co.
FALVEY BUILDING
BROADWAY AND F STREET

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.,
January 9, 1906.

MR. JAMES MAHONEY,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Mr. Mahoney:

Understanding that you are a candidate for the position of Supervisor for the schools of the City of Boston, it affords me great pleasure to write a few words, trusting that they will prove beneficial in adding to your success.

While I was a pupil under you, in the High School, I must say that no other teacher was more thorough in his teachings or more impartial in his manner.

I sincerely hope that you will be successful in your endeavors to obtain this position.

Trusting you are well and with kindest wishes, I remain

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) HENRY E. FALVEY.

LOUIS F. GATES
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law
1101-2 Barristers Hall
Boston, Mass.

February 21, 1906.

MR. JAMES MAHONEY,
Hotel Charlesgate, Boston, Mass.

My dear Mr. Mahoney:

I am informed that you are desirous of obtaining the vacant supervisorship of the Boston Schools and I write to wish you all success in obtaining this position.

In looking back over my school days and in recollection of the teachers with whom I came in contact I know of no one, in my opinion, who can fill that place as well as yourself.

It seems to me that this position needs a man who has a wide range

of knowledge together with dignity and tact, much more so than a man who is confining his efforts to teaching, and from my experience in your room I am fully convinced that you have these attributes in a marked degree.

Again wishing you all success and with every assurance that I will do anything I can for you at any time, I am

Very truly yours,

(Signed) LOUIS F. GATES.

LASKER & BERNSTEIN
161 William Street

MR. JAMES MAHONEY,
Boston, Mass.

NEW YORK, January 30, 1906.

Dear Sir:

I have just heard that you are a candidate for Supervisor of the Public Schools of Boston, and I am hastening to offer you my very best wishes for your success.

I will always remember with pleasure the two years under which I studied with you, and the other two years which I spent in the English High School, in which I did not have the pleasure of being in any of your classes.

I do not need to add that I consider you thoroughly competent to fill this important position, for I am sure that every one who has come into personal contact with you must be convinced of this fact at the first meeting.

I have heard that you have been attacked in several instances regarding your manner of conducting your classes, which certainly seems to me to be as unfounded and as unjust an accusation as I have ever heard, for in all my experiences with you I can only speak of you in the very highest terms, both as a teacher and as a gentleman.

Again wishing you all possible success, and assuring you of my willingness to aid you in your candidacy with any means in my power, I remain,

Very truly yours,

(Signed) MILTON L. BERNSTEIN.

THE CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY
Georges Creek Cumberland Coal
50 CONGRESS STREET
BOSTON

MR. JAMES MAHONEY,
The Charlesgate, Boston, Mass.

February 12, 1906.

My dear Mr. Mahoney:

Having been advised that you are out for a place on the Board of Supervisors of Schools in Boston, I hasten to extend to you my best wishes for your success.

It is with a great deal of pleasure that I look back on the old English High School days, especially while under your jurisdiction, and I can speak for the other fellows with whom I came in contact, when I say that you always treated us squarely and showed us every consideration.

With very best wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) GEO. P. OSWOLD.

HENRY W. SAVAGE

Boston Real Estate Insurance, Mortgages
7 Pemberton Square

F. H. Purington, Manager.

BOSTON, February 9, 1906.

My dear Mr. Mahoney:

Although it has been some years since my graduation from the English High School, I have always remembered with much pleasure the courteous, just treatment I received from you while I was a scholar there.

I consider myself fortunate to be placed under your especial charge during my first year in the school, and feel sure that the other boys appreciated as much as I the square, man-to-man fashion with which you invariably dealt with all of us.

With best regards, I remain,

Cordially yours,

(Signed) FRANK H. PURINGTON.

CLAUDE L. ALLEN

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law
717-721 Old South Building
294 Washington Street

Boston, Mass.,

MR. JAMES MAHONEY,

February 12, 1906.

535 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Dear Mr. Mahoney:

I understand that you are a candidate for the position of Supervisor of Schools, and if I can assist you in any way, it would be a pleasure for me to do so.

As you well know, I have always had a great deal of respect for you as a man; and confidence in your ability in your chosen profession ever since I received instruction from you in the good old English High, some twelve years ago.

Hoping that you may be successful in securing the position which I know you would fill with credit to yourself and satisfaction to the city, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) CLAUDE L. ALLEN.

A. SILVER EMERSON
Counsellor-at-Law
6 Beacon Street Room 827
Boston

BOSTON, MASS., February 9, 1906.

MR. JAMES MAHONEY,

Hotel Charlesgate, 535 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

My dear Mr. Mahoney:

I am glad to learn that you are a candidate for supervisorship of the Boston Public Schools. Have been a pupil of yours at the E. H. S. in 1895 and again in 1898, both in History and in German; and must confess that your instruction was highly appreciated. It was impressive and could stand the most vital criticism. I know of several who have availed themselves of the opportunity received at the school at that time and have since united theory and practice, especially in the German language. I can also recall your Latin and Greek translation.

If the School Committee of the City of Boston can procure a scholar of half the literary excellence and ability in all ways possessed by you, it ought to congratulate itself.

Hoping that you will be their choice in this coming election, I beg to remain,

Your friend and pupil,

(Signed) A. SILVER EMERSON.

743 EAST BROADWAY, SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

May 24, 1913.

DEAR MR. MAHONEY:

* * * * *

1st. I was a member of the High School Committee at the time above mentioned.

2nd. I remember well the hearing; the part which Mr. Peterson, Supervisor, took in the hearing impresses me even at this late date. He said he considered you the best teacher of History in this country.

* * * * *

Very truly yours,

(Signed) WILLIAM J. GALLIVAN.

May 29, 1913.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I have been acquainted with Mr. James Mahoney since 1904 at which time I became a member of the Boston School Committee. Mr. Mahoney at that time was a teacher in the Boston High School. He

had the reputation of being a brilliant scholar and a most excellent teacher.

He was a candidate for the position of school supervisor during this year and in looking over his credentials Drs. McDonald, Harkins, Keenan and myself were satisfied that he was eminently qualified for the position. We found that Mr. Mahoney was a graduate of Amherst College, of the University of Berlin, Germany, a graduate student of Johns Hopkins University and of Harvard University, and his record as a teacher was first class.

He was genial, gentlemanly, level-headed and enthusiastic and therefore we supported him as a candidate for the supervisorship. Although Mr. Mahoney was not elected I have always felt that I have never had occasion to change my opinion of him. I firmly believe that there is no man connected with the Boston Schools in an educational capacity who is better qualified in scholarship, good judgment and capacity for imparting knowledge than Mr. Mahoney.

Drs. McDonald and Harkins are now dead but their opinion of Mr. Mahoney's abilities were the same as mine. I hope this tribute to his ability, his sense of justice and his gentlemanly instincts may help to bring him the reward which he deserves.

(Signed) JOHN H. KENNEALY, M. D.

BROOKLINE,

117 Harvard St.,

CHAPTER VII

*One, who never turned his back, but marched breast forward.
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.*
—Browning.

He taught, but first he followed it him-selve.
—Chaucer.

LETTERS URGING MAHONEY FOR PRINCIPALSHIP IN SOUTH BOSTON HIGH

In 1907, James Mahoney was promoted to be head of the English department in the South Boston High School. In 1914 he was a candidate for the headmastership in the same school. The appended documents are in connection with the latter application.

JAMES J. PHELAN
60 Congress Street
Boston

JAMES MAHONEY, ESQ.,
72 G St., South Boston, Mass.

January 31, 1914.

Dear Mr. Mahoney:

Having heard that Mr. Augustus D. Small, now principal of the South Boston High School, was to resign that position next June, and knowing of your connection with the school for the past seven years as head of the English Department, and realizing your worthiness as a successor to Mr. Small, I have this day taken it upon myself to write to Michael H. Corcoran, George E. Brock, Dr. David D. Scannell, Jeremiah E. Burke, Frank V. Thompson, and Augustine L. Rafter asking them for their kind consideration of your qualifications as the logical successor to Mr. Small.

I have also written Judge Joseph D. Fallon, Col. Edward L. Logan, Dr. John F. O'Brien, Mr. John S. Flanagan, and Mr. Joseph E. Donovan, soliciting their support in your behalf. I did this latter, realizing that these gentlemen know you well, and would be material assistance in pushing your cause.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) JAMES J. PHELAN.

John J. Toomey, President
 Walter Jenney } Vice-
 Samuel Sullivan } Presidents
 James E. Coveney, Secretary
 Thomas E. Saint, Treasurer

Directors
 Albert R. Benks
 David W. Creed
 A Frank Gregory
 Charles P. Mooney
 Basil Gavin
 Dr. Wm. P. Cross

TRADE ASSOCIATION
 OF SOUTH BOSTON

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.,

SUPT. FRANKLIN B. DYER,
 School Department, City of Boston
 Mason St., Boston, Mass.

May 23, 1914.

Dear Sir:

The Trade Association of South Boston, having recently learned that there is to be a vacancy of Headmaster in the South Boston High School after the present term, have discussed the matter which is of such vital importance to our district. At our recent meeting it was voted unanimously to write you our hearty endorsement of Mr. James Mahoney and urge his consideration by you when the vacancy is to be filled.

Mr. Mahoney is a resident of South Boston, is well known to our people and held in high esteem. For many years he has been a Master in our High School and he knows the district, is familiar with the school, its pupils and teachers, and there is abundance of evidence showing his efficiency, and his ability to fill this important position.

Hoping for a favorable consideration of his name,

Very truly yours,

(Signed) JAMES E. COVENEY,
Secretary.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE OF GREATER BOSTON

Established 1874 Incorporated 1911
 An Interdenominational Organization

President

Rev. James Todd, D. D.

BOSTON, MASS., May 9, 1914.

TO DR. DYER,
 Supt. of Public Schools, Boston, Mass.

My dear Dr. Dyer:

Indisposition has prevented me from calling on you at your office. So I write to heartily recommend Professor Mahoney as a suitable successor to Principal Small of the South Boston High School who, I understand, is to retire.

I have been pastor of the Presbyterian Church of South Boston for ten years, and have had many opportunities for knowing Mr. Mahoney and his work as teacher of English in the above named school; and

believe him to be a man of high character, and culture, and scholarship well qualified for the position of Principal of our South Boston High School.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) JAMES TODD.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY LAW SCHOOL
Ashburton Place
Office of the Dean

DR. FRANKLIN B. DYER,
Superintendent of Schools,
Mason Street, Boston, Mass.

April 25, 1914.

Dear Dr. Dyer:

Information has come to me that in the near future there are likely to be several head-masterships vacant in the Boston schools. Will you pardon me if I commend to your attention, my friend, James Mahoney, now head of the English Department of the South Boston High School. I have known Mr. Mahoney very favorably for almost twenty years, and I have a very high respect for his scholarly attainments and his industry. He apparently has executive ability, but I have not personally been brought into contact with that part of his characteristics. I have, however, heard of him in that manner, and believe he has the requisite executive ability. No doubt his record in the School will be the best evidence of that. His integrity and honesty are beyond all question.

Something over twenty years ago, I think it was, I tutored him in Law, and I was impressed with his patient endeavor to get at the foundation of things, and weigh both sides of propositions and matters that were presented to him, without being hasty in jumping at conclusions. I am sure I don't know what his politics may be, for I have never seen him obtrude any partisan notions of any kind.

I hope circumstances will permit your serious consideration of his name for a position as head master.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) HOMER ALBERS,

Dean.

Bernard Jenney, President

E. J. Diloway, Treasurer

Walter Jenney, Vice-President
JENNEY MANUFACTURING CO.
Established in 1812

BOSTON, May 4, 1914.

DR. FRANKLIN B. DYER, SUPT.,
Mason Street, Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir:

I have been told that there is soon to be a vacancy in the position of head master of the South Boston High School and presuming such

to be the case I take the liberty of urging the appointment of Mr. James Mahoney.

As you perhaps know, Mr. Mahoney is a graduate of Amherst and also studied as postgraduate at Johns Hopkins and University of Berlin, Germany, and has since taught several years at Worcester, nineteen years at the English High School, Boston, and I believe seven years at the South Boston High School where he now is.

I have had the pleasure of ten or twelve years' acquaintance with him and have heard much of him from two of my sons who were under his instruction at the English High School, and I am glad to testify that he has always been held in the very *highest respect* by the boys. I believe this is one of the best recommendations a teacher can have. I think every one who knows him can testify to his exceptional knowledge of the particular subjects which he has been called upon to teach, viz., English and History, as well as his broad general knowledge, and I am confident that if appointed to the position he would fill it with honor to the school and to the city. I believe also that his appointment would be most satisfactory to the parents and other residents of the district.

With perfect confidence that the matter will receive your most careful consideration, I am,

Very respectfully yours,

(Signed) WALTER JENNEY,
English High School, Class 1872,
Mass. Institute of Technology, Class 1877.

SCHOOL OF COMMERCE AND FINANCE
An incorporated Institution of College Grade
with Degree Granting Privileges
OFFICE OF THE DEAN

April 30, 1914.

DR. FRANKLIN B. DYER, SUPERINTENDENT,
Boston School System,
Mason Street, Boston.

Dear Sir:

I have known Mr. James Mahoney, Head of the English Department of the South Boston High School, for several years, and I have a very high regard for his scholarship, ambition, and executive ability. For some years past he has been in charge of the educational work at the Catholic Literary Union of Charlestown, and the splendid success attained in that department of the Union's activities is due almost entirely to Mr. Mahoney's executive ability and progressive policies.

In selecting a head master for the South Boston High School, I assume that you will favor a man of exemplary habits, who possesses executive ability, and who has a large appreciation of the humanitarian side of educational work. Mr. Mahoney is such a man. He is

progressive, aggressive, and above all—a man through and through. I should like to see him promoted because I believe it would strengthen the effectiveness of the South Boston High School.

If you desire, I should be very glad to discuss the matter with you in person.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) H. C. BENTLEY,
Dean.

May 13, 1914.

DR. FRANKLIN B. DYER,
Supt. of Schools,
Mason St., Boston, Mass.

Dear Mr. Dyer:

I have just discovered that I made a sad error in my letter to you yesterday in regard to Mr. Mahoney, whom I recommended as a candidate for Superintendent of Schools instead of Head Master of the South Boston High School. I trust that my error will not jeopardize any favorable consideration you can give Mr. Mahoney.

As I wrote you before, Mr. Mahoney has been identified with our South Boston Schools for a long time, and on one occasion I had the pleasure of addressing some of his boys who were preparing for a business life, and I have always felt Mr. Mahoney was a man eminently fitted for any position he might aspire to in our Public Schools as Master. My son, who was a pupil of his some years ago, called my attention to the fact that it might be a good thing to write you in Mr. Mahoney's behalf but I misinterpreted the position.

Regretting the mistake I made in my former letter, I beg to remain,

Yours truly,

(Signed) GEO. F. LAWLEY.

Rupert S. Carven, C. P. A.

Arthur V. Grimes, C. P. A.

CARVEN & GRIMES
Certified Public Accountants
181 Devonshire Street
BOSTON

May 16, 1914.

DR. FRANKLIN B. DYER,
Superintendent of Schools, Boston.

Dear Sir:

Learning of a probable vacancy in the Head-Mastership of the South Boston High School, I am taking the liberty of saying a few words in endorsement of Mr. James Mahoney for the position.

I have known him for many years and have always admired him for his great scholarship and ability.

It has been my good fortune to be intimately associated with him in the great work he has accomplished for the young men of Charlestown in the Educational Courses of the Catholic Literary Union.

During my term as an Instructor, I have had the opportunity of knowing Mr. Mahoney best through the executive ability he has displayed, through the earnestness he has shown at all times, and particularly, through the kindly interest he has manifested in every pupil of this Evening School, and this a labor of love on his part.

Should you honor Mr. Mahoney with this appointment, I feel that the Educational Courses under your able direction would have another Head-Master who would be a credit to you and the Boston School Department.

Yours respectfully,

(Signed) RUPERT S. CARVEN, C. P. A.

FALVEY BROTHERS

Dry Goods

421-423 West Broadway

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS., May 13, 1914.

DR. FRANKLIN B. DYER,

Superintendent, Boston Public Schools,

Mason St., Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir:

In view of the reported approaching retirement of Mr. Small from the Head-Mastership of the South Boston High School, may I ask your consideration of the name of Mr. James Mahoney for appointment as his successor?

Mr. Mahoney was my teacher in the English High School seven years ago, and he has always impressed me as a very capable and high-minded man. Since his appointment to the local High School he has resided in our district, and he is respected and esteemed by our citizens.

His selection would to my mind be a logical promotion for a well qualified educator.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) HENRY E. FALVEY.

PARKER, WILDER & Co.

Commission Merchants

4 Winthrop Square
Boston

215 Fourth Avenue
New York

BOSTON, May 18, 1914.

MR. FRANKLIN B. DYER,

Superintendent of Schools, Mason St., City.

Dear Sir:

I understand that Mr. James Mahoney, formerly of the Boston English High School, is a candidate for the position as head master in the South Boston High School.

For a number of years while Mr. Mahoney was a teacher in the Boston English High School, I was a pupil in his room. He is a strict disciplinarian, a very fine teacher, and I find in business the fact of having been in his particular classroom for a few years has served me in a great many ways.

It is with great pleasure that I add my letter to the many which I know you will receive indorsing Mr. Mahoney's ability to fill the above position.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) FREDERICK R. BORGARDUS.

JOHN WINTHROP SCHOOL,
BOSTON, May 18, 1914.

MR. JAMES MAHONEY,
Master, South Boston High School,
South Boston, Mass.

Dear Mr. Mahoney:

You wished me to send you a word of commendation. Strange to say, I scarcely know how to respond, though I sincerely wish to do so. It is so difficult to praise personally. For me to say that you have the attributes of a gentleman, the instincts and training of the scholar, much executive ability and an excellent judgment, would be simply to state what is evident to everyone who knows you, even slightly, and yet if a recommendation is to be written, all of this, and much more, in truthfulness, must be recorded—and not alone this but some allusion also should be made to your sincerity, your honesty and your earnest desire to do, at all times, your duty.

Now will you please consider all of this said (I fear too briefly said) in the hopes that it may prove of some little service to you, at some time or other, in the direction in which you may wish to use it.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) HARRY B. HALL.

Private Office

Established 1847
R. H. STEARNS & COMPANY
Boston

May 13th, 1914.

DR. FRANKLIN B. DYER,
218 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

My dear Dr. Dyer:

I hear that there are some vacancies to be filled in Head Master-ships. I trust it will not be considered an intrusion if I speak a good word for my friend, Mr. James Mahoney. Others can speak of him as to his executive ability as a teacher; I know him as a scholar and

a gentleman. I shall be glad if a word from me will be of help to him and to you. We are both graduates of Amherst College and it is through that connection that I have come to know him and to learn of his fine scholarship and conscientious faithful work.

Sincerely,

(Signed) F. W. STEARNS.

New York
11 West 19th Street
BROWN DURRELL Co.
Importers and Manufacturers
Hosiery, Underwear, Handkerchiefs & Furnishings
Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, President and Treasurer.

BOSTON, May 8, 1914.

DR. FRANKLIN B. DYER,
Superintendent of Schools,
Mason St., Boston, Mass.

Dear Doctor Dyer:

I understand there are likely to be vacancies in one or two of the Boston High Schools, so far as the position of principal is concerned, and that Mr. James Mahoney, now head of the English Department, South Boston High School, is an applicant for one of these places.

I have known Mr. Mahoney for a number of years and believe him to be a very capable and conscientious teacher. I have always heard him well spoken of, and trust his record is such that you can with all consistency give his application favorable consideration.

Trusting I am not intruding by writing this word of commendation, and with kind regards, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

(Signed) T. B. FITZPATRICK.

May 5, 1914.

FRANKLIN B. DYER, ESQ.,
Superintendent of Schools,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir:

I desire to write to you in the wish to aid Mr. James Mahoney, now at the head of the English Department of the South Boston High School, to attain the position of head-master of that school.

As a former pupil of his in the English High School, class of 1895, I wish to testify to the following facts regarding Mr. Mahoney:

(1) That his teaching was on a high moral plane; he never allowed any vulgarity or "smuttiness" to creep into his lessons in "Ancient History."

(2) That in the English or composition connected with his history

lessons, his advice has been remembered, especially his insistence on examination papers being written in short, terse sentences.

(3) That he was careful of the physical well-being of his classes, insisting on the rooms being thoroughly aired before each one of his hours.

(4) That discipline during each of his hours was rigidly maintained and, while he was fair and impartial, I never saw any liberties taken with him.

While I have never been in a position to know of his executive ability, I believe that a man possessing the foregoing qualifications must also combine with them that executive ability which would make him a successful head-master.

Yours truly very,

(Signed) FRANCIS E. SMITH.

WINCHESTER, MASS.

1 Wolcott Terrace.

BOOT AND SHOE RECORDER
PUBLISHING COMPANY

May 25, 1914.

DR. FRANKLIN B. DYER,
Superintendent of Schools,
City of Boston, Mass.

My dear Dr. Dyer:

In view of the fact that I had the pleasure of meeting you in Cincinnati prior to your coming to Boston, I feel a more active interest in the success of Boston's schools. Therefore I want to bring you a few facts as to the excellent qualifications of James Mahoney of the South Boston High School for the place soon to be open, in the head-mastership of that school.

My inspiration in life was obtained in his classroom in the English High School some fifteen years ago and I have enjoyed a close and intimate friendship with Mr. Mahoney ever since. But this is not what I want to impress, for there is a side of his work that possibly could not come to you better than from me. It is that of industrial potentiality—the guidance of young men into channels of useful employment—a work that I consider most valuable as supplementary to pedagogical training. I can cite you the names of many men referred me by him who have made a success of life in the shoe and leather industry, and I know of other industries likewise favored with clean cut men under his indorsement.

The broad scope of his work was well known to me in my work on the Industrial Education Committee of the Boston Chamber of Commerce. His membership in the South Boston Improvement Association and his activities in the industrial development of that section of

the City should accent his availability to a post identified with education progress.

As a Scholar I could quote you many examples but they are already in your possession. Enough for me to state that if you need a big man mentally, a strong man industrially, in his ability to give the young men under his charge (and my son will enjoy this, I hope) a better chance in life, you will consider well his qualifications.

In hearty indorsement, I am,

(Signed) ARTHUR D. ANDERSON,
Editor.

F. T. SLATTERY Co.
154-155-156-158 Tremont Street
Boston

May 15, 1914.

DR. FRANKLIN B. DYER,
Superintendent of Schools,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir:

Having heard there may be a vacancy for position as Head Master of the South Boston High School in the near future, I take the liberty of writing you in the interest of my former teacher and friend, Mr. James Mahoney.

I had the pleasure of being one of Mr. Mahoney's pupils, as did three of my brothers, and I believe him to be one of the finest and most honorable men I have ever met. His clean and honorable record and his devotion to teaching have equipped him for any vacancy and I trust he will receive your kind consideration.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) ERNEST MANAHAN.

Boston Young Men's
Christian Association

THE
CO-OPERATIVE ENGINEERING SCHOOL
BOSTON, MASS.

316 Huntington Ave.
Tel. Back Bay 4400

April 27, 1914.

MR. FRANKLIN B. DYER,
Superintendent of Schools,
Mason St., Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir:

In consequence of the current rumor that there are to be one or two retirements of high school headmasters this coming June, I am taking the liberty of calling your attention to Mr. James Mahoney, head of the English Department of the South Boston High School, and formerly instructor in history at the Boston English High School, as a man well equipped for one of these vacancies.

As a student of his at the Boston English High School during the years 1902-1906, and particularly as a student whose appreciation of his scholarly attitude and fairmindedness has steadily increased since passing from his influence, I recommend his consideration as a man who cannot have other than an influence in the right direction in the education of our high school students.

Although still a young man I have realized for several years that the average American misses much in literature, history, etc., largely because his public school training has not given him the appreciation of these subjects which should start, at least, in youth; and I believe Mr. Mahoney would do much toward building up this early appreciation of these subjects.

Trusting that you may be interested in this information concerning Mr. Mahoney, I am

Yours truly,

(Signed) LOREN N. DOWNS, JR.

Instructor in Electrical Engineering.

ELECTRICAL DEPARTMENT.

288 St. Botolph Street.

Letters from the teachers whom James Mahoney was connected with, while an instructor in the South Boston High School, may be interesting:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

During the school year of 1908-1909 I served as instructor of English in the South Boston High School. The Head of the Department of English, Mr. James Mahoney, was my immediate superior and director in the conduct of my classes.

As a man and fellow-teacher, I always found Mr. Mahoney to be most respectful, considerate, courteous, a perfect gentleman in all things and filled with fidelity towards his co-workers and his superiors. His business seemed to be always to attend to his own affairs.

As a teacher, I had the privilege of observing his work and I noted the efficiency he displayed in handling hard classes in difficult subjects.

Of his ability as an executive—as head of the department in which I served—I am well qualified to speak. At the monthly meetings of the English Department the organization of the department was made evident and from the records of these meetings one can readily learn that order and system is the basis of Mr. Mahoney's plan.

The English course in South Boston High, which was evolved by Mr. Mahoney, is most admirable. An especial feature which I recall being the requirement of a daily theme for all pupils.

STEPHEN J. MURDOCK.

DORCHESTER HIGH SCHOOL.

16 June, 1911.

MY DEAR MR. MAHONEY:

During the two years that I have been a teacher in the South Boston High School there has been nothing to be regretted in our relationship as teachers, and I consider it very pleasant to have spent these two years together. My first impressions of S. B. H. were made while I was an assistant in the same home room with you, and they have been good impressions.

Yours truly,

June 16, 1911.

(Signed) HATTIE L. GATES.

MY DEAR MR. MAHONEY:

In all my dealings with the teachers of our school, I have endeavored to maintain cordial and friendly relations. I have not found you an exception. On your part you have been willing to meet me half way, and to offer friendly assistance.

I am glad to take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation of the harmony that has existed between us.

Yours truly,

(Signed) A. F. CAMPBELL.

SOUTH BOSTON HIGH SCHOOL.

June 15, 1911.

HIGH SCHOOL, SOUTH BOSTON,

June 16, 1911.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

In all my dealings with Mr. James Mahoney I have always found him gentlemanly and courteous.

BERTHA VOGEL.

PELHAM, N. H., July 13, 1911.

MY DEAR MR. MAHONEY:

In response to your request, I am very glad to write what I can. My service in the South Boston High School covering only the last year and my position there being only a temporary one, I am a little hesitant about the propriety of any statement from me. However, as everything I saw in the school was the happiest possible, it is a pleasure to have an opportunity to testify as to my impressions.

From the very first day I spent at South Boston I was impressed with the high character, the effective work, and the hearty co-operative spirit of all the teachers. I never saw anything to make me think any teacher should be excepted in the foregoing statement.

You were very kind to me, and I always valued your assistance in all those matters that came up between us. I have heard only words of respect for your work at South Boston.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) MARY A. COTTER.

MR. MAHONEY,

Dear Sir:

It gives me great pleasure to voice here the expression of my sincere feeling of respect for you. In many friendly chats I have always found you the scholar, the courteous gentleman and the kindly colleague. In the meetings of the faculty, I have frequently admired your views on questions under discussion as I have felt that they were backed by strong and sincere convictions.

Kindly accept this as the expression of my true regard for you and of my best wishes for your welfare.

Yours truly,

HENRIETTE GOLDSTEIN.

SOUTH BOSTON HIGH SCHOOL,

June the fifteenth, 1911.

Extracts from a letter Mrs. Goldstein wrote to Miss Mahoney after Mr. Mahoney's death:

"Our classrooms in South Boston High were on the same floor and nearly opposite. Many a pleasant chat in either French or German (both at first my native tongues) revealed to me his lofty ideals. Like myself, he believed our pupils must be trained not only industrially, or for the practical arts, but that insistence must be laid on the gentle arts that make for courtesy, kindness and charity."

"Though differing in faiths, we met on ethical grounds."

"A further proof of his kindness was afforded me when I taught in his department. His sympathy with the difficulties I encountered and which I freely discussed with him, his broad tolerance in accepting my views of how the subject was to be handled, permitting me to carry out my own ideas, are facts which, even more than the many pleasant talks we had, make me cherish his memory in gratitude and respect."

Reasons submitted by James Mahoney why he should have been appointed to one of the Head-masterships which were vacant in June,

I. Education:

- (1) Public Schools, North Brookfield.
- (2) Amherst College (*Magna cum laude* degree; Prizes; Phi Beta Kappa, etc.).
- (3) Johns Hopkins University, Post-Graduate Course.
- (4) Post-Graduate Courses:
 - (a) Burlington Summer School of Languages (Diploma).
 - (b) Boston University Law School (Member of Massachusetts and also of United States Bar).
 - (c) University of Berlin, Germany (Special courses, including science of education).

II. Experience as Teacher:

- A. (1) Worcester High School, 3 years.
(2) English High School, Boston, 19 years.
(3) South Boston High School, 7 years.
(4) Catholic Literary Union, 4 years.
- B. (1) Received at beginning of this experience in Boston a *Grade A* certificate entitling him to serve in any position in the School Department.
(2) Entered the Department as *Substitute* in the English High School; and then, in due time and in regular succession, and with corresponding increase of salary, passed through the following grades of rank:—*Junior Master on Probation, Junior Master, Master, Master on Permanent Tenure*; and then *Master, Head of the English Department*, South Boston High School.
(3) In the Business School of the Catholic Literary Union of Charlestown, has served four years as *Principal*.

III. Experience as an Executive:

(NOTE: 30 years of success as a disciplinarian, particularly in handling large classes of unruly boys, shows executive ability in the school meaning of that term.)

(1) Organized and has kept in existence for 20 years, the Public School Art League, which has placed about twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of pictures and casts in various public schools.

(2) Service in connection with various Associations, *e. g.*, (a) Treasurer of *Salon Français* for many years; (b) on Board of Directors of English High School Association; (c) Committee on Education of the Trade Association of South Boston.

(3) Seven years, as Head of the English Department, South Boston High School: Has organized and directed the work so well that he received a letter of praise from Assistant-Superintendent Thompson (in charge) who described his work as "Organized Experience."

(4) As Principal of Catholic Literary Union Business School for four years (member of School Board for five years), he drew up the Course of Study; selected and hired the teachers; brought up the registration of the school from approximately 70 to nearly 500—this by securing the active co-operation of prominent men, clubs, societies, etc., of the District; made out the schedule of classes, etc., and kept the entire school working harmoniously and efficiently. The teachers testify that the teaching there has been the pleasantest in their experience.

IV. Personal knowledge of and sympathy with the people who send their children to the High Schools:

(1) He always lives in the district where his school is situated; this fact in itself inspires confidence and esteem.

(2) He has had in his classes about 6,000 students, many of whom are now successful men of affairs and are sending their children to the schools.

(3) Takes an active part in local affairs, *e. g.*, is a member of the South Boston Trade Association and of the South Boston Citizens' Association.

V. Broad Knowledge of the Science and Art of Education:

He has made it a lifelong study (1) in his own classes; (2) as an active member of the National Educational Association; (3) by special courses in the University of Berlin; (4) study of the Prussian system of Education under the direction of the Prussian Minister of Education.

VI. Strength of Personality and Character:

This is a matter of more consequence than all the rest, for the training of young people is, ninety per cent. moral, and depends on the moral strength of the teacher rather than on the words he uses. Mr. Mahoney's sincerity of purpose and courage and strength of character is evidenced (1) by certificates of his own teachers and friends; (2) by testimony of teachers and school authorities who had best opportunity to observe his work; (3) by testimony of parents and former students—many of whom are now prominent in various walks of life; (4) and above all his courage and strength of character have been tested and proved by the nature of the opposition which he has encountered.

NELLIE M. MAHONEY.

CHAPTER VIII

**Wilt thou play to me as I die, sweet child,
So that my soul may be snatched up
And whirled into the bosom of God?*

—James Mahoney.

*Dead—but the death was fitting:
His life, to the latest breath,
Was poured like wax on the chart of right,
And is sealed by the stamp of Death!*

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

*So when a good man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him
Shines upon the paths of men.*

—James Russell Lowell.

**They only the victory win,
Who have fought the good fight, and have vanquished
The demon that tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the
world holds on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight, if need
be, to die.
Speak, History! who are Life's victors?
Unroll thy long annals, and say,
Are they whom the world called the victors—
Who won the success of the day?
The martyrs or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ's
tryst.
Or the Persians or Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Plato
or Christ?*

—William Wetmore Story.

RETROSPECT

Thus passed, in James Mahoney, a rare character. The story has been told of victories over difficulties, in his public and professional career, when he was in sight of all men, by those who knew of it. There is, however, as is true of all men, the intimacies of the family, the charm of social hours, precious to all who shared it, but too sacred to be rudely unveiled.

It would be a pity, however, to leave unsaid a lesson to be drawn from incidental sidelights, which, like fossils in the memory, can indicate to the sympathetic eye the color and form of what is holy remembrance to those who were with him at his ease at home.

* The above quotations were found in James' pocketbook after his death.

There is, for example, at the very end, his pastor, Rev. Robert J. Johnson of South Boston, who came at the very first breath of the dread news from the West to console the stricken sisters. From that on, the church portion of the funeral arrangements was entirely taken over by the pastor. It was no light task for a busy clergyman, for this was a semi-public funeral, with a great concourse of mourners from many walks in life.

He was "an ideal parishioner" observed the pastor, which would explain, perhaps, why this pastor would not only relieve the family of all concern in the church arrangements, but would go to the grave, sixty-eight miles away, at the risk of his own life (he was in feeble health and died three months later) to pay the last full tribute to the departed.

Rev. Owen McGee's grief for his friend had to find an outlet at once by getting in touch with the sisters (by telephone, as he lives in Springfield), and his most consoling words are still ringing in their ears.

Again there was President Dakin of his class at Amherst, a lawyer who rushed away while on vacation, without a thought of delay, and stayed by the family until they could resume in some measure their normal routine. His care, thoughtfulness and tactful sympathy endured in the ensuing years, a living help in sorrow.

A friend of long standing was Basil Gavin who gladly devoted a large measure of his time in the final days to aid the Mahoney sisters, although at the time struggling with family sorrows of his own. This is a test, indeed, of friendship.

There was in the midst of the last rites, a hitch about train arrangements to North Brookfield. At once James J. Phelan, the banker, cleared the way. He ensured the stopping of an express train at East Brookfield, the rail connecting point, and a special train to North Brookfield for the funeral party. It was a stroke of friendship at a time when such things count.

Many years back when his sister Mary was ill to the death for more than a year in North Brookfield and James was busy in Boston, he was never too busy to miss the run to the old home to stay over Saturday and cheer his sister. Every week in the long waiting he sent her flowers and choicest fruits from Boston. Who shall say that such unremitting devotion did not lighten another's burden?

At the beginning of his sister's sickness he began the study of medicine. His close study of medical books combined with his closer study of his patient enabled him to do much to relieve her sufferings.

A curious and somewhat important incident grew out of his remarkable fondness for his mother. This fondness for a mother is, of course, nothing unusual in a son, but it led Mahoney to install a

telephone connection between his Boston home and that of his mother in North Brookfield. This was the first "farmer line" of the telephone, which has since grown to enormous dimensions.

Out of this Mahoney line into the country came a great number of subscribers on farms there, and a telephone official said, "It was a revelation to him to find that farmers cared anything about a telephone, and that it revealed a new and wholly unexpected field of enterprise.

"James often said to me," says his sister Nellie, "when I would tell him about some difficulties that beset me, 'Be true to mother and father and do what they would want you to do and things will come out all right.'

"James and his mother were boon companions. I think he never really got over the shock of her death. He parted with her in the old home in the country about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, in apparently good health.

"He called her upon the phone in Boston about 6 o'clock, which was his daily custom, and I had to tell him that she was passing away. He secured an auto as quickly as possible and took great care to enquire about the auto and was positively assured that the machine was in excellent condition in every way, and capable of going twice the distance without further attention, and started for home. The machine got to Worcester. New batteries had to be secured and the chauffeur was then positive that the machine was in perfect condition.

"They started on and the machine worked beautifully until they were going up Leicester hill when it began to slack up and, as they neared the center of Spencer, it suddenly stopped. The chauffeur discovered that the gasoline was all out. It was now about midnight. He tried to secure a team but failed. Fortunately a late street car came along, and he covered the rest of the distance in that. 'I couldn't telephone,' he said, 'as I couldn't take a minute for that, I wanted to reach mother.'"

Mahoney delighted in the old days, in talking over farming methods with his father and many summers he did all the machine work in haying. His own pursuits took him away from the farm in planting and harvesting time.

But the business of farming had a fascination for him, that made his stays at the North Brookfield home, when his father lived, rare occasions for both of them, and he endeavored to visit home on an average of once a month. After his father's death he went home every week, regardless of the weather, until they closed the old home and his mother went to live with him.

Another phase, hardly expected in one so exclusively academic in his own work, was his skill as a machinist, which made him a decidedly

useful man on the farm during the summer haying. He was the first one to buy a corn harvester in that section of the country.

It may be mentioned here that before he was injured he was not merely an active child but, for one so young, a remarkable athlete, jumping, vaulting and running in a way far beyond his years.

In recreation his tastes ran to croquet playing, driving, swimming, boating and fishing, and he had some experience on the deep sea. He was good at all of these.

There is something pathetic in a note written on the back of his instruction ticket in the Brookline swimming pool: "The last lesson, December 20, 1897, I swam 40 feet on my back, tied hand and foot."

While studying in Berlin, he joined a tennis club. He could not play tennis but he had a passion for exercise, even to merely seeing it.

Of the more sedentary amusements, chess and whist were favorites. He was a skilled player at both games and took a high intellectual pleasure in them.

He was an omnivorous reader. He always had a book by him and it never surprised the family to see him carry one to the dining table.

Concerts were hardly in the category of amusements with him, as he took them very seriously, but he was indefatigable in attending them. He had given considerable time to the study of music, both vocal and instrumental.

Art museums were nearer an amusement, but he devoted much study and reflection to what he saw. Natural history was almost a passion with Mahoney and lectures on such subjects were a sure attraction for him, but he was too busy for much field work.

"A day or two before James left he made this remark to us, 'I have never done anything that I conscientiously felt was not right. And I owe my start in life to the home influences which were the very best for honesty and study.' He felt that success should be won by hard work and honorable conduct and ability to do the work."

Mahoney was deeply interested in what is called the "teacher-mother" movement, a somewhat abstruse educational question, but illustrating Mahoney's intense zeal in furthering improvements in teaching methods. Without pretending to even attempt a complete definition, "teacher-mothers" do for their own children, on a general scale, what a few noted mothers have done remarkably well; using their unequalled opportunities with their children, in the most impressionable years; also of course, availing themselves of their greatest intimacy and influence to educate their children themselves.

Three or four such women have attained astonishing results. A Pittsburgh girl was a veritable marvel at such ages as 8, 10, and 12 years. Out of this was founded a league, now of world-wide influence, that is systematizing this home teaching and attaining remarkable results.

A passionate love for children was probably also a determining cause of Mahoney's interest in this movement. The founder of the Teacher-Mother League, Miss Ella Frances Lynch, of Bryn Mawr, Pa., throws an illuminating sidelight on this phase of Mahoney's character. Speaking of his share, necessarily small but gladly given, in developing this home teaching, she observes: "I find it hard to put into words the glimpses I had of rare, fine qualities in your brother. He was so interested in human beings. The crowded city streets, the busy corners seemed to him constant reminders of the work from which he never permitted himself to rest,—the great work of making this world a better place for the poor, the unfortunate and the little children."

Said Alfred S. Roe, principal of the school, Mahoney taught in Worcester:

"When the school had in hand the memorizing of the 'Watch on the Rhine,' in its native German, Mr. Mahoney produced, one day, to the evident admiration of the entire school a fine rendering of the German classic in superb English.

"As far as the school was concerned, Mr. Mahoney could have remained indefinitely, but ambition for higher attainments possessed him and he left us for work in Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. It has been a great pleasure to follow him in his Boston work and to know of his success.

"In calling upon him, once in his apartments, I found he had ever kept up a thorough training, physically, and the arm that he submitted to my inspection was worthy an athlete. The last time that I remember seeing him was in the assembly hall of St. Ann's Parochial School, where, at the invitation of Rev. Doctor McCoy, the Rector, he gave a most illuminating address concerning the influence of the Catholic church. Some of it unconscious, on the poetry of the great literary lights of the British people.

"Little did I think that it was to be my last meeting with a man who, in the order of nature, should have survived me many years. I am glad, however, that I am permitted to express in this manner my regard and appreciation of an exceedingly capable and cultured teacher."

One friend speaking of Mahoney said, "His presence was a benediction." Another, "He was a king among men."

His classmates summed up another view, in their tribute to the departed: "In our class relationship," quoting from a joint tribute at the time of his death, "which has enriched our lives he grew more and more tolerant and sympathetic with those who perhaps saw as through the clouds about its base, the heights upon which he dwelt. The force of his character was cumulative and we cannot but regret that it could not have rounded out into the fullness of its promise."

An abiding love of animals, had its roots, perhaps, in the trait that made him so sure in dealing with children.

The characteristic was innate. It was almost full flowered in his boyhood, when he could people an old cellar near his home with beautiful fairy beings, so dear to childhood, and keep his sister entranced for hours with his stories of eyrie doings there. The icicles are recalled as becoming fairly alive to the young and wonder-working imagination of his younger playmates.

The last tributes at his home brought many touching evidences of reverence, for one who was essentially a very private type of man. The flowers alone were eloquent in their really amazing quantity. His last rest in his own home was amid veritable banks of most beautiful blossoms. They poured into the house to the very last minute.

The key to all this is not far to seek. It was a real interest and sympathy with others; a genuine eagerness to do for them, even in slight matters; an unfailing willingness to make the path of others smoother, their lives brighter; to multiply their fortunate moments; to soften the blows that come to all, as far as possible. His very life breath was the glory of service.

Requiescat in Pace.

JAMES W. MCCOY.

CHAPTER IX

*Weep, ye who sorrow for the dead,
Thus breaking hearts their pain relieve,
And revered are the tears ye shed,
And honored ye who grieve.
The praise of those who sleep in earth,
The pleasant memory of their worth,
The hope to meet when life is past,
Shall heal the tortured mind at last.*

—Bryant.

*But friendship in its greatest height
A constant rational delight
On virtue's basis fixed to last
When love's allurements long are past.*

—Swift.

*Not for thyself we weep—
Too early fallen asleep,
Before the dust and footsore of gray time
Had wearied thee, and dimmed day's golden prime.
For thou hast won the race
Where longer lives do vainly sue for place;
And evermore thy memories belong
To native land and song.
But for ourselves, who ne'er again may know
The hand's strong clasp, the smile so sudden bright,
The cheery voice, the sunny eye's delight—
Alas! what use the haunting truth to flee—
'Tis for thyself we grieve, and only thee!*

—Mary Elizabeth Blake.

*There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.*

—Longfellow.

*How could he rest? even when he trod
The threshold of the world unknown;
Already, from the seat of God,
A ray upon his garments shone;—*

*Shone and awoke the strong desire
For love and knowledge reached not here,
Till, freed by death, his soul of fire
Sprang to a fairer, ampler sphere.*
—Bryant.

*Yet all may win the triumphs thou hast won.
Still flows the fount whose waters strengthened thee,
The victors' names are yet too few to fill
Heaven's mighty roll; the glorious armory,
That ministered to thee, is open still.*
—Bryant.

TRIBUTES FROM FRIENDS

There was a flood of warm tributes to the character of James Mahoney sent to his family at the time of his death, some of which are given herewith.

CONCORD, MASS.,
September 9, 1915.

DEAR LADIES:

While I should regard it as a privilege to accept your invitation to your esteemed brother's funeral on Saturday, and you are quite at liberty to use my name as one of the pall-bearers, yet the hour is so early that I fear I could not, from this distance, and at my advanced years, arrive in time for the duty.

I had depended on meeting him again, and talking with him on those interesting experiences of his, in this country and abroad, which he mentioned in our too brief conversation here.

But this is a world of disappointments, of which I have had my share, and of regrets that must be unavailing. Believe me that I sympathize with you in this bereavement, and that I am most truly,

Yours faithfully,

F. B. SANBORN.

THE MISSES KATE AND NELLIE MAHONEY,
South Boston.

MY DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

I can only write of Mr. Mahoney with such regret as I would experience by a loss in my own family. His death has left for me, and I feel sure for others who have known him, a void, which time is only enlarging. The craving for his company, his fellowship, his advice, grows stronger instead of diminishing, because it was something that cannot be replaced.

Mr. Mahoney's friendship was ideal. There were no limitations to its bounds. His conception of the duties, the consideration of friend for friend were infinite, or rather, as he might have put it, the pleasures of giving to one's friends were boundless. For it was for him to give, and he did, lavishly and unstintingly. Not that his duties allowed him to see even his intimate friends very often, but the feeling, the bond that unites was there, and if he could but assist or guide, or advise in any way, his friendship knew no bounds or measure, his time, his talents, his friends were yours. I am not optimistic enough to feel that such a friend can come twice into a man's life.

Mr. Mahoney was one of the broadest men I have ever met. I think it was the first time I met him, a gentleman of a foreign nationality was present, and in his conversation alluded to some incident in his country's history. The topic offered opportunity for discussion, Mr. Mahoney entered the conversation, and I listened with surprise as I heard him discuss with detailed knowledge episodes in the history of this ordinarily little-known state. It was a significant incident, introducing me to the wonderful mass of knowledge that he had accumulated, and that always seemed ready at hand, and never forgotten. My conversations with him were always of the very keenest interest to me. The detail that he possessed was wonderful, but it never in any way clouded or obscured his grasp of a subject as a whole, or the broadness or tolerance of his viewpoint. I recall so many interesting conversations, when it was my privilege to hear Mr. Mahoney's views and opinions on some of the subjects in which he was interested. I remember his explanations of business-law, his clear-cut definitions of the schools of philosophy, his interest in certain works of art. We attended the opera together, and his knowledge of music at first surprised me as much as his translation for me of some of the text of *Il Trovatore* one evening, before I knew that he read Italian, as he did German and French, and Greek and Latin. It is needless to recount, however, for his friends were aware of the wonderful breadth of his learning, as well as the broad calm viewpoint he took of it all.

But I might say that perhaps I was brought more in contact with Mr. Mahoney along business lines, than were many of his friends. We talked business, because I relied on his business advice and judg-

ment. I remember our meeting a business-man at a trade-dinner, and after the dinner was over, he gave me an estimate of the man in his own judgment. It was very much at variance with the common estimate, and especially at this particular banquet where the man in question was among friends. Within two years Mr. Mahoney's estimate and prophesy was proved correct, to the extreme surprise of many associates of this man.

I would like to emphasize one point. Although possessed of such a grasp of detail as he had, Mr. Mahoney was absolutely removed from what some might call the "school-master" type. He knew the subject he was teaching well, all will admit, but I now recall with surprise, that in the years I knew him, he never once touched on the subject of "English," and there were so many other subjects that were discussed between us that, except for certain specific books on which I questioned him for an opinion, we never touched on literature. Either intentionally, thru a desire not to "talk shop" or because of the multitude of other subjects at his command, Mr. Mahoney never mentioned the subject which, during the years when I knew him, he was specializing in.

I shall always remember an automobile trip we took together to the Brookfield country. I shall never forget his enthusiasm as we neared his own old country. His extreme delight in pointing out to me all the sights and points of interest. We drove beyond the towns, and up Coy's Hill, where he showed me the panorama of the whole beautiful country, and with what loving interest, and enthusiastic loyalty, he showed me each familiar spot. Then we went down, and across to where he was born in Hardwick, and then back to the dearest spot for him, his own home in the hills. We had luncheon on the hillside, up beyond his house, overlooking a beautiful stretch of country, and the love and appreciation of this man, for his home, and for nature in her beauty, was to me a mark of his own greatness.

He loved his home, and his family, and his friends. His respect and admiration for his parents was as beautiful as his care and love for his sisters. I have tried to express his feelings towards his friends. His students too shared in the warmth and kindness of his nature. I have been at his house, when he was rushed and harassed with the work of two schools, and have seen him go downstairs and listen to some youngster's tale, as if he had no other worry in the world, and then cheer him, with kind words of comfort and advice. I have seen him take his time and go out of his way, to meet a boy's parents, in order to make some suggestion, or give some word of warning. Then when the boy had finished school, and was unsuccessful in finding work, I have seen Mr. Mahoney again call on his time, and see that the boy was well started before he left him. And then I have seen him, time and again, stopped in the street by some successful business

or professional man, and thanked with the most profound gratitude for the part he had had in making their success. For this, indeed, was his life's work. Disappointments were his, and bitter ones to a man so straightforward, so fair, but if the success he earned and deserved had only been allowed him, it would only have meant an enlarging of his influence for good. It was the pupils who were the losers. To those who came in contact with him, and worked with him, he gave all he had, if his position and authority had been increased as was so well deserved, this influence would have only been so much broadened. He sought neither honors nor influence for himself, for Mr. Mahoney was a practical idealist. He idealized his work. For him, it was a glorious calling, and he threw all his enthusiasm, his talents, his life into his work, realizing practically his idealism for those with whom he worked. Such, indeed, is the real call of teaching, to instruct, yes, but to do far more, to guide, to help, to advise, to take a real interest in the young, to feel a real moral responsibility, to even fill the place of a parent, when the parent is weak or wrong, such is the call of teaching idealized, and such a teacher was James Mahoney, a light in that calling, the like of whom it will be hard to find again.

To you, Miss Mahoney, his sister, we who have lost him as a friend can only offer our sincerest sympathy, for your loss of him, as a brother.

Sincerely yours,

BASIL GAVIN.

DR. THOMAS F. LEEN
19 BAY STATE ROAD
BOSTON, MASS.

Mr. James Mahoney, of rugged honesty and fair-play, held a peculiar position in the schools of Boston, which he so passionately loved. Probably the greatest scholar among its teachers, a department head in English, the first student in his class at Amherst, a post-graduate at Johns Hopkins and the University of Berlin, a lawyer and an authority on international law, a fluent conversationalist of several languages, and a practical believer in sabbatical years for the welfare of his pupils, with such qualifications it may easily be seen how he was intellectually head and shoulders above his colleagues.

This ability should have brought prompt promotion but instead brought envy, jealousy, and prejudice from his colleagues, and made him a marked man to be destroyed by any means, fair or foul, by those seeking similar promotion. Many times he had told me about the unfair methods used against him, and while I was a member of the School Board an instance arose which substantiated his statement, and was jocosely passed over by the other members of the Board.

He was a distinct loss, and his persecution was one of the factors of shortening his life, Boston thereby losing one of its staunch citizens.

THOMAS F. LEEN,

Member of the School Board, 1911-1914.

October 10, 1916.

Wednesday.

MY DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

Since your message came Sunday evening I have been able to think of little else. Your brother's untimely passing is inexpressibly sad and I feel very deeply for you and for your sister. From the days in English High—now twenty-two years ago—when as a boy of fifteen I first came under his influence I always counted him my steadfast friend, and I owe to him much more than I can possibly put in words. His splendid courage was an inspiration and that wonderful fidelity to the best that was in him made him a man it is good to have been permitted to know. I shall honor his memory as long as I live.

It is heart-rending, I know, not to have been able to console his last hours; he so often and in little unobtrusive ways made plain the warmth of his affection for his sisters—and there will come the blank and the numbing reaction that will be hard to bear.

In days to come his fine spirit will grow for you; it will be a light that cannot be taken away.

If I can be of any possible assistance, Saturday or another day, I beg you not to hesitate to call on me.

With sincerest sympathy to you both, I remain,

Yours very truly,

GEORGE G. WOLKINS.

WEST ROXBURY.

8th September.

69 BAY STATE ROAD, BOSTON,

September 7, 1915.

MY DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

I am most sorry to hear of the death of your brother for whom I had a very high regard. I extend to you my deepest sympathy.

If it will please you I shall be most glad to act as an honorary pall-bearer. When you know the exact day and hour of the funeral service will you kindly have some one telephone my secretary, Miss Taylor, 271 Back Bay, or to the Harvard Club to me personally.

With warmest regards, I am,

Sincerely,

HERBERT S. JOHNSON.

Extract from another letter:

"I have always regarded Mr. James Mahoney as a man of exceptionally fine character. A number of my friends and I were so much impressed by his sterling honesty that we considered asking him to run for mayor of Boston within the past ten years. We had never given up the project. It is entirely possible that if Mr. Mahoney had lived, he might have been the nominee for mayor within the next few years."

ST. PATRICK'S RECTORY.
MONSON, MASS.

September 7, 1915.

DEAR FRIENDS:

The shocking news of your brother's death was learned this morning with the deepest regret.

James Mahoney was a great man and those whose good fortune it was to be well acquainted with him, knew him to be both humble and kind. The Catholic circles in and around Boston have good reason to mourn his loss, for it has been their conviction that he had been of late years a real power in their midst.

I am sure you are proud of your close relationship to him. His greatness and goodness will make your cross the heavier to bear, but be grateful to God for having given you such a brother, and let your prayer be "Thy will be done."

May he rest in peace.

With the deepest sympathy for you both in your hour of sorrow, I beg to remain,

Your dear friend,

JAMES DONAHUE.

53 STATE STREET, BOSTON,
September 7, 1915.

MISS KATHERINE A. MAHONEY,
South Boston, Mass.

Dear Miss Mahoney:

Your note of September 6 came to me as a sudden sad surprise. When your brother was last at the office he told me of his intended trip to the Fair on the Coast, and I pictured him as enjoying a trip in the West.

It is now a time when I know only too well how little can be said to comfort you, but in the words of a hero of 1915 I know he found death "the most beautiful adventure of Life."

Very sincerely,

JOSEPH J. HEARD.

24 BROOKDALE STREET, ROSLINDALE, BOSTON.

September 12, 1915.

DEAR MADAM:

Although a stranger to you personally, I want to tender my profound sympathy in your great affliction.

My acquaintance with your brother began in the old North Brookfield days, as boys together, when we learned chess and talked philosophy, even then. Our paths led apart and we were both middle-aged when we met again, but for the last 20 years, we met fairly frequently and they were red letter days for me. He had become, of course, a learned educator, but for me he was the old time "Jim" Mahoney.

It is a saddening reflection to me to recall my last meeting with him. There came to me then the resolve that, come what would, the chance of renewing with firmer and more attentive care the lifelong acquaintance would not go unimproved.

I was prepared with what appeared to me to be some useful hints on his proposed work, when, in the midst of it all, came the news from the West. It came almost like a blow of fate.

Yours very truly,

JAMES W. MCCOY.

TO MISS KATE A. MAHONEY,
72 G Street, South Boston.

HOMER ALBERS
Counselor-At-Law
Sears Building, Boston

August 10, 1916.

MISS NELLIE M. MAHONEY,
North Brookfield, Mass.

DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

On my return from vacation I find your letter. Of course you may publish the letters from Mrs. Albers and from me, if you care to. Mrs. Albers and I both had a high appreciation of the ability, courtesy and friendship of your brother, James Mahoney. I felt very keenly his loss. If there is anything I can do for you, or if you desire to have me write anything further, I will gladly do so.

Sincerely yours,

HOMER ALBERS.

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

February 20, 1917.

MY DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

Pardon this belated acknowledgment of your letter, but extra retreat work must serve as my apology for the delay.

Make whatever use you please of my remarks about your dear departed brother.

He was a *thorough man*, endowed with the fine qualities of intelligent, sterling manhood; he was a *thorough teacher*, gifted beyond the ordinary with the power of communicating knowledge to others, while he also possessed a rare patience and a deep sympathy with the youthful aspirant after learning; and he was a *thorough Christian*, holding firmly and practically by those lofty moral principles which build up the highest type of upright manhood.

Very sincerely,

THOMAS I. GASSON, S. J.

FORMERLY PRESIDENT OF BOSTON COLLEGE.

Boston, Massachusetts.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CATHOLIC CHARITIES
OFFICE OF THE CONFERENCE SECRETARY

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
November 3, 1915.

DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

I was deeply grieved yesterday when I learned of your brother's death. I send you the assurance of my sympathy and of the hope that James has found his assured peace in God. I know that you will bear this sorrow with obedient grace, in the conviction that our peace is found only in the will of God.

I met James for the first time when we were fellow students in Berlin. He impressed me then as a man of ideals and character. When I met him here after many years, during which we were out of touch, I found the same evidence of force and purpose, the same sympathy for others and the astounding determination that enabled him to overcome obstacles that would have discouraged most men.

I shall pray for his happy repose and remember him with admiration.

Very sincerely,

W. J. KERBY.

REV. JAMES TODD, D. D.
821 East Broadway,
Pastor, Fourth Presbyterian Church.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.
September 27, 1915.

MISS NELLIE M. MAHONEY.

Dear Madam:

It is with great regret I have learned of the death of your dear brother, and my friend, Prof. Mahoney, of our High School. I

would have added to the company that honored him finally by attending his funeral, but absence from home, and illness prevented me. I beg to express for you my strongest sympathies in your bereavement, and may the Holy Spirit of the living God comfort you.

He is not lost, but gone before to await all true believers in Jesus, and we shall meet together in His Holy Name.

Cordially yours,

JAMES TODD.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
Bureau of Education
WASHINGTON

September 20, 1915.

MISS NELLIE M. MAHONEY,
72 G St., South Boston, Mass.

My dear Miss Mahoney:

I am greatly shocked at the news of the death of Mr. James Mahoney. I saw him several times in Oakland and had luncheon with him once or twice during the last week in August. At that time he was looking very well and showed signs of being refreshed by his vacation and his visit to the West.

Permit me to express my sympathy with you and other relatives of Mr. Mahoney in your loss and grief.

Yours sincerely,

P. P. CLAXTON,
Commissioner.

DR. CLARENCE J. BLAKE.

226 MARLBOROUGH STREET, BOSTON.
August 28, 1916.

DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

I am glad to have an opportunity to express my appreciation of the privilege I had in knowing your brother and therefore of having with me the memory of his earnestness in behalf of what he believed to be the right, his scorn of trickery or self seeking and that courage of conviction which would not let him rest until by tongue or pen he had done his part toward furthering that which was best.

Sincerely yours,

CLARENCE JOHN BLAKE.

CARNEGIE INSTITUTION OF WASHINGTON
Department of Historical Research.J. Franklin Jameson
Director1140 Woodward Building
Washington, D. C.
October 12, 1915.

MY DEAR MADAM:

You are right in thinking that I had not heard of your brother's departure, and I thank you for the notification. I am sorry to hear that he has gone. I had known him slightly for many years, and last winter, while he was in Washington, had better opportunities of seeing him. I appreciated his high ideals, his unselfishness and public spirit, his intelligence, and his constant courtesy, and can well understand how grievous the loss of such a brother must be to you.

With my most cordial sympathy, I am,

Very truly yours,
J. F. JAMESON.MISS NELLIE M. MAHONEY,
72 G Street, South Boston,
Massachusetts.

DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

No one could have known your brother without appreciating his unusual qualities of mind and heart.

His interest in his friends and acquaintances was extraordinary and I remember being so much impressed that afternoon, when I sat with you in a box at the Castle Square Theatre, looking out over that great crowd of school children, with his knowledge of and interest in them all.

I am glad to have you say that he "wishes" you to ask me to write this note, as it shows that you are not left alone, that you still have with you the consciousness of his presence.

Thanking you for remembering me, I am,

Yours most sincerely,

ALICE MCCLURE BURR.

MILTON.

August 18, 1916.

104 KINGSTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.
September 8, 1915.

DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

I am very sorry indeed to learn the sad news of your good brother's death in Colorado. I had very great admiration for his splendid qualities, and his masterly ability, and feel sure that he will be

missed, not only by his family, but by a large number of friends, and especially so amongst those associated with the teaching profession.

In answer to your kind request, will say I will be present on Saturday morning to act in the capacity to which you refer.*

Assuring you of my sincere sympathy, I remain,

Respectfully yours,

T. B. FITZPATRICK.

* Mr. Fitzpatrick was a pallbearer.

MISS NELLIE M. MAHONEY,

72 G St., South Boston, Mass.

YALE UNIVERSITY
THE SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

24 LINCOLN ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

I thank you for letting me know of the death of Mr. Mahoney. Among all my teachers, in school and college, he was one of the two or three who influenced me most deeply. I shall always remember him with gratitude and affection and I beg you to accept my deep sympathy in your bereavement.

Sincerely yours,

C.-E. A. WINSLOW.

Mr. Allen Ripley Foote, President
National Tax Association, Columbus, Ohio.

315 LINWOOD AVE., COLUMBUS, OHIO.

October 22, 1915.

MISS NELLIE M. MAHONEY,

72 G St., South Boston, Mass.

My dear Madam:

I have yours of the 17th giving me the very sad and unexpected information that Mr. James Mahoney died in Colorado on September 4th.

This deprives me of a pleasure and satisfaction I have been anticipating for some time by expecting to meet him and have many conferences with him, on subjects of mutual interest, in Washington the coming winter.

He commanded my respect and I believe he had the respect and confidence of all who knew him. I can understand the regret at his departure of all of his many relatives and friends, when they realize that he is not to return in the form by which they knew him, but that does not deprive us of the society of his mind.

I thank you for having remembered, in the hour of your grief, to write me regarding him.

Sincerely yours,

ALLEN R. FOOTE.

WM. KNOWLES COOPER
1736 G Street, N. W.
Washington, D. C.

October 26, 1915.

MISS NELLIE M. MAHONEY,
72 G St., South Boston, Mass.

My dear Miss Mahoney:

Your letter to our Mr. Johnson duly received. I am genuinely grieved to know of the death of your brother.

Your brother came to Washington bearing a letter of introduction to me from our mutual friend, Mr. Orr. A friendship immediately sprang up which to me was most instructive and helpful. We frequently met at the Cosmos Club and found many common interests.

Washington is such a busy and transient city that, while I missed your brother, I did not seek to know the reason of his absence from the city.

It was very thoughtful of you to write and tell the sad news. Will you please accept on behalf of the Association and myself personally our deepest sympathy in your bereavement.

You have the very great satisfaction of knowing that your brother lived a useful, honorable, and pure life.

Very sincerely yours,

WM. KNOWLES COOPER.

THE HILLSIDE
Waltham
Massachusetts

August 28, 1916.

MY DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

I value the memory of your brother, and I valued his friendship, because I always found him interested in the realities of things as compared to the artificialities and conventionalities that make up the mental and spiritual equipment of so many well-meaning people. Because of this inherent sincerity of character he was frank and outspoken in his hatred of evil, which is the necessary accompaniment of the love of good. He was merciful to the weak, but a pronounced enemy of all weakness, and this gave him the power, in his relations with men as well as children, to "strengthen the weak hands and uphold the feeble knees." I think of uprightness and loyalty to his own principles and convictions as the keynote of his character. He was incorruptible.

With high regard,

Very sincerely yours,

ARTHUR A. CAREY.

OAK BLUFFS, MASSACHUSETTS,
September 9, 1915.

MY DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

I am greatly shocked and grieved to learn of the death of your dear brother and my good friend, Mr. James Mahoney. I extend to you my deepest sympathy in the hours of your bereavement. Your loss is very great, and those who knew him well can appreciate this the more. He was a splendid character, a most lovable man and a loyal friend. His death is a distinct loss to the community, especially to the young people of Boston.

I greatly regret that I cannot attend the funeral and act as one of the honorary pall bearers. You will understand, I am sure, that my desire would be to do so if it were possible.

Sincerely yours,

H. C. BENTLEY.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY

BOSTON, September 7, 1915.

MY DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

I am very grieved and shocked to learn of your good brother's death. It seems but a few days since we saw you that Sunday at your house, and though I had not seen him since, I had felt in touch with him, thro' his telephone messages and hearing of him thro' my sister, and it was always a pleasure to talk with, or hear from, him.

I had intended last winter to try to see him in Washington, but my trips were few and I never did it, which I regret now more than ever.

My mother and sister were both terribly shocked to get your message this morning, and my mother asked me particularly to express her profound sympathy to you and your sister. My sister will doubtless write you.

I am so glad, and it must be so great a satisfaction to you both, that your brother had his vacation year and passed it as he wished to, and also that he had the California trip and received the honors to which he was so richly entitled.

He was loved and honored by all who knew him, and though his life is so sadly shortened, if measured by his good deeds and achievements as compared with most men's lives, it shows fullness and completeness.

With sincerest sympathy, believe me,

Very truly yours,

TIM. W. SPRAGUE.

CLEVELAND PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
September 8, '15.

MISS KATE A. M. MAHONEY,
Boston, Massachusetts.

Dear Madam:

I am simply heartbroken over your information concerning the death of your dear brother, Mr. James Mahoney. I feel the bereavement so deeply that I cannot resign myself to the thought of never seeing again in life a friend who has won the heart of everyone who was privileged to know his sterling qualities of soul, of character, of intellect. What a loss to you, to me, to the cause of justice and righteousness!

Only yesterday I wrote him a long intimate letter on his publication, for the U. S. Bureau of Education, to the University Club, Boston. I beg you, when sorting his correspondence later on, to return it to me after reading.

His golden soul, his true big heart, his holy wrath at all injustice, baseness, calumny of individual or race has endeared him to all the new friends at the Cosmos Club, as if he had been ours for an age.

I shall be with you in heart and thought on Saturday during the solemnity, and ever the splendid friend, the excellent man will be unforgotten.

If I ever may be of service to you, his sister, please do not hesitate to command me.

He is with God, and we shall ever feel his blessed presence. Ruhe sanft, Friede seiner Ashe! Pia anima salve!

May God console *you*!

Very respectfully yours,

HERMAN SCHOENFELD,
Professor of Germanics.

GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY.

401 BUNKER HILL ST., CHARLESTOWN.

MISS NELLIE M. MAHONEY,
North Brookfield, Mass.

My dear Miss Mahoney:

First of all accept a rather belated acknowledgment of the studies you were good enough to send me and which represent, I presume, the last serious work your brother James was ever able to do.

They manifest the same painstaking care, the mastery of detail and comprehensive grasp of the subject as a whole, which always characterized his endeavors in his chosen field, as far as I knew it.

I need hardly say to you how sudden the shock, or how poignant

the grief of those who had labored with him here in Charlestown, when the news came to us that James Mahoney was dead.

When last we had seen him, his life seemed so full of promise, that it was difficult for us to understand that he was no more.

A shining mark has in truth departed, and we mourn with you in the loss of one who stood always in our minds as a high type of a kindly, scholarly and courteous Christian gentleman.

Since his death I have thought of him often as one fulfilling to the letter the ideal of the poet when he said:

"E'en as he trod that day, to God
So walked he from his birth,
In simpleness and gentleness
And honor and clean mirth."

May he bring you comfort and peace.

Sincerely yours,

DR. JOHN F. O'BRIEN,

JOHN F. O'BRIEN.

Member Catholic Literary Union.

June 27, 1916.

1463 BEACON ST., BROOKLINE, MASS.,

December 4, 1916.

The death of James Mahoney removes from the educational world one who possessed the ability and intelligence of the college trained man combined with the charm and courtesy of the travelled man of the world. Such representatives of the teachers' profession are all too rare in this day of commercialized talents and inelegant diction.

BARONESS ROSE POSSE.

It was with deep regret that I learned of the sudden passing of James Mahoney. Knowing him for many years, I learned to appreciate his devotion to high ideals, to noble principles and loyalty to his family.

He impressed me as a man of wide intelligence and fine linguistic ability.

WM. T. STRONG.

BOSTON.

December 3, 1916.

OAKWOOD
Perkins Street
Jamaica Plain

September 7, 1915.

MY DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

We were dreadfully shocked by the sad news of your brother's sudden death, and my thoughts are with you every hour, knowing what a great sorrow and loss has come to you.

We indeed feel it in our measure, having lost so good a friend, but I cannot feel that he is far away, and to dwell on his many virtues and what he was to the whole community is a great consolation.

We were looking forward to seeing him after our long absence and now we must look still further forward—to another world.

Will you have the great kindness to let us know, when you are able, of any funeral service that we could attend. He was so good to my children that they would like also to go.

You will not think it presumptuous that we should grieve with you—and offer our deepest sympathy in the losing of one of the best Christians I have ever known.

Yours most sincerely,

ELIZABETH WARD PERKINS.

DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

I am sure that I can do no better than to say how cordially I endorse all that my wife has written you about your brother.

He was indeed a man whom any one would have been proud to be associated with and I wish I could have been more with him in his work and he in mine.

Hoping we will see you when we return to Boston,

Very sincerely yours,

July 24, 1916.

CHARLES BRUEN PERKINS.

WENTWORTH MANSION

PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE

DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

I was surprised and shocked to get your word about the passing of our friend and worker, James Mahoney.

I came across, today, a letter from him, in which he spoke of going to Colorado, and I was wondering if he had got home by this time.

I have been, for many years, associated with Mr. Mahoney in the work of the Public School Art League, which he was so deeply interested in, and kept alive in the face of careless and ill-sustained support; and I learned to respect him very highly, for the stout and chivalrous fight which he kept up.

It was Mrs. Henry Whitman whom I heard characterize him as a "Knight of Old"—and indeed he was that.

He had, we all knew, the courage of his qualities of worth and purpose; but the qualities carried on the small league year in and year out, until its fruits could be counted with real satisfaction and some pride.

I am pleased to be asked to render to him the last token which you ask me to join in.*

I am

respectfully yours

September 8th, 1915.

J. T. COOLIDGE.

* Mr. Coolidge was a pallbearer.

WEST ROXBURY HIGH SCHOOL,
BOSTON, October 8, 1915.

THE MISSES MAHONEY,
72 G St., South Boston, Mass.

Chère Mesdames:

The English Council desires, through its Secretary, to express its sympathy for you in the great loss you have sustained in the death of your beloved brother.

May the record of his scholarly achievements, the sympathy of his associates, and the testimony of his friends comfort you in your sorrow.

Sincerely yours,

MARY I. ADAMS,
Secretary of English Council.

WHEREAS, We, the members of the South Boston Citizens' Association, have with profound sorrow received the sad intelligence of the death of James Mahoney, master of English at the South Boston High School; be it

Resolved That, by his death, this community has lost one of its most respected citizens and gifted educators,—and this Association, one of its most beloved members; be it further

Resolved That, yielding to the will of Him who orders all things for the best, and whose acts are conceived in mercy, we desire to attest our appreciation of his faithful and distinguished service, and to record our love and esteem for one who was a true teacher, a good citizen and a loyal friend; be it further

Resolved That these resolutions be spread upon the record of the Association, and that, in token of our sympathy, a copy hereof be forwarded by the Secretary to the sisters of the deceased.

JAMES E. PRAY.

HENRY J. D. SMALL.

MICHAEL J. MAHONEY.

HYATTSVILLE, MD.

MY DEAR MISS MAHONEY:

It is with great sorrow that we have just heard of the death of your brother, Mr. James Mahoney.

While Mr. Mahoney was in Washington we had the pleasure of knowing him and growing very much attached to him. Word of his death came as a great shock to us all.

Mr. Mahoney and my little ones had become great friends. They had such delightful times when Mr. Mahoney was out here with us and again at their "party" as Mr. Mahoney called a visit we made to him in the city.

I, indeed, wish to express my deepest sympathy to you and your sister in your great bereavement, for we all realize your loss is a very great one.

Sincerely,

ISABEL VAN DUNSTER RYAN.
(Mrs. W. Carson Ryan.)

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF A GREAT SCHOLAR

As one enters the East Boston High School he sees a number of casts of famous works of art. These casts were placed there a few years ago by the Public School Art League, which has expended \$25,000 in this work for the schools. The League was organized and kept in existence for twenty years by the late James Mahoney, a teacher in the schools of Boston for twenty-six years and a man of remarkable ability. A short sketch of his career will be of value to the scholars of the High School and to East Boston people generally.

James Mahoney was an exceptional man. He was a great scholar. He was a master of all the languages. He could speak French and German with the fluency and freedom of the native. He had mastered Greek and Latin, and his friends know that when school supervisors were preparing examinations in these languages to determine the eligibility of candidates for the teaching staff not infrequently did they ask him to prepare the papers. But this was nothing unusual for his great gifts were always at the disposal of others as in the case of a mayor of Boston whose inaugural message received much favorable comment for its treatment of educational matters, which was prepared and written for him by James Mahoney. His knowledge of English was complete. As a writer his style was clear, simple and vigorous. As a speaker he was fluent, logical, eloquent. In conversation he was delightful, a valuable contributor to every discussion, his sparkling wit lighting up his erudition and making it seem the simplest of things. Not alone was James Mahoney exceptional in the languages, he also knew the sciences and was expert at mathematics. He was also versed in all branches of the law, and was a member of the Massachusetts and Federal Bars. In short he excelled in every field of intellectual effort.

Personally James Mahoney was one of the most charming of men. He was gentle and considerate of others. He was always remembering the landmarks in the lives of his friends with some little courtesy. He was loyal to his friends. He was a man of strong opinions, but deferential to those of others. His chief characteristic was a passion for truth. He was all charity for the man whose limitations were responsible for his inability to see or admit the truth upon any given issue, but he had no patience for the false leader or the man of pretensions who wilfully misleads for private or corporation profit. He

could never restrain his disgust for the mediocrity which seemed to dominate invariably the schools of Boston. Much of this he knew was placed in power by book companies or interests seeking a vicious control of education. He had nothing but contempt for the man who secured school preferment through book company influence or otherwise, save only for scholarship. Of course such a man as James Mahoney was without favor in circles that controlled school administration, and his transcendent ability was generally ignored in favor of the trimmer and the sycophant.

But if the petty crowd that ran the schools of Boston would not give James Mahoney that power and control which his great gifts and accomplishments entitled him to, and which would have benefited the children of the masses beyond measure, there were others who were always glad to have his assistance. At the request of the Charlestown Catholic Literary Union he drew up a course of study and hired the teachers for its business school. He gave unstintingly of his time after his duties daily in the South Boston High School; indeed, there is little doubt that his efforts in this work weakened his robust health. In his four years of administration of the school he had the satisfaction of seeing its membership increase from seventy to nearly five hundred. During this time he heard the writer express the wish that such a school would be a good thing for East Boston. Forthwith he volunteered to help establish a school here, but his kind offer had to be declined because of the strain it meant for him. The year 1915 was a sabbatical year, and he spent it at Washington making special studies for the National Bureau of Education, some of which were printed by the Government under the titles, "Advancement of the Teacher With the Class"; "American Citizenship in the Educational Surveys"; "Some Foreign Educational Surveys." In the summer he went to Oakland to speak before the National Education Association, and while returning home died at Colorado Springs from acute indigestion, his strength undermined by his unremitting, intellectual labors for others.

A brief résumé of James Mahoney's education will have great value for high school students, showing that study, hard study is necessary for commanding leadership.

James Mahoney was a teacher in the Worcester High School for three years, a teacher in the Boston English High School for nineteen years and a teacher in the South Boston High School for seven years. During these long years many thousand students attended his classes. It is the simplest and best tribute to say that they all respected him for his sterling character, for his great learning always at their disposal; and that they hold his memory in deep affection.

JAMES E. MAGUIRE.

CHAPTER X

SUMMARY OF WORK IN WASHINGTON

Nowhere was James Mahoney's bent more in evidence than in a series of monographs produced as a special collaborator of the United States Bureau of Education. It must be said at the outset that they are not popular reading; were never intended to be, in fact. They are all intensely technical, dealing with problems that are of a real universal interest, but with which few people other than teachers concern themselves, or perhaps the larger body of people known as educators, in the sense of students of pedagogic questions—as school committee persons of the earnest type; parents who take more than a perfunctory interest in their children's education. For all that, these monographs are exceedingly good reading, to one who can do a little digging.

Among the more elaborate of these productions selected to illustrate this particular phase of readability is one entitled "Some Foreign Educational Surveys." The subject-matter is to summarize in a handy form, the data and conclusions reached in surveys of school systems abroad—a survey of the surveys—for the benefit of American teachers. Not all of the expected readers can read the surveys in the original language. Few can even get them to read. Quite a few have no knack of wading through the enormous bulk, usually, of these surveys, to get what they want. It is clear that if some one who can read these mines of information in the original; who, moreover, is supplied with a great many, probably most of the good ones; being a government official who in addition has some art of extracting in a brief and suggestive form what the American teacher desires to know; there is something more than merely compiling.

Mahoney did all of those things and delighted in the work, but he did more. Punctuating the often, to the average reader, dry-as-dust data offered, will be found gems of comment, incisive and illuminating, like the sotto voce remarks of a listener at a lecture, say. For example in reviewing foreign surveys, he presents somewhat fully those made in England. Among others "surveyed" were the ragged schools of London, where an attempt is made to educate the little waifs of the British metropolis. After presenting enough about ragged schools to give a fair idea of what they are, Mahoney observes: "It is noteworthy that advanced ideas of instruction were tried out first on the children of the very poor, presumably because their parents would not object." To one who knew Mahoney, this would come as a very

characteristic comment. He delighted in sifting out the nub, often kept in the background, of an argument. In a private conversation, he would almost surely extend the above by observing that England always tried out everything on somebody before trusting the idea; usually on people who couldn't or wouldn't object.

Speaking in general of these surveys, Mahoney points out that in Europe, they are, as a rule, made by the central government and their conclusions carry the weight of governmental authority and are conclusive in the schools. Continuing, Mahoney observes:

"Even a slight examination of these reports will reveal the reason for the governmental interest in surveys; namely, international industrial competition, and the disclosure of the fact that industrial progress is dependent upon education.

"It is interesting in this connection to note that the American survey movement, and the efforts to reorganize American schools in industrial and vocational ways, are coincident with a realization by the people of the United States of the wonderful progress made by Germany in vocational education, and her consequent advance in international industry and commerce."

Mahoney's work on the subject was done practically during the first year of the war, being published by the government on September 10, 1915.

The general character of all the monographs may be gathered from the letter of transmissal of the one on foreign surveys by the Federal Commissioner of Education, P. P. Claxton, addressed to the secretary of the interior at Washington. He writes:

"The large sums paid for education in the United States, the large proportion of the population enrolled in public schools of lower or higher grade, the feeling that the public welfare and private weal alike depend upon the efficiency of the schools, the demand that at least all schools supported by public taxation shall be constantly remodeled and readjusted to meet the needs of modern life, and the keener spirit of criticism produced by a more general study of the principles and methods of education, have all contributed to the interest in educational surveys of State, county, and city school systems and surveys of individual institutions of higher learning.

"Between forty and fifty such surveys, more or less formal, have been made in this country within the last few years, and many others have been planned. Like everything connected with public education, the principles of the survey are universal. Wherever made, the legitimate purpose of the survey is to bring about a more economic use of money and equipment and a better adaptation of educational agencies to educational needs.

"Therefore educational surveys and investigations in other countries have a vital interest for students of education and education officers

in this country. For this reason I requested Mr. James Mahoney, head of the English department in the South Boston High School, Boston, Mass., and a special collaborator in this bureau, to prepare a brief account of some of the more important foreign surveys.

"This he has done with much care and with such thoroughness as the available material would permit, and has embodied the results in the accompanying manuscript. I recommend that the manuscript be published as a bulletin of the Bureau of Education."

Perhaps as an example of what Mahoney's survey of a given survey is, there may be cited what he culled from a French report made in 1899 on the secondary schools of France. It is as usual in France, the work of a governmental commission, headed by M. Ribot, which raked up every fact it could trace and published the results in six big volumes. What they found is perhaps of no special interest to that tremendously careless person, the "average reader," but the conclusion of the commission, has something more than an academic interest.

"Less uniformity, less bureaucracy, a little liberty" is the general demand made in the commissioner's report, speaking of the French secondary schools.

"There is no life in the secondary schools because they lack real autonomy; the system suffers from over centralized administration. The head masters have responsibility, but no initiative; the junior masters are not respected; Latin has received too much attention. France has no lack of learned men, but it does lack engineers and men of affairs.

"It is outclassed by Germany in this respect; not that the classical course should be suppressed, but it should not be the exclusive kind of education; it should not prevent young people who have talent for practical affairs from receiving suitable instruction.

"Attendance at the lycees and the colleges does not increase. The increase in cost of attending them has had something to do with this. Religious causes have also been at work. The state should respect the right of the individual to choose the instruction that he wishes for his children, but it must use all legitimate means of influence to get such instruction to conform to certain standards.

"The course of study suffers from uniformity. The modern world has an entirely different social and economic basis from that of the ancient world, and yet the dead languages continue to be the substance of our education. In this there is injury as well as danger, individual and national.

"Science has become of vast importance, and history and modern languages demand a place. Of course, we cannot dispense with Latin, for it is the mother of French; and Roman life has contributed much to modern French life; and yet it is necessary to prepare for modern conditions."

"It is not necessary to overburden the pupils with too many new topics at the same time; a more rational method of teaching must be adopted; a better arrangement of subjects, according to the age and attainment of the pupils, and a proper utilization of their time. Besides, there are too many changes of teachers. The same teacher continued two or three years, with one set of pupils, can accomplish much more than is at present the case.

"Statistics prove that most of our graduates are headed for governmental positions. This is a grave danger. It is necessary to avoid it by preparing our young people for the other necessary occupations."

It will be safe to venture, that nowhere in the whole six volumes, probably very anxiously considered by the French commissioners, was there a more illuminating passage than the foregoing. It will be noted that the passage is no mere rhetorical flourish of a single educator, but the utterance of the French government, fifteen years in advance of the greatest war in history, with France fighting for its existence. It would be interesting, even to many who are not educators, to learn how France heeded the warning.

In a report on his sabbatical leave in February, 1915, Mahoney wrote to the Boston superintendent of schools, from Washington: "Judging that the educational surveys would be of great value in my research, I have gathered what I presume is the most complete collection of surveys that exists and I am now examining them, with the above object in mind." His reference to the "above object" was to the studies reviewed herewith.

Another monograph by Mahoney is entitled "Advancement of the Teacher with the Class." It is obviously a severely professional question, which outsiders may well leave to the elect—whether in say six years of going to school the pupils shall always have the same teacher, or shall have six during the period, each teacher being rooted to one grade.

Commissioner Claxton was opposed to the latter plan, though it is the plan said to be in vogue in the large majority of American schools. The commissioner caused an extensive inquiry to be made on the subject, largely by a questionnaire among superintendents of schools and among teachers. Replies were received from 813 superintendents in 46 states and from 97 teachers in 12 states and 18 cities. The superintendents were asked for opinions on four questions. There were about two dozen queries to each correspondent in addition. The teacher had a more detailed program. The mere statistics of the questionnaire indicate a need of a summary, within reach of the average mind.

This Mahoney did handsomely. The result is extremely good reading, provided the reader can follow so very technical a question. To the person of any curiosity in a professional matter, the summary

of what those 910 people thought on the topic, usually quoting actual experiences, is exceedingly attractive.

"American Citizenship in the Educational Surveys" is another study by Mahoney on a subject of more general interest perhaps than the foregoing. Here again it was Mahoney's task to digest a vast mass of material, in the form of surveys, that is practically inaccessible to most people, even to teachers; yet it is of more than professional interest, that children in the United States should be trained in American citizenship. Mahoney wrote himself on this phase, in 1913, somewhat before President Wilson tried to instruct European powers in what America was: "Keen vision and searching analysis are probing every phase of public life. The spirit of America is awake. With renewed conviction of her mission in the world, she looks for facts, and seeks to square her conduct with her conscience."

As might be expected, such a question among a lot of instructors provoked a wide variety of opinions. For example, the annual problem in most cities of selecting a school board is one thorny phase. The fact that knowledge of school matters is rather a disqualification for the office of school committee does not deter many teachers from urging that the schools should, above all things, be taken out of politics. Some of the respondents rather ruefully observe that taking the schools out of politics is impossible in the United States and urge the next best thing—get people of at least average intelligence on the school boards. Indeed, there is a lot of good, though fragmentary reading, in this necessarily scrappy monograph.

It was a subject, always very close to Mahoney's heart, particularly that question of politics in the schools; of "pull" rather than competence, determining a teacher's fate. Even an enumeration of the questions raised by the apparently innocent title of the production is too long to have a place here.

A few may be taken at random, as indicating what thoroughness can do in developing a subject; and Mahoney was thorough. For example: the appointment of teachers, the "pull" or competence phase; details should be left to superintendents; school buildings and equipment, which means a choice of expensive buildings so dear to the politician and his contractor friends or the relatively cheap equipment in a plain building, which of course would never do in politics; ventilation, as you cannot be a good citizen if brought up on bad air; industrial training; teaching of good English; fitting pupils for their life; training for practical work; increasing interest in farm life; training interest, initiative and ambition; training in thoroughness. The selection is of course inadequate as outlining the subject, but shows what features, hardly suspected by the outsider, can be considered in dealing with the teaching of citizenship.

The writer recalls one discussion, many years before these mono-

graphs were written, or probably even thought of. It arose over an outsider's expressed wish that something of the methods of the old-time district school-teacher could be injected into the modern system of education. These old-timers may have had their faults, but they certainly did a great work well.

They molded the characters of those who have contributed to make America great, even if some of their purely literary work was crude. Mahoney pointed out at the time the practical difficulties, though as near as can be recalled he admitted that there was something about the old-district school-teacher that has gone, but was well worth saving. On reading his review of the results of advancing teachers with their classes, there seemed to be an echo of that old discussion; for the district teacher never taught in any way but advancing with her classes. Whether it is such an echo or not, Mahoney's aim is quite clear throughout—that the teacher should have the facts, and he gave the best that was in him to advance his noble vocation.

JAMES W. MCCOY.

CHAPTER XI

CONNECTION WITH SOCIETIES

The following papers will give some idea of James Mahoney's activity outside of his regular work:

M. P. Shawkey
State Superintendent

State of West Virginia
DEPARTMENT OF FREE SCHOOLS
Charlestown

September 22, 1915.

DR. JAMES MAHONEY,
South Boston, Mass.

My dear Doctor Mahoney:

I congratulate you on the excellent paper which you presented at the meeting of the Department of Superintendence at San Francisco. You have done a fine piece of work and when your report is published it will be of very distinct value to the educational forces of the country.

Thanking you for the service rendered, I am
Very truly yours,

M. P. SHAWKEY.

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION OF THE SOUTH BOSTON HIGH SCHOOL

[Extracts from a Local Paper.]

OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOUNG MEN

Business Men Talk to Parents—Chances Better Now than Thirty or Forty Years Ago

One of the most interesting and instructive meetings ever held by the Parents' Association of the South Boston High School was that of last evening, in the high school assembly hall, when three men, each prominent in different fields of business and commercial life, addressed a large gathering of the members on the subject of "Vocations."

It was the idea of James Mahoney of the faculty and chairman of the feature committee of the Parents' Association.

Headmaster A. D. Small, president of the association presided, and the speakers were Thomas B. Fitzpatrick of Brown Durrell Co.; Henry J. Bowen, a leading real estate man of South Boston, and Maurice M. Osborne of the Walworth Manufacturing Company.

HIGH SCHOOL PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

The Parents' Association of the local high school had a special meeting Thursday night in the assembly hall of the high school building, and a committee under the direction of the master, James Mahoney, arranged a delightful program to follow the business meeting.

Mr. L. D. Gibbs of the Edison Electric Illuminating Company gave an address on "Efficiency in School Work," and Mrs. H. M. Garner, buyer for Henry Siegel Company, spoke on "How May Girls Succeed in Business."

The second regular meeting of the South Boston High School Parents' Association proved very instructive for the members present.

Mr. Mahoney, one of the teaching staff, who is much interested in the parents' league movement, and is a member of the Home and School Association, told of the great good to be derived from the frequent meetings of parents and teachers, that the bond of understanding might be strengthened.

Mr. Mahoney made a strong point of the necessity of sympathy between pupil and teacher, and to create that sympathy it was necessary to know in a measure the environment, and in that study of environment the home conditions were an important factor.

He spoke also of the need of home study and encouragement, and of developing the special gifts in a pupil which would become apparent to the teacher by daily contact with the well-meaning pupil.

Saturday, April 23, 1910.

James Mahoney, instructor of English, gave interesting statistics, scanned from the report of the Commissioner of Education, comparing percentages throughout the country of the numerous high schools, the showing of the South Boston High School in its individual percentage being very satisfactory.

There could be no argument against the study of English, its necessity being quite universal, and the instructor clearly outlined that it was the small, every-day errors which prove the greatest problems to the teacher, the habits formed in speech, which were so firmly planted that it was necessary to get beyond the root of the habit in order to oust it from its permanency.

Mr. Mahoney deplored the fact that while the high schools of the United States registered in the entering class over 75 per cent, there was but one-fourth of the pupils who completed the course; while a significant comparison of the figures showed that three-fourths of the high schools in the United States were maintained and attended in the commonly called Northern States.

VITAL INTEREST TO SOUTH BOSTON PARENTS

A special committee of the Parents' Association of the South Boston High School, consisting of Mr. Joseph W. Whall, Mr. James P. Holland and Mr. James Mahoney, has been doing splendid work along vocational lines during the school year now drawing to a close. It has induced the association to hold evening meetings to secure the presence of the fathers, as well as the mothers, and it has furnished for the parents a most interesting series of programs, in which addresses on "Training for Success in Business" have been the leading feature. Many of the most prominent business men of South Boston and Boston have addressed these high school meetings.

Included in the list of speakers are the names of Mr. George F. Lawley of Geo. Lawley and Son, Mr. James J. Murphy of Murphy Bros., Mr. Robert Bishop of the Bishop Mfg. Co., Mr. Grueby of the Grueby Faience Works, Mr. Gibbs of the Edison Electric Illuminating Co., Mr. T. B. Fitzpatrick of Brown Durrell Co., Mr. Francis B. Sears of the Shawmut National Bank, and Mr. William E. Parker, treasurer of Library Bureau.

This special committee now proposes to issue a circular to business men generally, asking them to help get positions for the boys and girls who graduate from our high school.

We sincerely trust that the above mentioned committee will continue its good work during the next school year.

A circular letter prepared by the special committee to be sent to business men generally:

SOUTH BOSTON, April 20, 1911.

M.

.....

We, the undersigned, representing the Trade Association of South Boston, and the Parents' Association of the South Boston High School, believe that your favorable consideration and kind reply to the following will result in the mutual advantage of all concerned.

High school records show that many boys and girls leave school each year before the spring term ends in June, fearing that if they wait till school closes, they may not secure positions, as so many pupils will at that time be trying to obtain work for the summer.

We, while wishing in no way to interfere in the securing of positions by any boys or girls at any time, feel that if you will advise such applicants to continue until the term ends, assuring them that whatever positions you may have will not be open to pupils until July, such pupils will continue at school till the close of the term, and will be more likely to return to school the following autumn. For, if they leave school in April or May, as many now do, the chances are on

account of the long break in school work that they will not return to school again.

We are especially anxious to secure for our graduates, positions, which in the opinion of their teachers and parents, they are best fitted for. We believe that vocational training in the schools will result in bringing out the special talents of each pupil, will make pupils more valuable to their employers, and will cause parents to allow their children to take the full high school course. We trust that you will be sufficiently interested in this to favor us with suggestions as to what special training you consider that your employees ought to have, and also as to any other matters in this connection which may occur to you.

We shall take the liberty of sending to you, about the first of June, a request in regard to what positions you may have open in the near future, which high school graduates might be able to fill. It may well be that you could now give us such information; it may also be that you would welcome interviews with a few of our students who will graduate in June.

We shall be most grateful for whatever advice or information you may give us.

Sincerely yours,
 JAMES J. MURPHY,
President, South Boston Trade Association,
 JOSEPH W. F. WHALL,
Chairman, Special Committee of Parents'
Association of South Boston High School,
 GEO. LAWLEY,
 JAMES P. HOLLAND,
 JAMES MAHONEY.

A sample of the program regularly furnished:

You are very cordially invited to attend the exercises of the Parent's Association of the South Boston High School next Thursday Evening, April 20, at 7.30 p. m., in the Assembly Hall of the High School.

PROGRAM

1. Song, "Der Lindenbaum," *Franz Schubert*
 German Glee Club, conducted by Miss Bertha Vogel
2. Address, "Preparedness for Business"
 Mr. William E. Parker, Treasurer of Library Bureau
3. Piano Duet, Overture, "Poet and Peasant" *Balfe*
 Miss Mary C. and Miss Margaret A. Kent
4. Address, "What Leads to Success in Manufacturing?"
 Mr. Robert Bishop of the Bishop Manufacturing Co.
5. Soprano Solo, Selected
 Miss Alice M. Hagerty; Miss Mary C. Kent, Accompanist

6. Address, "Elements of Success in Banking"

Mr. Francis B. Sears, Vice President of the
Shawmut National Bank

7. "Die Wacht am Rhein,"

Karl Wilhelm

German Glee Club, conducted by Miss Bertha Vogel

P. S. A large attendance is very earnestly requested.

James Mahoney not only secured the speakers but provided the entertainment also.

SOUTH BOSTON TRADE ASSOCIATION

The Trade Association of South Boston listened in Bethesta Hall building, South Boston, at one of its most interesting and enthusiastic meetings of the year to a most instructive address by James Mahoney, master of the local high school.

Mr. Mahoney, who has made a study of this subject for the past eighteen years and is one of the most energetic of Boston's instructors was listened to attentively. He said in part:

"Vocational training is educating a student along the lines which will serve him best in his life work. Vocational direction consists first in endeavoring to ascertain what work he will be best able to do and secondly, guiding him into that calling. About 18,000,000 children crowd our public schools, and in all these millions no two children are alike and the circumstances and possibilities of no two are the same.

"How shall we undertake to ascertain what their talents are and what their aptitudes may be for the different possible callings to which in life they might go?

"To attain vocational direction perfectly is beyond human power but that is no reason why we should not strive toward an ideal. Most parents today seem to think they are incapable of guiding their children to a wise choice and they instinctively trust to the schools to select the studies for their training. The schools are beginning to doubt their wisdom and look to the parents for guidance.

"One expedient that is being used is the so-called vocational card which should record all pertinent facts regarding the child on his first entry into school and accompany him from grade to grade with teachers' notes of his progress and efficiency and finally, when he leaves the system, stands as a summary of his school experience, to guide him and parents to a wise choice and also as an index for those who would employ him.

"The vocational card will, indeed, mark tendencies and possibly permanent traits in character and in mind. It may indicate natural bias toward certain work or line of activity and an aversion to others.

"The Trade Association, as an organized body, could be of very

great service in encouraging pupils to stay in school until they are old enough and sufficiently well trained.

"Could not the association help still further, while using the knowledge of the needs and business possibilities of this district to encourage the establishment here of such lines of business activity as could develop to advantage and at the same time to encourage the growth of such allied vocational and continuation schools as would train higher grades of artisans and industrial leaders?

"The greatest educational need of the day is to find suitable occupation and training for the mass of our public school children between the ages of fourteen and twenty years when they have left school and are wandering aimlessly into over-crowded callings. I am convinced that, for most young people, the future will brighten and their moral earnestness and their attention to their studies will increase when they learn that every hour of the school days helps or hinders their future prospects."

* * * * *

"What can business men of South Boston do? The races chiefly represented in South Boston are those that have been foremost in developing modern civilization in Europe and America, viz.: British (including the Irish, Scotch and English), and the Teutonic stock represented especially by the Germans and Scandinavians, and add to these the Slavic and Latin elements.

This must be borne in mind, for if odium has been cast on this district it is due to accidental causes. In point of race, language, in family integrity, in capacity for sacrifice for offspring, in all the elements that go to produce a higher order of things, South Boston furnishes a most promising field.

"The training and welfare of the children in the near future will mean the welfare of South Boston with all its business and social interests.

"Business men can give advice and encouragement that will prove invaluable to parents, students, and pupils. Such advice will be welcomed, especially from those whom the pupils and parents regard as neighbors and friends and as having their welfare at heart."

TRAINING FOR REAL WORK

South Boston Wants It in the Schools

At a well attended meeting of the Trade Association of South Boston, held last evening in Bernice Hall, Broadway, South Boston, a unanimous indorsement and pledge of co-operation was given to the movement to advance vocational instruction in the high school of South Boston. This movement was started by the Parents' Association of the high school and the Trade Association, and aims at helping

in every possible way the boys and girls of the high school in choosing their future occupation.

The report of a subcommittee of the Trade Association was made by James Mahoney, master of the local high school, and remarks were made by Mr. Whall of the Parents' Association.

For the Committee on Vocational Training appointed at the previous meeting, Mr. Mahoney reported that the committee had met and considered "what can be done in a practical way to advance the interests of the community in the preparation of the pupils of the schools for their vocations in life that may seem best suited for them."

He read a letter that had been drawn up by the committee and will be sent to business and commercial houses throughout South Boston and many large establishments of the city.

This letter first explains the objects of the Trade Association regarding vocational direction, asking the co-operation of all business firms in making recommendations in writing regarding what is necessary for the proper equipment of boys and girls for business life, urging that suggestions be made, regarding what has generally been observed as the failings of boys and girls who enter such employment, whereby the schools may better train them for their future work.

EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND
Rev. W. C. Winslow
Boston

525 BEACON STREET,
June 20, 1895.

Mr. James Mahoney, B. A., M. A., prominent in educational matters in Boston, interested in art and its history, is about to pass a year for study in Europe. If any of my University and archaeological friends will kindly greet him as a brother in the Arts, I shall be thankful, and they will find him a scholar, a gentleman, and a good fellow.

Mr. Mahoney is a member of our University Club.

WILLIAM COPLEY WINSLOW.

MARYLAND COUNCIL OF TEACHERS OF ENGLISH

Willis H. Wilcox, President
Maryland State Normal School
Arthur F. Smith, Vice-President
Lonaconing High School
Andrew H. Krug, Secretary
Baltimore City College
Louise W. Linthicum, Treasurer
Annapolis High School.

YORK ROAD AND GITTINGS AVE., BALTIMORE, MD.

December 26, 1914.

MR. JAMES MAHONEY,
Cosmos Club, Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

I understand from Dr. Krub of the City College that you would be willing to attend our conference on oral composition on the evening of January 15, and give a fifteen-minute talk. We are planning a kind of symposium on the subject. I am enclosing a copy of our tentative program.

I should be glad to have you begin the program with something in the nature of an historical sketch of the development of the subject.

If you can be with us, kindly let me know so that your name will appear on our printed program.

Yours truly,

W. H. WILCOX.

[Extract from a Worcester Paper.]

PROF. JAMES MAHONEY SPEAKS ON TENNYSON'S "IDYLLS OF THE KING"

Prof. James Mahoney, Boston, formerly a teacher in Worcester, addressed the Catholic Woman's Club, last night, on Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." The literature class, under the direction of Rev. Dr. John J. McCoy, has studied the poems. There was a large attendance.

Prof. Mahoney said: "I shall consider that I am simply reciting in Dr. McCoy's literature class. I have given a little study to the Arthurian cycle, and I shall ramble on, hoping that you will interrupt with questions if you desire.

"As a boy of ten or eleven, I began to read the 'Idylls' and I fell in love with them. Their meaning gradually began to work through my mind. Certain conclusions I drew. Recently I was gratified to find, looking through certain books, that others had drawn the same conclusions.

"One thing is clear, the Arthurian cycle is Celtic and Catholic,

therefore human. This old cycle is Celtic to the core, is essentially Catholic, and is, therefore, broadly human and not narrow.

"There is a tendency to think that no literature, unless it be Anglo-Saxon, is worth much. The Encyclopedia Britannica, which is not any too greatly in favor of Celtic and Catholic things, makes the statement that the cycle has had an effect second to almost no other literary work.

"Thomas Mallory's 'Morte d'Arthur,' is a source of the cycle. The poems in the 'Idylls' are Tennyson's greatest poems, the cycle his greatest work.

"Its influence spread through France and Germany. Milton himself planned to write a poem on the Arthurian cycle. Tennyson developed these thoughts in their modern form. The poems are twelve, as you know. They are miniatures of life.

"The first thought of Tennyson is to present human life as it is, real life, its concrete facts.

"Beyond that, there is an interpretation that is, in the main, Catholic, and beyond that a symbolism."

[Extract from a Worcester Daily Paper.]

PROFESSOR MAHONEY SPEAKS

Boston Teacher Gives Address Before Catholic Woman's Club

A large audience greeted Prof. James Mahoney, supervisor of English in the South Boston High School, last night, in Academy Hall of the Sacred Heart Academy, when he gave a lecture on "The Influence of the Catholic Church on English Literature," before the members of the Catholic Woman's Club.

Prof. Mahoney is considered one of the foremost classical scholars and high school teachers, and was formerly a teacher in our classical high school, where he taught from 1884-1887.

After leaving Worcester Prof. Mahoney took a year's course in pedagogy in Johns Hopkins University, and for twenty-two years taught the various branches in the English High School of Boston.

He is versed in many languages. He passed one year in the University of Berlin, and two years ago passed the bar examination of Massachusetts.

Prof. Mahoney received a warm welcome to Worcester last night and there were many in the audience who remembered him as a teacher in the Worcester High School. He was introduced by Rev. Dr. John J. McCoy, founder of the club.

Prof. Mahoney demonstrated that the Catholic Church has had an influence upon English literature from the earliest ages and, to illustrate this fact, read passages from some of the works of the writers.

He said that the first works of prose or poetry were written by clergy, as in those days they were the only men of letters.

He said that the seven deadly sins played a prominent part in the early literature and that the doctrines of the Catholic Church were touched upon in all the great works in all ages. He followed down the line of writers of prose and poetry to the present day, analyzing their works to prove that they owed a debt of gratitude to the Catholic Church.

[Extract from *The Charlestown Enterprise*.]

DEBATERS KILL DEATH PENALTY

Capital Punishment Should Be Abolished, so Find Judges at Debate at Charlestown Catholic Union

With the Hon. Joseph H. O'Neil, chairman, James J. Storror of the Boston School Board, and Prof. James Mahoney as judges, the pros and cons of capital punishment were debated last evening at the Charlestown Catholic Literary Union by four young members before a large audience.

The decision was unanimously in favor of the negative.

[Extract from the South Boston Gazette, March 29, 1909.]

The pupils of the English classes of Mr. James Mahoney, who is in charge of the English department of the local high school, have had several interesting debates this year. These debates are very interesting and are valuable to the students. Mr. Mahoney inaugurated them into the local high school and they have proven very successful.

October 22, 1910.

On Friday of this week, during the home room hour in the local high school, as many classes of the school as could be assembled were called to the Assembly Hall. The other classes held commemoration exercises in their own rooms. In the hall Mrs. Edwin D. Mead and Mr. James Mahoney, head of the English department, spoke fittingly of Mrs. Howe's life and character.

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION OF LAWRENCE SCHOOL

At the regular meeting of the Parents' Association of the Lawrence school, held last Monday evening, Dr. Herbert J. Keenan, president, presiding, there was a splendid and instructive address by James Mahoney of the local high school. His subject was "Vocational Training and Vocational Direction."

1908.

[Extracts from a Local Paper.]

AT THE SOUTH BOSTON HIGH

Four-Act Play, "The Spy of Dorchester Heights," Given by Class

For the first time in the history of the South Boston High School a theatrical performance took place in the graduation exercises last night. A four-act play, entitled "The Spy of Dorchester Heights," was substituted for the customary valedictory, salutatory, class prophecy and oration.

The production was written by members of the class of 1908, and the characters were impersonated by members of the graduating class.

During the performance, "Dorchester Heights," a song written for the occasion by James Mahoney, was sung by Miss Mary L. Keys.

The scene of the play was laid on Dorchester Heights during the trying times of March, 1776. It is based on the capture of Dorchester Heights and the evacuation of Boston by the British. The characters are all historical. The play was presented with historical costumes and scenery all complete.

The preparations for the play meant a great deal of hard work. Mr. Mahoney gave a great deal of his time to the work.

1909.

The historic play which was presented at the local high school Wednesday proved to be very successful. The participants were warmly applauded for the manner in which they carried off their parts. The success of the play, however, was due to the efforts and assistance of the teacher who directed the performance, Mr. James Mahoney, head of the English department of the high school.

Mr. Mahoney spared neither time nor money in making the play a success. Nearly all the rehearsals were held outside of school hours. The play presented was "King Lear."

1910.

With an audience that completely filled every inch of space in the local high school hall, a program of unusual excellence provided an evening of unusual happiness for many hundred people.

The program opened with a march, followed by a chorus. Then there were original theses, discussion and class song, which was prepared and presented under the direction of Mr. James Mahoney, head of the English department.

Mr. James Mahoney, who has had charge of the English department of the local high school for several years past, will again have charge of that, the most important department of the school.

July 10, 1910.

PEACE DREAM IS COMING TRUE

*War Rapidly Declining Declares Mead—School Peace League Hears
Prominent Men*

MISS DRISCOLL WINS IN ARBITRATION DEBATE

The American School Peace League met in Jacob Sleeper Hall, Boston University, at Boylston and Exeter Streets, this morning, in connection with the National Education Association convention. There was a large attendance.

James H. Van Sickle, superintendent of the schools at Baltimore and president of the league, made the opening address. Edwin D. Mead of Boston followed.

A debate on arbitration by six pupils of the South Boston High School was a novel feature of the meeting.

"Resolved, That All International Disputes Should Be Settled by Arbitration" was the subject.

James Mahoney, head of the school's English department, who was in charge, explained that each pupil had been hampered by lack of time in which to prepare his arguments. The debating, in spite of this handicap, proved praiseworthy. Each speaker gave arguments frequently advanced for and against arbitration, concluding with their own answers to their opponents.

The assembly listened attentively to the six pupils, and when they concluded many words of praise were expressed for the able manner in which the debate was carried on.

The board of judges was composed of President Jordan of Leland Stanford University; Rev. Fr. Gasson, President of Boston College; Professor Dutton of Columbia University; Mr. Edwin Ginn and Mr. Henry V. Cunningham of Boston. Professor Jordan complimented the debaters, and spoke at length on the excellent work of Miss Driscoll. He said Miss Bateman deserved special mention for the manner in which she handled the subject.

Elmer E. Brown, United States Commissioner of Education, presented the beautifully cut, gold medal to Miss Driscoll. The medal was given by the Colonial Daughters, approved by President Taft.

Mr. Mahoney was much pleased with the work of the debaters, as all did exceptionally well.

72 G ST., SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

July 14, 1910.

Mrs. Andrews has asked me to write you an account of the debate which was given in competition for the Taft Medal for excellence in debate. This medal, I understand, was given through Mrs. H. Calvin Gage as President of the Society of Colonial Daughters, and I under-

stand also that this is the first time that society has offered a medal in this way.

Just before the close of school, in June, Mrs. Andrews asked me whether I cared to make suggestions in regard to the conference of the American School Peace League. I suggested a debate by school children. She answered that it was very late in the season to undertake a debate. I said that this was certainly so, but that I thought some of the pupils in my classes at the South Boston High School would be able to do it. So she told me by all means to go ahead and try. Because of the fact that there was so little time I relied upon my own judgment of the students in selecting the contestants, instead of having a preliminary debate to decide the matter. I selected Ruby W. Bateman, Regina I. Driscoll, Marie Lamb, John F. Conley, Jacob S. London and Edward L. Sullivan. I selected these students with some misgiving, for the young ladies had worked very hard during the school year, and the boys have to spend most of their time earning their living. However, the young ladies worked faithfully for the two weeks at their disposal, and the young men had to make their preparation the last three or four days before the debate. I feared that some of the pupils would break down because of this added work, and the great heat, but as a matter of fact none of them seemed to suffer especially on this account.

The American Peace Society furnished us with a large number of pamphlets on the subject of arbitration, and the officials of the Boston Public Library deposited with me, for the use of these students, a large number of books on the history of arbitration, accounts of conferences, treaties and works on international law. The debate was held on the morning of Friday, July 8, in Jacob Sleeper Hall. The room was filled, there being present, I should judge, about six hundred people. The meeting was opened by President Van Sickle of Baltimore. He was followed by Mr. Edwin D. Mead, who spoke at some length on the general subject of arbitration. Professor Claxton of Tennessee was to have been called next, but, as he was not present, the debate was the next number on the program. It lasted from ten minutes past ten to ten minutes past eleven o'clock, each debater being allowed ten minutes in which to present the affirmative, the negative, and a refutation of the negative, of the question: "Resolved, That All International Disputes Should Be Settled by Arbitration."

This form of debate was adopted, first, because the students would all have exactly the same opportunity, and, secondly, the occasion being a Peace Conference it would seem somewhat ungracious to have two teams, one defending arbitration, and the other defending war. And, thirdly, because each of the debaters is a sincere advocate of arbitration. At the close of the debate, President Jordan of Leland

Stanford University, speaking for the other judges (President Gasson of Boston College, Professor Dutton of Columbia, Mr. Edwin Ginn of Boston, and Mr. Henry V. Cunningham of Boston), said: "The judges agree, first, that this debate has been very excellent. Secondly, they all agree that Miss Driscoll deserves the medal, and also that Miss Bateman deserves honorable mention for her especially fine debate. Then Mr. Elmer E. Brown, United States Commissioner of Education, presented the medal to Miss Driscoll. He spoke of the great beauty of the medal, and the high honor which was implied in its gift by your society, and bearing the name of the President of the United States. He trusted that not merely the rare excellence of the medal, nor the honor even, would constitute to the young lady the highest value of the prize, but that it would be to her an inspiration for future endeavor in so good a cause.

JAMES MAHONEY.

BOSTON HOME AND SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw, President
Charles F. Dole, Vice-President

Robert Treat Paine, Jr., Treasurer
Fannie Fern Andrews, Secretary

405 MARLBORO ST., BOSTON,
January 9, 1909.

MR. JAMES MAHONEY,
72 G St., South Boston.

My dear Mr. Mahoney:

The Executive Board of the Boston Home and School Association, holding its meeting yesterday, wishes me to thank you for your interest in the Committee on School Decoration. I should be very glad, indeed, if you would select the members of your committee as you think best, and when you have done so, will you please forward the list to me? As to the work which your committee will undertake, I am sure that your judgment will be most effective.

Recalling our telephone conversation, I remember you spoke of the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Public School Art League. Probably you will talk this over with the members of that body, before you lay out work for the Home and School Committee. At any rate, I feel sure that the matter rests safely in your hands.

After you have talked this matter over with your Executive Committee, perhaps we might meet and consider work which might be done in connection with the Home and School Association.

With kind regards, I am,

Most sincerely yours,

FANNIE FERN ANDREWS,
Secretary, Boston Home and School Association.

AN APPRECIATION OF JAMES MAHONEY

I deem it a distinctive privilege to have been associated with James Mahoney. As chairman of the Committee on School Decoration of the Boston Home and School Association, he brought to that organization a clear vision of its functions as a civic factor, and through his devoted efforts much was done toward the realization of his high aim to stimulate interest in artistic and significant school decoration. His splendid ability for co-operation, not only with the officers and committees of the association, but with other influential bodies having similar aims, rendered him an invaluable member of the association.

His conception of the socialization of the school plant and the specific relation of the home to the school indicated a broad understanding of modern educational philosophy. A breadth of vision, combined with an intellectual grasp attained only through high rank in scholarly achievements, characterized his teaching and his many labors outside the schoolroom. It was a loss to the Boston School system when Mr. Mahoney severed his connection.

FANNIE FERN ANDREWS,

President, Boston Home and School Association.

405 MARLBORO ST., BOSTON.

October 3, 1916.

[Extract from *The Boston Home and School News Letter*, Vol. IV, No. I, Boston, Mass., November, 1912.]

WHAT MAY BE DONE TOWARD SCHOOL DECORATION BY
CO-OPERATION OF PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

SOUTH BOSTON HIGH SCHOOL,

November 2, 1912.

Mrs. Irving enquires what the Public School Art League could accomplish if aided by the co-operation of the various societies of the Home and School Association.

My personal opinion is that it could accomplish a great deal more than it has in the past, provided that the assistance is given with patience, persistence and true insight. The task is not primarily executive. To bring reproductions of the great masterpieces of art to the school children, particularly to those who have least opportunity to see them, is the first object of the Art League.

This requires great knowledge of art, good taste, good sense, a considerable amount of money, and some manual labor. The Art League has been fortunate in having some of those who are best qualified in matters of art to guide its work; it will be more fortunate in the future if it can continue to receive such guidance. The various societies could, I think, greatly help in these ways:

(a) By means of lectures to get the parents, teachers and the general public to appreciate the objects of the league;

(b) To further the same object by reports to the press, encouraging such work;

(c) To help raise a general fund which would put the work of the league on a permanent basis;

(d) By explaining to persons contemplating the doing of such work, the peculiarly difficult nature of the task, and urging the guidance of an organization like the Art League be secured.

This would help to safeguard us from artistic crudities; would make our schoolrooms more attractive places for the children; would stimulate the imagination, and help to produce a nobler people.

JAMES MAHONEY.

EDUCATIONAL COURSE—CATHOLIC LITERARY UNION

JAMES MAHONEY, *Director*. 1909-1914

"The secret of success is constancy to purpose."

—*Disraeli*.

The Catholic Literary Union School was first started in the fall of 1909 with two instructors. The next year three instructors were necessary.

At the close of the year the class in advanced bookkeeping requested and obtained an additional summer course in their special course.

For the first two years membership in the classes was restricted to members of the Union, but at the beginning of the third year the educational committee voted to throw open the classes, free of charge, to all young men above the regular school age, irrespective of membership in the Union.

The third year showed greater progress in number of instructors, in courses offered, in number of students attending as well as in the number of those who received honors in their work, and above all the high standard of instruction was maintained.

This excellent and progressive work at the Catholic Literary Union School has borne good fruit, not only for Charlestown, but in every section of the Metropolitan district.

Similar movements, it is stated, have been started elsewhere.

October 29, 1910.

PROFESSOR MAHONEY WILL ASSIST

Will Teach English on Friday Evenings in the Union Educational Courses

Notable interest and activity prevails at the classrooms of the educational department of the Literary Union, the classes being well

organized and the courses now fully inaugurated with every assurance of increased success for the school during the present term.

Professor Mahoney of the English High School is to give an evening in English to the pupils, beginning his work last evening.

November 5, 1910.

NEXT FRIDAY'S DEBATE

Professor James Mahoney gave a delightfully informal talk at the Literary Union on Friday evening of last week. The purpose of the meeting was to inaugurate a debating class. Edwin M. Hawkins and Frank Ahearn were elected as captains, respectively, on the affirmative and negative sides of the question, "Resolved, That the United States Government Should Subsidize a Line of Steamers to South American Ports on the Atlantic Coast."

[Extracts from the *Charlestown Enterprise*, Saturday, October 14, 1911.]

No project in the interest of the young men of the district launched in recent years seems to have met the general public accord as satisfactorily as the educational course established a year ago by the Catholic Literary Union and now entering upon its second term.

The hearty local interest in the good work was especially evident in the large attendance and the enthusiasm at the opening of the course on Saturday evening. The parlors of the Union club-house were filled to the doors, and the array of fine speakers received a cordial reception and a very attentive consideration of their words of advice and encouragement. It was a big night for the Union and a bigger one for the local cause of education.

President Michael L. Fahey made a felicitous address in opening the meeting, and pleasantly introduced Dr. John F. O'Brien, chairman of the educational committee. The latter spoke glowingly on the progress of the work and the accomplishments of the last two winters, preceding his remarks by reading the following letter from Archbishop O'Connell, approving the work of the Union along educational lines:

DR. JOHN F. O'BRIEN,

Chairman, Catholic Literary Union of Charlestown, Mass.

Dear Dr. O'Brien:

I have received your letter of October 6th, together with the prospectus of the work the Catholic Literary Union of Charlestown proposes to do for its members. I am exceedingly happy to note the fact that a large body of splendid wide-awake Catholic young men are devoting themselves during their leisure hours to obtaining useful and necessary knowledge, whereby they may the better perform their

daily duties and bring more honor upon themselves and upon the Church to which they belong, and as members of which they are constantly regarded by the world about them.

You must all keep constantly before your minds' eyes that you are members not only of a literary union, but of a Catholic literary union, and that you should be imbued with the principles of your faith in your work during leisure hours and during the tasks set each one of you in your respective daily walks of life.

I send you my hearty best wishes and I assure you of my constant affectionate interest in yourselves and your work, and I send my blessing upon you all.

Very sincerely yours,

W. H. O'CONNELL,
Archbishop of Boston.

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, GRANBY STREET, BOSTON.

October 7, 1911.

Professor Mahoney of the educational committee outlined the studies for the classes beginning Monday under a highly competent corps of teachers.

[Extracts from the *Charlestown Enterprise*, Saturday, October 14, 1911.]

An auspicious opening of the second term of the Catholic Literary Union educational course is assured for this evening, when at the Union club-house, Monument Square, an array of brilliant lights in the oratorical world—all men of standing in the professions and in business—will speak to the members and friends upon matters of education and of work for young men.

Judge Hugo Dubuque, of Fall River, comes direct from Rhode Island, today to be present at the opening of the educational course and will be the first speaker.

The educational committee offers a decidedly practical line of courses, and hopes the members of the Union will not only join themselves but will induce their friends to take advantage of the splendid opportunities.

[Extract from the *Charlestown Enterprise*, October 26, 1912.]

All was bustle and activity at the Literary Union club-house on Friday evening last at the formal opening of the evening classes, when students and friends gathered for the first event in the program of the winter activities.

Professor Mahoney, as supervisor of the school, announced the program of the studies and in stirring words urged the boys not to lag

in their efforts during the coming winter. The conditions under which they are to study are ideal ones, and the instructors are notable in educational circles as being unexcelled, each in his particular line.

[*Charlestown Enterprise*, October 4, 1913.]

BUSINESS METHOD PROPER TRAINING

James J. Phelan, the vice-president of the Union, very generously volunteers to continue his important part in the work, Professor Mahoney will continue to serve as the supervisor of the school and Dr. John F. O'Brien is to remain at the head of the educational committee. President Joseph E. Donovan and his colleagues in the board of government are giving their hearty co-operation and lending valuable assistance in the inauguration of the school session, and its continuance during the coming winter.

Non members, as well as members and their friends, will be made welcome, for it is the wish of the officials in charge that the benefits to be derived from such courses may be distributed among those eager for an education. No fee will be charged, and all that is required is faithful attendance during the season.

The curriculum will embrace studies along civil service lines, book-keeping, shorthand, accounting, etc., with lectures by leading business and professional men on business and similar topics, while debates have been arranged and courses in physical training are also to be a feature. Ladies will be admitted to the lectures.

The Union course plans the best possible training for business and the best and quickest preparation for civil service. In the latter course all grades of civil service for positions with city, state and nation will be established, the unnecessary things left out and the essentials maintained. Business English, letter writing and business correspondence, business arithmetic, commercial geography, three classes in bookkeeping and three in shorthand, with accounting and auditing, economics and business law are among the solid and attractive features that any ambitious and studiously inclined young man must feel is a provision for education he cannot well resist, especially when the opportunities are actually thrown his way and at practically no personal cost, beyond the giving of time and effort on his part.

The Literary Union building offers especial facilities for the school, while its location opposite the historic Monument in a most desirable residential section of the district and convenient to every part of Charlestown is an advantage that must be included in the estimate given of the desirable features and opportunities worth while when a young man is deciding to make a step for his educational benefit.

It should be borne in mind that while members of the Literary

Union are taking these courses, there is plenty of room for outsiders and because a young man may have no affiliation with the Union it does not debar him from enrollment in the classes. On the contrary, the educational committee extends a welcome to all self-respecting young men to join the classes regardless of the fact that they may or may not be members of the Union.

[Extract from a report by James Mahoney, October 5, 1913.]

ANOTHER BUSY YEAR AHEAD

The parent of Catholic evening schools in this city and state, the Catholic Literary Union of Charlestown, is preparing with renewed zeal for the fifth year of its fall and winter educational work. For the past four years this school at 5 Monument Square has steadily progressed in numbers and in courses of study, but the prospects for the current term are brighter than ever. The school is free to all who are desirous of obtaining an education which will fit them for better positions in the business world.

The "fads" and "fancies" have never affected the classes in the institution. Practical training for definite objects has been steadily maintained and a most thorough training by the most competent teachers has been always insisted upon. There are alluring subjects which the Union might have presented, but its watchword has been: "A few essential things thoroughly done, rather than many things attempted."

Lectures on important business topics by leading business men will be a more prominent feature of the school this year.

JAMES MAHONEY.

[An extract from the *Charlestown Enterprise*.]

An auspicious opening of the Sunday afternoon lecture course at the Literary Union introduced, as the first speaker, Professor James Mahoney of the educational classes at the Union in a masterly address on "Business versus Socialism and Anarchism." The speaker had an audience of bright young minds to appreciate his well conceived and finely presented views on this subject of vital importance.

For two hours Mr. Mahoney talked to the deeply interested audience.

[Extract from James Mahoney's report, 1912-1913.]

UNUSUAL REGISTRATION AT THE CATHOLIC LITERARY UNION

With a preliminary registration of two hundred, and with a constant increase by new registration in prospect, each night this week, the walls of the old Union will be tested to the uttermost. Perhaps you may think that the students are just *boys*; but such is not the case.

Nearly forty-two per cent are over twenty years of age, sixteen per cent are twenty-five years or older, and several are nearly forty-five years old.

It is very clear that the Literary Union has won the confidence of the people of Charlestown.

Dr. John F. O'Brien, Chairman of the Educational Committee, presided, and introduced Mr. J. Randolph Coolidge, Jr., Acting President of the Chamber of Commerce and Past President of the Boston Society of Architects, who gave the first lecture of the economic series, which is being arranged by a committee consisting of Mr. James J. Phelan, the donor of the courses, and Mr. James Mahoney, the Principal of the School.

[Extract from an article in *The Pilot*, October 11, 1913.]

The Catholic Literary Union is the parent of the Catholic evening schools in Massachusetts. For four years it has successfully conducted a series of classes, which were marked by large attendance. It has steadily kept in mind the idea of giving practical and thorough training for definite objects by competent teachers. As a consequence very gratifying results have been achieved. The prospects of the school for the coming year are brighter than ever before.

[*Charlestown Enterprise*, March 29, 1913.]

BISHOP ANDERSON GUEST AT UNION

Comes to Closing Exercises by Invitation of James J. Phelan—Educational Work Praised—Certificate Awards to Students in the Various Departments—Preparations for the Fall Reopening

General interest in the work of the educational classes at the Literary Union was demonstrated by a large attendance at the closing exercises on Thursday evening.

The parlors contained many representative men of the district, most of whom are members of the Union, and there was an array of speakers whose remarks carried effectively in the general estimate of this splendid work in which the Union for several years has been engaged.

As chairman of the course, Dr. John F. O'Brien introduced the speakers in a most felicitous manner, and the following distinguished members of the clergy and laity gave enthusiastic commendation to the Union and its labors.

Right Rev. Joseph G. Anderson, D. D., bishop of Boston, Rev. P. F. Cusick, S. J., Rev. John W. McMahon, D. D., Rev. James N. Supple, Rev. T. F. Leyden, Congressman William F. Murray and Professor James Mahoney.

The classes complete the term with a wonderfully fine record for progress.

Professor James Mahoney, director of the school, in his report very pertinently says:

"We are sometimes told that it is difficult for business men nowadays to obtain able and reliable employees; we, therefore, earnestly desire to call the attention of business men to the names of our students, whose ability, proficiency and good character are amply vouched for."

[*Charlestown Enterprise*, March 28, 1914.]

GOVERNOR WALSH WAS AT HIS BEST

*Came Early and Stayed Late at the Literary Union Graduation—
Notable Company Attended—Splendid Results Achieved by the
Pupils During the Most Successful Season of the Evening School*

The closing exercises of the evening educational courses at the Catholic Literary Union, on Wednesday, were honored with the presence of the Governor of the Commonwealth and the remarks of His Excellency showed that he was highly gratified and deeply moved at the splendid showing made by the pupils.

Preceding the Governor, Professor Mahoney, the director of the school, made an interesting and instructive analysis of the work done during season now closing.

[Extract from James Mahoney's report.]

The attendance this year has been considerably greater than ever before; five hundred came to us the opening week.

In regard to attendance, let me say that I strictly enjoined the teachers to exclude all pupils of such age as would make necessary their attendance at the public schools. Our aim has not been to compete with other schools but to be of service to those who would in any case not attend a regular school.

The average age of our pupils has been considerably higher than ever before. We had many over thirty, and a considerable number over forty, and some over fifty years of age. The average age, I estimate at about twenty-seven.

The teachers were also impressed with the fact that our students had a more clearly defined purpose and were more in earnest than heretofore.

While giving class instruction, it was the aim of each teacher to help each individual student in every way possible—and this attitude of the teachers seems to have been appreciated.

[Extract from an article in the *Boston Sunday Post*, April 5, 1914.]

LITERARY UNION IS PROSPERING

In the long history of the accomplishments of the Charlestown Literary Union, an association which holds an enviable reputation among organizations of its kind in greater Boston, there is not one year which stands out so prominently, especially in the educational department, as the season just finished.

The members feel that this department, under the guidance of Prof. James Mahoney, Principal of the Catholic Literary Union School, has done a wonderful amount of good for those scores of people whose early education was sadly neglected.

The officers of the Union are greatly pleased over the success of their school and will plan for even greater efforts, feeling that the organization could do no greater good for humanity than in helping to educate those who are ambitious to learn to better their station in life.

EXTRAORDINARY REGISTRATION AT THE CATHOLIC LITERARY UNION OF CHARLESTOWN

A social club which harbors within its walls a vigorous school of five hundred students is naturally the subject of much favorable comment, and many questions are being asked about the school and about the club which fosters it. The Catholic Literary Union is situated at 5 Monument Square, Charlestown, directly opposite the Bunker Hill Monument. The building is one of the handsome old mansions for which the Square is famous. If you approach the building any Monday evening, after seven o'clock, you will be impressed with the fact that it is the destination of crowds of men, young and old, who are hurrying up the streets which converge upon the Square. The spacious rooms are already lighted, and the large parlor on the first floor is already packed with an anxious crowd of students, every seat taken, a mass of men standing front and rear and along the sides—the doorway even thronged, and a group of students in the hallway outside, striving to catch the words of the teacher and to work out his problems on paper held in their hands. This is the huge class in Civil Service and Business Arithmetic.

A glance into the rear parlor will also reveal a solidly packed room, a class in Civil Service also.

A surprising fact will impress the eye, namely, that most of these pupils are mature men—some of them forty or fifty years of age.

Upstairs, in the original classroom, is a large class in Banking and Finance.

Tuesdays and Thursdays in the parlor likewise—the best that the Union has to offer—are two large classes in Bookkeeping and Civil Service Arithmetic. Beginners in the front parlor, and intermediate pupils in the rear.

Two large classes with individual instruction are possible at the Union, because discipline need not engage the attention of the instructor.

Upstairs in the original classroom, Tuesday and Thursday evening, is a fine class in Business Arithmetic and Bookkeeping.

In Classroom Number Two, Tuesdays and Thursdays, is a class of Charlestown professional and business men, receiving training in Commercial Spanish. Also on these evenings is a class in Argumentation and Debates.

On Wednesday evenings, in addition to the classes already mentioned, is a large class in Shorthand.

On Friday evenings the class in Accounting and Auditing meets.

On Saturday evenings the class in Argumentation meets.

The Glee Club meets on Saturday evenings, also.

Athletic classes from the Union meet in the new city Gymnasium on Lexington Street.

Mr. James Mahoney continues, as formerly, to serve as Principal of the School, and Dr. John F. O'Brien is Chairman of the Educational Committee.

One naturally enquires further in regard to the club which is engaged in such unusual work. The history of the Union goes well back into the last century, having been founded in 1879. At that time the organization was known as the Lyceum; in 1885, it received the name of the St. Francis de Sales Total Abstinence and Literary Society.

In 1893 it was reorganized and received its present name. Rev. James N. Supple has been its spiritual director from the beginning in 1879, and so continues.

The society has numbered among its members and officers many of the leading men of Charlestown and Boston, and every year on the evening of the 16th of June it celebrates the anniversary of the great battle of the Revolution.

JAMES MAHONEY.

CATHOLIC LITERARY UNION, CHARLESTOWN, MASS.,
February 28, 1914.

Mr. James Mahoney, Head of the English Department of the South Boston High School, has been a member of our School Board from the beginning of our educational work, five years ago; and for the past four years he has been Principal of the School, in active charge and with full responsibility.

As Principal, he has drawn up the course of study, selected and hired the teachers, arranged the program, secured the classes, and guided the work. The course of study in our judgment is thoroughly practical and sensible, suited to the demands of modern business and to the needs of our young men; our teachers are recognized as among

the very best and they have efficiently carried out the program, working harmoniously and cordially with the Principal and with each other.

We have learned by experience that it is by no means easy to secure attendance in an evening school, however excellent it may be, on the part of those, we mean, who are not provided for by the public evening classes. To secure attendance in our classes, Mr. Mahoney utilized all the possible means and agencies of Charlestown—our prominent men, clubs, societies, in fact, the active support of the District.

While our Union is a club, and lacks the ordinary means of discipline which belong to a school, there has been hardly an instance of disorder. Mr. Mahoney's efficiency in dealing with the students, we believe, has been chiefly instrumental in bringing about this result. The teachers all testify that the most cordial and friendly relations have always existed between them and their pupils here; and among evening schools our percentage of attendance has been relatively high.

The highest standard of work has been maintained from the beginning and the school has steadily progressed from year to year, in number of students, of classes and of teachers; and many splendidly trained young men have graduated from our classes, and have won promotion because of the training given them here.

Educational Committee,

JOHN F. O'BRIEN, Chairman,
JAMES N. SUPPLE,
THOMAS J. GALLAGHER,
ARTHUR W. DOLAN,
JOHN S. FLANAGAN,
JAMES P. MALONEY,
WALTER J. PHELAN,
JOHN J. FLYNN,
JAMES J. PHELAN.

The members of the Educational Committee have each received a letter from James Mahoney, the director of the school, portions of which follow:

"I thank you most kindly for the testimonial which I have just received from you. I have been associated with you for five years, and during that time a peculiarly difficult task has been ours—the maintenance of an evening school in a club, and that, too, during these times when our young men are devoted to present pleasure rather than to sacrifice for future gain. That it has been possible to keep the school in existence and to secure steady progress from year to year, our thanks are due first of all to Mr. Phelan, who conceived the idea of the school and whose brain and purse have been our constant recourse.

"You will join me also in a tribute to our chairman, Dr. O'Brien, whose zeal, good sense and courtesy have been of incalculable assistance. To those two gentlemen, my own thanks are especially due for the constant support they have given me, and for the steady confidence that they have reposed in me.

"And to you all, gentlemen, I am grateful for many acts of courtesy and kindness, and especially for this present act of yours.

"While we have not accomplished all that we could have wished, I believe we have done all that was possible under the circumstances; and I trust that from our endeavors will come far greater things hereafter."

Early in the following September James Mahoney severed his connections with the Business School as he felt that it would be unfair to himself to again undertake the active management.

BROOKLINE, MASSACHUSETTS,
July 12, 1916.

It was my good fortune to know Mr. James Mahoney for several years. He was associated with me in a work in which we were both very much interested,—extending the education of some of the young men connected with the Catholic Literary Union of Charlestown. This work went on for several years entirely under the supervision of Mr. Mahoney, and I have had young men come to me repeatedly, and tell me how much they owed Mr. Mahoney for what he had done for them, not only in an educational way, but as regarded advising them in what line they might be best fitted for future employment. Being the teacher that he was, and understanding human nature as he did, those young men who have followed his advice can better than some of us appreciate how valuable such advice has proven to be. Mr. Mahoney never spared himself, and though apparently not having the physical strength of some who appeared more robust, we marvelled at his physical endurance. Rain or shine, irrespective of what the thermometer registered, Mr. Mahoney, notwithstanding that he had put in several hours of hard work in the South Boston High School, where he was instructor in English, would be at the Catholic Literary Union, Monument Square, Charlestown, night after night, where I have seen him labor until twelve o'clock, and this gratuitously, with no other desire or wish in his heart than that of helping somebody.

Mr. Mahoney was a Christian gentleman; he was a scholar, gifted with a most wonderful analytical mind, and the ability to impart to others, but above all he was full of charity and good will toward others. He seemed happiest when assisting even to the smallest degree his fellow man.

I am glad it was my good fortune to have known James Mahoney.

JAMES J. PHELAN.

To somewhat ennoble the surroundings of school life, to give the children a glimpse of a finer world, would be our wish. The school children of today are soon to be the citizens of the Republic.

—*James Mahoney.*

Artistic objects introduced in profusion cannot alone put art into the public schools. These objects must be understood, their meaning assimilated, the ideas they embody loved, and their presence made an organic part of the beauty and fitness of the school-room, before we can speak of the influences of art as an element in our system of education.

—*Mrs. Sarah W. Whitman.*

Our civilization does not need more money; but it does need more poetry, more art, more humanity.

—*James Mahoney.*

Environment is, perhaps, the most powerful influence in life; let us see to it that the surroundings of the young especially are both attractive and inspiring.

—*James Mahoney.*

PUBLIC SCHOOL ART LEAGUE

Mr. James Mahoney was connected with the Public School Art League shortly after its beginning. The work of the League quickly commended itself to him, trained as he was, to understand the needs of the children and youths, eager to see and learn about the best examples of Art and Nature, which could be placed before them in schoolrooms, where day in and day out, they could be brought face to face with reproductions of the masterpieces of the art of Europe carried to a large scale by photographic enlargements.

He realized that most of our children get their first strong impressions of school so that it became a public duty to make the schools and their surroundings beautiful; and that reproductions of works of art of the highest quality should be used in guiding and moulding the children and in helping them to realize the ideal of humanity.

The work was slow, the early enthusiasm of the association flagged at times. The results were good; but the process of selecting the schools and the appropriate illustrations for each one of the twenty rooms which our Boston schools average was arduous. The annual subscriptions of \$2 were apt to fall off rather than to increase; members were prone to turn to more-telling and less isolated work, and there were many resignations.

In the face of these difficulties James Mahoney, as chairman of the Executive Committees, held true, and with his own energy and sheer sense of duty, kept the individuals up to their work, where a lax organization of volunteer work had to be overcome, and turned former failure to success.

It is not too much to say, that he kept the League alive in the face of ill-sustained support, and kept up a stout and chivalrous fight which likened him, as one of his co-workers said, to a Knight of old. These qualities carried on the small League year in and year out, until its fruits can now be counted with satisfaction and some pride.

J. T. COOLIDGE.

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY SCHOOL,
BOSTON, March 5, 1907.

MY DEAR MR. MAHONEY:

The teachers of this school at a recent meeting authorized me to convey to the Public School Art League through you their appreciative thanks for their work for this school.

Not only are the pupils and teachers pleased, but also parents and other visitors as well.

I desire to make special mention of Mrs. Merriman's unusually successful and artistic efforts.

May the League continue its helpful and elevating and refining work.

Yours very gratefully,
CHARLES N. BENTLEY.

THOMAS N. HART SCHOOL,
BOSTON, February 2, 1906.

DEAR MR. MAHONEY:

It has been my intention for some time to write you a letter to tell you how much I appreciated your extreme kindness and courtesy during the interviews and correspondence relative to the Boston Public School Art League of which you are a prominent member.

It was all the more marked because I was obliged to disappoint your League and you by my unwillingness to have a public meeting at the time you suggested.

I hope our meeting in this matter may be the beginning of a long and pleasant acquaintance.

Yours truly,
JOHN F. DWIGHT.

MR. JAMES MAHONEY,
Secretary, Public School Art League.

29 CEDAR AVE.,
STONEHAM, MASS.

Dear Sir:

I am very sorry that I am to be out of the state on the eighth instant and so be deprived of the pleasure of meeting with your association and expressing to them my appreciation, as well as that of the teachers and pupils of the Washington School, of the very beautiful and generous collection of photographs recently hung in our school rooms.

If you could know the interest and pleasure which the children have already had in those pictures you would be well repaid. In very many rooms the effect upon the class was noticeable at once. I will cite only one instance and that of the first grade class in whose room was hung Sir Joshua Reynold's "Age of Innocence."

In imitation of the little girl in the picture, every little girl in the class, except three, appeared at the first afternoon session with hair nicely dressed and adorned with a pretty bow of ribbon. The three who had no ribbons were so dejected that the teachers provided them with some and a happier, or neater, or sweeter class of little girls it would have been hard to find in Boston.

The interest displayed in this room has been paralleled in nearly every one of the thirty rooms in which the pictures were hung.

The children study them and get to know them.

Aside from the adornment of the room and the mere pleasure which they afford, I regard such pictures as having a distinctly educative value.

I commend the work which your League is doing and thank you most sincerely for your generosity to the Washington School.

Very truly yours,

BENJ. J. HINDS.

July 5, 1910.

ART IN THE SCHOOLS

League in South Boston Told That Beautiful Surroundings Give Incentive to Work

A very largely attended and interesting meeting of the Public School Art League was held in the Assembly Hall of the South Boston High School, South Boston, last evening.

James Mahoney, master of the High School, an enthusiastic promoter of the beautiful in the schools and a deep student of the needs and opportunities for the young people, presided. In his introductory address he spoke of the twelve years of work and accomplishments of the League in providing instructive decorations for the public schoolrooms of the city, chiefly in the form of enlarged photographs, busts and bas-reliefs. He said that the League is doing splendid work with limited resources, and asked for support and interest of a larger membership.

The other speakers were: Arthur Astor Carey, William H. Grueby, Rev. Mortimer E. Twomey, Charles Bruen Perkins.

Charles N. Bentley, master of the Oliver Hazard Perry School, which school has been beautifully decorated by the Art League, was the concluding speaker. He said that the opinions of the average boy could best be expressed by the quotation of one of his boys, who said: "It is easier to work and harder to do wrong in a beautiful and beautified schoolroom." Mr. Bentley further spoke of the splendid work of the Public School Art League and said it was helpful to discipline and an incentive to work and inspiring of higher ideals.

Boston Evening Record, January 31, 1911.

The Public School Art League is starting out on its thirteenth year of work with a large supply of the patience and perseverance which have given its quiet work the reward of real success. If the Art Museum is doing educational work in its larger office, the League is truly a very large assistant, though the quiet way in which it works makes its accomplishment less known to the public.

The pupils in the schools do not have to be told. In fourteen schools they have fine proof, each day, on their work on photographs or arts of some of the finest art in the world. Yet the fourteen are about a ninth of all the schools in the city, and as it takes from \$400 to \$700 to decorate completely one school, and there are only 180 subscribers to the League, the work is gradual. There are some gifts.

Miss Martha Silsbee of Marlboro Street is treasurer. James Mahoney of the English high, the head of the Executive Committee, works indefatigably year by year.

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION
CONVENTION AT BOSTON
1903

July 18, 1903.

The local Executive Committee of the National Educational Association Convention wishes to thank the members of the Public School Art League for their valuable contribution of pictures which they kindly lent to the Women's Building of the Convention. They went far toward making the building more attractive and interesting.

EDWARD K. WARREN,
Chairman Local Executive Committee.

PUBLIC SCHOOL ART LEAGUE,
60 State Street, Boston, Mass.

The following extracts from various reports will give some idea of the work done by the Public School Art League of which James Mahoney was chairman for the twenty years he was connected with it. During that time the League placed about twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of pictures and casts in various schools:

What shall it profit a *nation* if it gain the whole world, and lose its own soul? In the review of the progress during the past century the words continually repeated are "inventions," "trade," "wealth."

No sensible person will belittle the importance of these things; but the wise know that our country's mission is not fulfilled by these things alone; they know that its real worth consists rather in its endeavor to realize the ideals of humanity and in the noble specimens of humanity whom it has produced.

All thinking people clearly see that our public schools are the springs of our natural life; but those whose minds are bent solely on material things would make the education purely commercial and scientific.

Those of deeper insight perceive that our schools should also nurture the ideals of men, whose best expression is found in the fine arts.

The Public School Art League believes that our public schools should be, indeed, temples of learning, adorned with all that can attract and inspire.

A humble though practical effort with this end in view has just been made by the League in the Francis Parkman School, Forest Hills. The school house itself is a handsome building, on high ground with rolling open space about it and hills in the distance, a worthy memorial to the highminded scholar whose name it bears.

As one enters the front hall, classic views of Greece and Egypt greet the eye; the Nile; the Pyramids; the acropolis; the Parthenon, crown of Athens. Flags of the state and of the nation guard the entrance to the central hall where are found portraits of Mr. Parkman in the midst of scenes familiar in his works, Indian braves, forests, mountains. Beyond the central hall is the kindergarten room, the children's royal room.

Here are objects dear to the heart of childhood, dogs, cats, squirrels, ships, and high in the center the Child enthroned in the arms of Raphael's Madonna.

"They make us pretty," "They make us happy," say the children. "I see them when I go home," said a little one. Next comes the Lincoln and Washington room. Here is Mt. Vernon and also the mud-plastered log cabin in which Lincoln was born. A large photograph of the noble Lincoln by St. Gaudens occupies the next wall space, while directly opposite is a huge picture of the National Capitol Building at Washington, with the Stuart Washington portraits on either side.

"I like the picture of George Washington," writes a lad of nine years; "he was a brave and noble man." "His face looks honest," says a little girl of ten; "I like Martha Washington's picture because her face looks as though she was smiling at us all the time."

"Washington and Lincoln did a great many deeds," writes a young man of ten. "When Lincoln was small he was poor; Washington was born in a very rich house."

The upper front hall is also classic, the Roman Forum, an Emperor and a Roman "Victory."

In the upper central hall are seen Italian views, Venice, Florence, with cuts from works by famous masters. In the historical room are noted figures and scenes of bygone days in England, France and Spain. Joan of Arc and the Duke of Orleans are especial favorites with the children.

In the Francis Parkman room the portraits please best the boys; while the girls are especially fond of the gardens and flowers.

It has seemed best to make subscription to the work of the League only two dollars a year so that as many as possible might share in the work.

Address Arthur A. Carey, Treasurer of the Public School Art League, 50 State Street, Boston.

JAMES MAHONEY.

Extracts from "Notes and Suggestions on Schoolroom Decoration," compiled by James Mahoney, 1898:

THE BOSTON PUBLIC SCHOOL ART LEAGUE

The Constitution

OBJECT

The Public School Art League, of Boston, is instituted to promote the adornment of schoolrooms, and the cultivation of art in the schools.

OFFICERS

The officers of the League shall consist of a President, a Vice-President, a Treasurer, a Secretary, and a Board of five directors.

MEETINGS

There shall be two annual meetings; on the first Monday in October and the first Monday in May. Fifteen members shall constitute a quorum.

MEMBERSHIP

All persons who desire to further the objects of the League shall be eligible to membership.

DUES

The dues shall be two dollars, payable the first Monday in October.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

The election of officers shall be held on the first Monday in May.

OFFICERS

Henry W. Putnam, President; Frank A. Hill, Vice-President; Arthur Astor Carey, Treasurer, 29 Fairfield Street, Boston; Walter Gilman Page, Secretary, 90 Westland Avenue, Boston.

DIRECTORS

Mrs. F. B. Ames, Mrs. E. H. Richards, Ross Turner, C. Howard Walker, James Mahoney, Chairman.

1898.

THE BOSTON PUBLIC SCHOOL ART LEAGUE

It is the ideal of the League to make the schoolhouse a temple worthy to receive, and fitted to inspire, the children of all the people to the dignity of free citizenship in the Republic.

We urge, first of all, that the school buildings be of good architecture, attractive without, and worthy to receive adornment within.

We would decorate the corridors, rooms, and halls, with reproductions of the masterpieces of art,—photographs, casts, and, should our means ever permit, with the more costly works of art, selecting, arranging, and grouping according to the grade and mental range of the pupils concerned.

This movement, though still in its infancy, has already produced visible results, not only in Boston and in many other cities and towns in New England, but throughout the entire country, being taken up with a zeal which would seem incredible to those who see in art only a form of luxury.

The work began in Boston in 1871, with the decoration of the hall in the Girls' High School. In 1883 (School Document 20) the Boston School Committee suggested help and action in line with the movement of the English Committee, headed by John Ruskin.

Not long afterwards, in Salem, Mr. Ross Turner, feeling the lack of appreciation for all things artistic in America, when he saw the handsome Phillips School building just completed, thought that here, in the schoolroom with the children, was the place to begin, if America was ever to appreciate such things. He found the school authorities, teachers, and pupils most ready to co-operate. A considerable sum of money was raised, and the result was the decoration of four rooms in the Phillips School building with large solar prints and casts; the city tinting the walls at its own expense. The spaces for pictures were filled with regard to size, nothing being sacrificed to mere ornamentation. One room was decorated as a Roman room, another as American, the third with subjects of the Italian Renaissance, and the fourth with Egyptian subjects. The room of the Italian Renaissance is perhaps the most complete and interesting. Here the light was cold and cheerless in effect, and to offset this the walls were tinted with a light Venetian red. For decoration, five large casts of the bas-relief of Luca della Robbia were used. The large space at the end of the room was adorned with a large photograph of the "Aurora," by Guido Reni.

In May, 1892, the Public School Art League was formed in Boston, being the first attempt to organize the movement on a large scale, and sufficient funds were collected to decorate two rooms, a petition having been presented to the School Board. Among the twenty-four names attached to this petition were those of Phillips Brooks,

Edward Everett Hale, Julia Ward Howe, Francis A. Walker, Eben N. Horsford, and Charles G. Loring. As a result of the favorable action of the School Board, a room in the English High School was decorated with photographs and casts pertaining to Roman art and history.

A room in the Rice Primary School was also decorated with pictures and casts, mainly relating to American history.

In 1894, The Agassiz School, Burroughs Street, Jamaica Plain, with the co-operation of the principal of the school and under the leadership of Mr. Walter Gilman Page, then a member of the Boston School Board, was decorated. The large assembly hall was hung with pictures illustrative of American history, such as "Washington Crossing the Delaware," portraits of Washington, Lafayette, Adams, etc.

The upper corridor contains busts of Hamilton, Webster, Sumner, Phillips, Agassiz, and Mann. The middle corridor is filled with casts taken from subjects of Italian and Grecian art, such as six slabs from the Parthenon frieze, "Boys and Girls Singing and Playing on Instruments," by Luca della Robbia, a statue of Sophocles, busts of Zeus, Apollo, Diana, Minerva, etc.

The lower corridor contains busts of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Lincoln, Grant, etc.

Classroom No. 6 is to be decorated with subjects pertaining to English history. At present it contains busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Shakespeare. Additions will be made by successive graduating classes.

MEMORIAL ROOMS

The decoration of a room in the Latin School, Warren Avenue, with subjects pertaining directly to the War of the Revolution, was permitted by the generosity of one of the descendants of Samuel Adams, under direction of Mr. Page.

GILBERT STUART SCHOOL

In May, 1897, in recognition and in appreciation of the naming of this school after one of the most distinguished of American painters, the Boston artists, at a meeting held at the Boston Art Club, voted to issue a circular to the members of their profession in Boston, asking for contributions of pictures in oil, watercolor, pastel, or black and white, to adorn the walls of the principal's room.

In consequence, the school contains a collection of original works of art, many of them signed by men of wide reputation.

WORK OF SOCIETIES

Many societies and clubs have taken up the work, societies of women, in particular, doing loyal service. Among the societies con-

tributing are the following: Society of Sons of the Revolution, in the Commonwealth; Paul Revere Chapter, Daughters of the Revolution; Woman's Relief Corps; Appalachian Mountain Club; Twentieth Century Club; Women's Educational and Industrial Union; The Historic Art Club (Manchester, N. H.).

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS

It would be our desire to give as many practical hints and suggestions as possible, such information as school authorities and others interested are most desirous of receiving; and for that reason we insert chapters on the following topics:

Tinting of the Walls. A consideration of the subject of wall-tinting led to unexpected results, namely, that the glaring white of the walls of our schoolrooms was not only inartistic but actually injurious to the pupils' eyes, straining and weakening them; and further consideration led to the welcome fact that art and hygiene were here at one, namely, that the tints which would rest and please the eye were also those which were most artistic, such as soft gray-greens or delicate shades of dull blue, while for halls and corridors terra cotta tones afford a contrast to the classrooms. Tints should be laid on in flat washes, the depth of color used should depend upon the lighting of the room; ceilings must be tinted, as they reflect light. In general, thus, the tints are to be selected according to the situation of the room and the lighting of it.

One of the questions most often asked is, "Where can we obtain a list of suitable reproductions of works of art?" We append, in answer, the following lists, first that of Mr. Arthur Astor Carey, whose collection of photographs is the most complete single list that has yet been put together, and is now on exhibition in the Boston Public Library; secondly, that of Mr. Walter Gilman Page; and, thirdly, a list of works of art for schoolroom decoration by a joint committee representing the Boston Art Students' Association, Conference of Educational Workers, and the Public School Art League.

[Extracts from James Mahoney's report, 1900.]

Since presenting its last report, the Public School Art League has decorated with photographs and casts two schoolhouses,—the "Francis Parkman," Walkhill Street, Forest Hills, and the "Bowdoin," Myrtle Street, Boston.

In order that the League may become a vital factor in the education of Boston, it ought to be able to decorate at least three or four school buildings each year. But membership dues are its only regular source of income (two dollars per year).

Every one who is really interested in this work is earnestly requested to induce at least one other person to become a member of the League.

[Extracts from James Mahoney's report, 1901.]

This society is organized for the purpose of providing schoolrooms with appropriate works of art, especially with photographs and plaster casts of the great and simple pictures and statues of the world.

It believes that reproductions of works of the highest quality should be used in guiding and moulding the taste of children, and that the old truth, *Maxima debetur puero reverentia*, applies in this as in all other fields of influence and education.

A pamphlet, called "Notes and Suggestions on Schoolroom Decoration," has been published by the society for the use of kindred organizations and of individuals interested in similar work, and will be mailed, without charge, to any applicant.

It is believed that a large membership, each member paying a small fee, is a better basis for such a society than larger contributions from comparatively few individuals, and therefore the annual dues have been fixed at the small sum of two dollars. It is essential to success, however, under this arrangement, that the membership should be very large, and therefore you are earnestly requested, if its objects and methods meet with your approval, to join the society and to induce others to give their help in the same way.

Address Arthur A. Carey, Treasurer of the Public School Art League, 50 State Street, Boston.

OFFICERS OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL ART LEAGUE

President—Mrs. Sarah W. Whitman.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Fanny B. Ames, Mrs. Mary Morton Kehew, Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, Mrs. Paul Thorndike, Mr. J. Templeman Coolidge, Jr., Mr. Joseph Lee, Mrs. Henry L. Higginson, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears, Dr. Wm. Sturgis Bigelow, Mr. Frank A. Hill, Mr. Robert Treat Paine.

Secretary—Miss Hilda Whiteside, The Ludlow, Copley Square, Boston.

Treasurer—Mr. Arthur A. Carey, 50 State Street, Boston.

Executive Committee—Mr. James Mahoney, Chairman; Miss Hilda Whiteside, Mr. J. Randolph Coolidge, Jr., Mr. Otto Fleischner, Mrs. Louis Prang, Mr. Arthur A. Carey, Mr. J. Templeman Coolidge, Jr., Mr. Ross Turner.

[Extracts from James Mahoney's report, 1904.]

"6.—It is important that school buildings and school grounds should be planned and decorated so as to serve as effective agencies for educating not only the children, but the people as a whole, in matters of taste. The school is becoming more and more a community centre, and its larger opportunities impose new obligations. School buildings should be attractive as well as healthful, and the adjoining grounds should be laid out and planned with appropriateness and beauty."—From Resolutions, National Educational Association, Mechanics' Hall, July 10, 1903.

In order that the work of the Public School Art League may grow, the Executive Committee most earnestly urges each member of the League to induce at least one other person to become a member.

REPORT OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

It is now more than two years since the Public School Art League has had a public meeting.

The Executive Committee greatly regrets this fact; but different circumstances made it seem necessary. However, the work of the League, namely, the decoration of schoolrooms, did not cease; and it seems to be a fact that during a like period the League has rarely accomplished more.

A statement has already been issued regarding the decoration of the Frothingham School, Charlestown.

The Benjamin Dean School was decorated last summer, by Mr. Peabody of the Executive Committee, in a way that has won the cordial approval of the Sixth Division Committee (having the Dean School in charge), and of the teachers. Mr. Peabody is at present at work on the East Boston High School.

A most valuable part of the work of the League is being accomplished by the sub-committee (of the Executive Committee) known as the Color Committee.

The Schoolhouse Commission has seen fit to intrust it with the delicate and difficult task of taking in charge the internal coloring of a number of the public schools of the city.

The members are requested to read the carefully prepared reports written by Mr. J. R. Coolidge, Jr.

Great credit is due the President of the League, Mrs. Henry Whitman, for the excellent color-scheme for the Boston Latin and English High Schools, drawn up by her during the trying weather of the summer of 1903.

The advent of the National Educational Association to Boston last summer furnished an opportunity for the spread of the doctrines of the Public School Art League, which the Executive Committee thought ought not be missed.

Mr. J. T. Coolidge, Jr., and Mr. Otto Fleischner, at an expense of about one hundred dollars, fitted up a room in the Girls' Latin School which was used as a Woman's Building. This room gave pleasure to many thousands of the teachers during the convention week, as testified by the warm thanks of the Executive Committee of the National Educational Association.

The chairman of the Executive Committee of the League was requested by the officers of the National Educational Association to form a local reception committee to represent Boston art interests at the convention.

Such a committee was accordingly formed. Headquarters were established at the Normal Art School.

(a) Lectures were given by Mr. J. R. Coolidge, Jr., and Mr. Ross

Turner, on the decoration of schoolhouses, to audiences that could scarcely be contained within the appointed halls.

(b) A number of receptions in the studios of leading Boston artists were arranged. These were well attended, and much appreciated by the visiting teachers.

(c) An exhibition of the work of the Massachusetts School of Design, of the Benson and Tarbell and of the Eric Pape Schools, was also held, and was well attended.

The work of the League was appreciated by the N. E. A. and its principles were strongly endorsed in the final resolutions of the convention.

Respectfully submitted,

JAMES MAHONEY,
Chairman Executive Committee.

BOSTON, January 25, 1904.

TO JAMES MAHONEY, ESQ.,

Chairman Executive Committee Boston Public School Art
League.

Dear Sir:

At the request of the Executive Committee of the Boston Public School Art League, I last summer took charge of the decoration of the Benjamin Dean School, South Boston.

As the school is for very young children, the choice of pictures and casts was somewhat difficult, the question being how to interest them without choosing subjects of a somewhat low artistic standard. This danger, I think, has been overcome. There is no doubt of the delight of their teachers in being surrounded by beautiful things, and this pleasure will doubtless be in some way reflected in the instruction of their pupils.

All the walls of the classrooms I found tinted a shade of buff; and, although as a background for the casts it was not satisfactory, no change was made on account of the cost, as it seemed probable that, when the time came to do them again, better shades could be selected at the expense of the city. The decorations were all placed in the classrooms, except that over the landing of the west or main staircase was placed Houdon's bust of Washington on a bracket, with two large United States flags crossed and draped behind it.

List of photographs and casts used in the rooms of the Benjamin Dean School, South Boston:

Room 1. North wall, over teacher's desk, Cast, four panels from Cantoria Frieze by Lucca della Robbia.

East wall, The Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris.

West wall, Holy Trinity, Stratford-on-Avon; Portrait of Abraham Lincoln with flag over it; Portrait of General U. S. Grant with flag over it.

Room 2. South wall, Portraits of George and Martha Washington with view of Mt. Vernon between them, over this two flags draped.

East wall, Cast, slab X from Parthenon Frieze.

West wall, Cows at the Watering-trough, Dupré.

Room 3. Kindergarten, North wall, Shoeing the Bay Mare, Landseer; Holy Family, Murillo; Cast, Bambino, Andrea della Robbia.

West wall, The Singing Class, Wunsck; Sheep Feeding, Mauve.

Room 4. Kindergarten, South wall, Cast, Winged Victory; four colored prints, The Seasons.

East wall, Feeding the Hens, J. F. Millet.

West wall, Watering the Horses, Dagnan-Bouveret.

Room 5. North wall, Feeding her Birds, J. F. Millet; St. Peter's Cathedral, Rome; Arab on Dromedary, from life.

South wall, Cast, Madonna and Child, Luca della Robbia.

West wall, Cast, Morning, Thorwaldsen; Cast, Night, Thorwaldsen; Niagara Falls, United States flag over it.

Room 6. South wall, Washington crossing the Delaware, flag over; Cast, Declaration of Independence; Cast, Treaty of Peace.

East wall, Cast, Head of Virgin, on bracket.

West wall, the Ducal Palace, Venice.

Room 7. North wall, Overflow of Nile and Pyramids, from nature; The Repose in Egypt, Van Dyck; Cast, Cupids Singing, Gian da Bologna.

East wall, The Goose Girl, J. F. Millet.

West wall, Capitol at Washington, flag over.

Room 8. South wall, Carnival of Columbus; United States Frigate, Constitution; United States Warship, Massachusetts; two pennants, Union Jack and United States flag, draped over these.

East wall, The First Step, J. F. Millet; Cast, Madonna and Child, Rosselino.

On the walls omitted in above list were placed various casts and photographs already in possession of the school. The whole cost of the decoration of this school was just under \$500.

I remain,

Yours respectfully,

J. E. PEABODY.

[Extracts from James Mahoney's report, 1907.]

Since the Executive Committee of the Public School Art League made its last report, Mr. John Endicott Peabody has decorated the East Boston High schoolhouse; Mrs. Daniel Merriman, the Oliver Hazard Perry schoolhouse in South Boston; and Miss Martha Silsbee and Mr. J. Templeman Coolidge, Jr., the Dearborn schoolhouse in Roxbury and the Quincy schoolhouse in the South End.

To these decorators of the League special thanks and gratitude are due. No one who is not familiar with the details of this kind of work can appreciate the difficulty of it, nor comprehend how it takes time and taxes patience.

Those who believe in the value of school decoration are earnestly requested to secure new members for the League, as membership fees

constitute its chief source of income. These fees are only two dollars per year. Special gifts both of money and of objects of art suitable for the schoolroom are welcome indeed. Contributions should be sent to Miss Martha Silsbee, Treasurer, 115 Marlborough Street, Boston.

JAMES MAHONEY,
For the Executive Committee.

BOSTON,
April 30, 1907.

EAST BOSTON HIGH SCHOOL,
BOSTON, April 9, 1907.

MR. JAMES MAHONEY,
The Charlesgate, Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir:

In the absence of Mr. Peabody, I am asked to make a report upon the work of the Public School Art League in decorating the East Boston High School in 1905.

The stipulation that the Alumni should provide \$100 was met by a favorable vote at the meeting in May, and the statuary, pictures, and busts were procured. These were placed in the building as follows: In the lower corridor the large statue of Thalia, the Muse of Comedy, upon a large pedestal; a pedestal was provided also for a companion piece, Clio, Muse of History, owned by the school. On the walls of the lower staircase in either end of the building were placed sixteen busts on plaster supports fastened to the walls, eight in each staircase; four historical characters in early American history—Washington, Franklin, Lafayette, and Hamilton; four in later—Webster, Grant, Lincoln, and John A. Andrew.

In the corresponding staircase were placed five busts of noted Romans—Cicero, Virgil, Cæsar, Cæsar Augustus, and Marcus Aurelius; and three busts of mythological characters—Apollo, Minerva, and Diana. On the walls of the upper staircase were hung, at one end of the building, three 3 x 4 feet photographs of American interest—Niagara Falls, the Great Geyser of the Yellowstone National Park, and the Capitol at Washington. On the staircase at the other end were hung three large photographs of foreign views—Notre Dame Cathedral at Paris, St. Peter's Church at Rome, and the Sistine Madonna. In the classrooms several pictures were grouped in a few rooms, instead of scattering them; in the senior classroom a large view of the Avon and church at Stratford, the scene of Cicero's first oration against Catiline in the Roman Senate, and a large view of the Nile near the Pyramids. In another room two large pictures—Washington Crossing the Delaware and the Signing of the Declaration of Independence.

The statuary and pictures are adapted to the character of the building as well as to the atmosphere of the school, and have an influence in harmony with each and enhance the interest of both. They give to the building a feeling of culture and refinement, and the Art League may feel assured that its work is not only appreciated by pupil and teacher, but that it is an effective agent for the production of higher things.

Yours very truly,

JOHN F. ELIOT.

The Oliver Hazard Perry School was decorated in the spring of 1906. As this school has a most beautiful location near the sea at City Point, South Boston, and as it bears the name of a naval hero, it was thought well to decorate the assembly hall in honor of great naval achievements.

The plaster walls and cornices of this hall had never been painted, so a tone of greenish olive gray was put over them and a number of cream-white tablets, with gold borders and gold lettering, were introduced.

At the rear of the platform garlands of laurel were painted on the wall, and between them three laurel wreaths, suspended by sky-blue ribbons, inclosed the names of John Paul Jones, Oliver Hazard Perry, and David Gridley Farragut. Under these were painted horizontal tablets, each bearing a brave saying of the hero whose name stood in the wreath above.

On the walls at the sides of the platform were placed tall tablets, with the names of the greatest naval commanders, from Themistocles down, painted on them. Below, at one side, three smaller tablets recorded the greatest naval victories of the world. Balancing these, at the opposite side of the hall, was placed a bas-relief from Trajan's Column, representing Victory inscribing names on a shield.

Around the wall under the gallery were hung framed pictures, such as the "Old Constitution," the "Battle of Lake Erie," "Farragut at Mobile Bay," the "Bonhomme Richard and Serapis," etc., and a large photograph of Oliver Hazard Perry, taken from the bronze statue of him at Newport, R. I., in which he is represented carrying his flag over his arm as he goes in an open boat from his sinking flagship to another vessel.

Besides these, two laurel wreaths in plaster were hung under the gallery, one of which bore the honored name of Florence Nightingale and the other that of Dorothea Dix; and at the rear of the hall two heart-shaped tablets were made to set forth generous and inspiring words and deeds. On one was recorded the story of Commander Craven, who, in the turret of the sinking monitor *Tecumseh*, gave up to his pilot the only chance to escape, and perished with his ship. On

the other were inscribed Lawrence's exhortation, "Don't give up the ship"; Nelson's, "England expects every man to do his duty"; and Philip's, "Don't cheer, men, the poor fellows are dying."

There remained two very large and conspicuous wall spaces at the ends of the gallery, on either side of the hall. In these two circular pictures, each eight feet in diameter, were painted. One represented a Spanish caravel of the time of Columbus, and bore the date 1492. The other showed a modern full-rigged battleship, with the date 1906. Each of these pictures was inclosed in a wreath of laurel. The caravel was painted in tones of red and ochre, with decorated sails, on a peacock blue sea; and the battleship was white, with ochre turrets, on a cold blue North Atlantic sea.

The expense of coloring the walls and cornices of the assembly hall and also of the stairs and corridors of the whole building (above the high dado) was borne by the Schoolhouse Commission, as these had never been tinted. In the corridors a pale reddish brown tone was used, to harmonize with the red-brown dado already there. Then a bas-relief from Thorwaldsen's "Triumphal Entry of Alexander into Babylon" was placed over each of the two entrance doors to the assembly hall, and a cast of the Della Robbia Singing Boys, Children Dancing, and Playing on Instruments, etc., was placed over each of the six schoolroom doors in the corridor on the lower floor.

Fourteen schoolrooms were still to be decorated, and it seemed needful to put something attractive in each, as all the school had joined in raising \$200, by giving a concert, to supplement the funds of the Public School Art League.

To find suitable works of art for such a purpose is not easy. They must be of considerable size in order to make any effect, and they must be of really good quality, yet they must not cost too much. In some rooms casts alone were used. The Singing Cherubs of Giovanni di Bologna was quite enough for one room. In another a long slab of dancing maidens, at either end of which was a bracket supporting a statuette. These statuettes were given to the League by Miss Ellen Parker, on behalf of her father. She also gave a bust of Clytie and a head of Apollo. These were placed on brackets in two of the other rooms, with a picture on either side. In another room a picture was placed in the center and Thorwaldsen's Night and Morning hung on either side. In another two "cupids from the tomb of Henry IV" supported a central picture. A madonna by Rosellino was made the central point in another room, and two of the cherub reliefs from San Antonio at Padua (which are tall and narrow) hung at either side of a central picture in yet another. In every case but one the decoration was confined to the wall at the end of the room above the teacher's chair. The exception was the Washington room, in which a colored print of Mt. Vernon was hung opposite the teacher's end, while above

her chair a bas-relief of the Signing of the Declaration of Independence was placed in the middle, flanked by fine engravings from the Stuart portraits of George and Martha Washington. These portraits and their frames were given to the school by the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, respectively.

All the pictures, with this exception (and there were a good many of them, as two and even three were used in some rooms), were colored pictures. It was felt that casts and photographs, however, good in themselves, were rather severe for the ordinary child's appreciation, so colored pictures were sought for. A series of large colored prints, measuring perhaps two by three feet when framed, had been issued in Germany for the special purpose of schoolroom decoration, and these were introduced with excellent effect. The subjects are romantic landscapes and village scenes, and some are figure compositions. Another smaller series of Dutch scenes was also used. The coloring was pleasing, and they did much to brighten the rooms. The whole sum spent in doing the decorative painting in this school (exclusive of the plain wall coloring), purchasing casts and pictures, framing the latter, and putting everything in its place was about \$680, of which \$200 was contributed by the school itself.

H. B. MERRIMAN.

TO JAMES MAHONEY, ESQ.,
Chairman Executive Committee,
Boston Public School Art League.

Dear Sir:

The four upper schoolrooms, the assembly hall, and the corridor at the top of the central staircase of the Dearborn School are the only spaces in that school where decoration was attempted. Already in the assembly hall were some casts and a few large framed photographs of landscapes which had been presented to the school by graduating classes. As these were all good of their kind, a photograph head of Franklin and one of Hamilton were added to make a more harmonious group of three at either end of the hall, and the frieze already started was continued over the center platform, the subject being "Chariots," in two sections, a relief copied from that found in Herculaneum, with a central piece of Bacchantes from an old sarcophagus of the same period. Under the last were placed two American flags, one red with a pine tree on the white stripe, the New England Old Colonial; the other dark blue, the Bunker Hill flag, together with a plaster cast of the eagle, to give some color to the prevailing gray tone of the walls.

It was the master's (Mr. King) desire that the school might do something towards the expense of the frieze, and for this purpose a meeting was organized and a talk given upon the war, which proved a great success, showing much interest in the cause, and thereby enough

money was secured to pay for the frieze; and it is the hope of the committee that this same interest shall continue until the hall is finished and perhaps the rest of the schoolhouse as well.

The four upper rooms were chosen as a beginning because they are the upper grade rooms and the only ones on the same floor as the assembly hall. The wishes of the teachers were consulted as much as possible, and in Number 19, the only sunny one of the four, were put a large photograph by Carpaccio of St. George and the Dragon, from the church in Venice, at the end; one of Amalfi and one of the Castle of St. Angelo and the Tiber, on the side; and over the teacher's desk were hung a bas-relief of Luca della Robbia's madonna, with photographs of Murillo's madonna and Velasquez's Olivarez on either side. Four smaller photographs already in the room were left, and on the side of the row of windows and between them were placed three small reliefs of fruit, asked for by the teachers in behalf of the children and for which they were eager enough to subscribe the money. The room opposite this, Number 20, has no sun, and so over the teacher's desk were placed three colored Swiss landscapes, and facing these two American landscapes, one of Niagara and the other a Western cañon, leaving also in this room a few small ones already there.

On the farther end of the schoolhouse, Number 18 is much overshadowed by a building; and so in this room is another colored group of three Dutch subjects, with two plaster reliefs of Donatello angels and a Bellini madonna between them over the teacher's desk. In the fourth room Number 21, over the teacher's desk were hung three photographs of ships—the *Santa Maria*, the *Constitution*, and the modern battleship *Massachusetts*. Opposite to these are Farragut's Victory at Mobile Bay, Sherman's March through Georgia, and a peaceful wood scene, with deer, by Rosa Bonheur; two smaller ones were already there, hanging on the side opposite the windows.

The corridors do not lend themselves easily to decoration, so that little was done; but half way up the first staircase was a flat surface, and on this was put the centre section of the bas-relief of the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," from Amiens, the two other sections being placed on the corridor wall opposite the staircase.

114 BEACON STREET, April 16, 1907.

J. MAHONEY, ESQ.

Dear Sir:

I send you, according to request of Miss Silsbee, a list of pictures selected for the Quincy School.

Photographs:

Amalfi, Italy.

Murillo—Madonna.

Woods and Deer (Rosa Bonheur).

Three boat pictures—

*Santa Maria,**Constitution,**Massachusetts.*

Niagara.

Grand Cañon of Colorado.

Two—Velasquez (Olivarez and Infant Balthasar).

Carpaccio—St. George.

Twelve German colored pictures.

Sir Joshua Reynolds—Turner reproduction of Angel Heads.

Yours very truly,

J. T. COOLIDGE, JR.

STATEMENT OF TREASURER

Jan. 1, 1905.	Dues.....	\$641.00	
	Cash from former Treasurer.....	527.85	
			\$1,168.85

RECEIPTS

1906.	Dues.....	\$394.96	
	Donations.....	264.00	
			658.96
			<u>\$1,827.81</u>

PAYMENTS

1906.	Checkbook.....	\$1.25	
	Printing.....	4.75	
	Carting.....	4.00	
	Solar prints and framing.....	52.80	
	Flags.....	37.31	
	Treasurer's expenses.....	15.96	
	Sculptor.....	9.25	
	Casts.....	195.00	
	Frames.....	94.75	
	James Wingate.....	211.75	
	Perry School.....	85.15	
			\$711.97
	Cash on hand December 28, 1906.....		1,115.84
			<u>\$1,827.81</u>

Expenses incurred in connection with work on the Quincy and Dearborn schoolhouses are as follows:

April, 1907.	Flags, poles, and rings.....	\$22.79
	H. R. Turner Co.....	90.44
	Hanging pictures.....	14.65
	Charles E. Cobb.....	137.00
	To Treasurer for stamps.....	9.00
	P. P. Caproni & Bro.....	142.30
	W. H. Pierce.....	193.75
	Hanging pictures.....	9.60
		<hr/>
		\$619.53
		<hr/>

MARTHA SILSBEE,
Treasurer.

[Extracts from James Mahoney's report, 1911.]

The Public School Art League has for twelve years been engaged upon the work of providing instructive decorations for the Public Schoolrooms of the City of Boston, chiefly in the form of enlarged photographs, busts, and bas-reliefs.

The League is carrying on this important work with only slight means at its disposal, namely, the \$2.00 annual contributions of its members; and it asks for the support and interest of a larger membership.

The details of the work will be found on the succeeding sheets.

Most of our children get their first strong impressions at school, and so it becomes a public duty to make the schools and surroundings beautiful.

Children by nature hunger for beauty in some form, and are quick to respond to it. By what process shall they be awakened to the love of the beautiful in art and nature, and be taught to feel what is really fine?

The Public School Art League has tried to answer this question by providing schoolrooms with appropriate works of art, especially with photographs and plaster casts of the great and simple pictures and statues of the world. It believes that reproductions of works of the highest quality should be used in guiding and molding the taste of children and in helping them to realize the ideals of humanity.

The great opportunity which is here offered to improve the children by putting them in the presence of beautiful and appropriate subjects may be better appreciated when it is realized that each schoolhouse averages twenty rooms, with forty or more pupils in each room; that in Boston alone 100,000 children spend from five to six hours daily at school; how far-reaching such influences must be, and what an amount of good can be done by enlarging them!

Our new public schoolrooms are comfortable, clean, well lighted and ventilated, and the Schoolhouse Commission which has charge of their

building and decoration has given the League its hearty support by inviting it to select the interior colors and by furnishing appropriate colors for the woodwork, desks, and chairs; and in some cases it has been able to provide an occasional tablet, bust, stained glass window, or cast. But these are few, and the rooms remain more or less bare; and it has justly been said that the schoolhouses should be attractive as well as healthful.

"I like to go to school," wrote a child from one of the schools decorated by the League, "because it has so many large, beautiful pictures."

"I would like to have the picture of Lincoln," writes another, "because he stands so good." And another:

"I like the Capitol because it is so large and beautiful."

A few such impressions only have been recorded, but we can imagine how many and varied are the unrecorded expressions of interest and feeling on the part of the thousands of children who come under these humanizing influences.

The older schools in more crowded districts need more attention than the new ones, because they are often shabby and cheerless, and are for this reason frequently chosen for decoration by the League; but the work on schools, old and new, is limited to one or two a year, because it costs from \$400 to \$700 to decorate completely one schoolhouse by hanging three or four enlarged photographs and perhaps one or two casts in every room; and the only source of income for this work is derived from the \$2.00 contributions of annual subscribers who now number 180, and a few gifts from interested friends.

During the last twelve years, fourteen of the 225 schools in Boston have been decorated by the League, each one with some regard to its name, associations, and locality.

The enlarged photographs measure twenty-six by thirty-six and thirty by forty inches, and eight inches more in height and width, with their mounts and frames. The prices are, for the League, \$9.50 and \$12.75, respectively. They include such subjects as Dürer's Rabbit, Millet's Mother and Children, the Sistine Madonna, Velasquez's Prince Balthazar on a galloping horse; and photographs and casts from the Della Robbias and other masters for the younger children.

The other subjects include American ships, the frigate *Constitution* and battleship *Massachusetts*; a Sioux chief, the Capitol at Washington, Mount Vernon, Niagara Falls, the Rocky Mountains, George and Martha Washington, Abraham Lincoln; paintings of Benozzo Gozzoli, Velasquez, Titian, Reynolds, Millet; the Parthenon, Roman Forum, Gothic cathedrals, the Duomo at Florence, grand canals and palaces at Venice, etc.

The plaster casts of sculpture which supplement the larger photographs are mainly taken from the Italian Renaissance, and include also

portraits of distinguished Americans. They serve chiefly to decorate the halls and assembly rooms.

National and state flags, too, are used for decoration, and to arouse patriotism, while certain pictures represent vital scenes in our country's life.

In order that the League may become an important factor in the education of Boston, it is essential that the membership should be large, and those who believe in the value of school decorations are earnestly requested to join the League and to induce others to join as well; and gifts of money or work will be very welcome.

The need of more workers is urgent, and new ideas are necessary to broaden the field of the few upon whom the labor has fallen. Subscriptions or contributions may be sent to Miss Martha Silsbee, Treasurer, 115 Marlborough Street, Boston.

LIST OF TEN PICTURES PREVIOUSLY PAID FOR, WHICH WERE USED IN THE 1915 EXHIBITION, AND WHICH WERE LATER SENT TO THE WASHINGTON SCHOOL

Duomo, Florence.
 Beehive Geyser, Yellowstone Park.
 Grand Cañon, Colorado River, Arizona.
 Imperial Courier. By Schreyer.
 Frigate *Constitution*. By Marshall Johnson.
 Casa D'Oroa, Venice.
 The Goose Girl. By Millet.
 Age of Innocence. By Sir Joshua Reynolds.
 The Duke of Olivarez. By Velasquez.
 Prince Balthazar. By Velasquez. (Equestrian.)

LIST OF FORTY-TWO PICTURES DELIVERED TO THE WASHINGTON SCHOOL, SOUTH MARGIN STREET, BOSTON

Portrait of Charles I of England. By A. Van Dyck.
 Infanta Maria Theresa. By Velasquez.
 Woman Feeding Chickens. By Millet.
 Infanta Marguerite. By Velasquez.
 Group of Angels. Detail of painting by Beato Angelica.
 Façade Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris.
 Sphinx and Pyramid, Egypt.
 King Arthur in Armor, Innsbruck.
 Pisa, Church and Tower.
 The Chase. By Wouwerman.
 The Acropolis, Athens, Greece.
 The Queen of Chypre. By Paolo Caliari.
 Concord Bridge Battleground, Concord, Mass.
 Woman and Child. By Frans Hals.
 The Horse Fair. By Rosa Bonheur.
 Bronze Horses on St. Mark's Cathedral, Venice.
 Knight, Death and Devil. Engraving by Albrecht Dürer.
 Feeding Her Birds (Children). By Millet.
 Amalfi, Sicily (Monk sitting in cloister).
 Longfellow-Craigie House, Cambridge, Mass.

- At the Water Trough. By Dagnan-Bouveret.
 Lion. Sculpture by Wappen Gianfigliuzzi.
 Coronation of the Virgin. By Botticelli.
 Queen Isabella of Bourbon (on White Horse). By Velasquez.
 Assyrian Marble Slab, Hunting Lions in Chariot.
 First Steps. By Millet.
 Cologne Cathedral.
 Interior of Barn. By Wouwerman.
 The Two Sons of the Painter. By Peter Paul Rubens.
 Portrait of Queen Marguerite of Austria (on Black Horse).
 By Velasquez.
 Portrait of King Philip (on Horseback). By Velasquez.
 Madonna in Wreath of Flowers. By Peter Paul Rubens.
 Bust of Giovanni. (With two cherubim and floral carving.) By Della Robbia.
 Equestrian Portrait of Charles XV on Battlefield. By Vecelli.
 Madonna and Rabbit. By Tiziano Vecelli.
 Portrait of the Queen Maria Anna. By Diego Velasquez.
 Count of Olivarez (on Black Horse). By Velasquez.
 Vision of Saint Helen. By Paolo Veronese.
 Portrait of the Child Charles-Balthazar. By Velasquez.
 Portrait of King Philip IV (full-length figure). By Velasquez.
 Willem von Huythuysen, Burgher of Harlem. By Frans Hals.
 Portrait of the Prince Don Balthazar. (Figure with gun and dog.) By Velasquez.
 Six from Soule:
 1. Appian Way.
 2. Boats. By Clays.
 3. Houses of Parliament.
 4. Cleopatra's Terrace (Yellowstone).
 5. Rabbits.
 6. Deer in Forest. Rosa Bonheur.
 Six from Cobb. Colored landscapes.

LIST OF FIFTEEN PICTURES HUNG IN BRIMMER SCHOOL, COMMON STREET

- Feast of Officers. By Frans Hals.
 Officers (Detail). By Frans Hals.
 Portrait of a Young Woman. By Paolo Veronese.
 Esther before Ahasuerus. By Paolo Veronese.
 Moses Saved from the Water. By Paolo Veronese.
 Madonna with Cuccina Family. By Paolo Veronese.
 Woman Making Omelet. By Velasquez.
 Reunion of Portraits. By Velasquez.
 Henrietta Maria. By Van Dyck.
 Tower of London.
 Surf View.
 Iceberg, Labrador Coast.
 Whaling Vessels.
 Two colored landscape prints.

PICTURES IN THOMAS N. HART SCHOOL, SOUTH BOSTON

- Woman Making Omelet. By Velasquez.
 Madonna and Cherubs. By L. della Robbia.
 Isabella of Portugal. By Titian.
 Isabella d'Este. By Titian.

Gondola and Ducal Palace, Venice.
 Concord Bridge, Concord, Mass.
 Two colored landscapes.

PICTURES IN SKINNER SCHOOL, CORNER CHURCH AND FAYETTE STREETS, CONNECTED
 WITH BRIMMER SCHOOL

Woman Feeding Hens. By J. F. Millet.
 Girl Carrying Lambs. By J. F. Millet.
 Don Carlos (standing figure). By Velasquez.
 Portrait Duchess of Gloucester (Child). By Sir Joshua Reynolds.
 Sculpture (Cherubs). Master unknown.

Some work of decoration has been done in each of the following schools:

Horace Mann, Newbury Street.	Ross Turner.
English High, Montgomery Street.	Walter Gilman Page.
Agassiz, Burroughs Street, Jamaica Plain.	Walter Gilman Page.
Boston Latin, Warren Avenue.	Walter Gilman Page.
Bowdoin, Myrtle Street.	Arthur Astor Carey.
Francis Parkman, Walk Hill Street, Forest Hills.	Arthur Astor Carey.
Phillips Brooks, Quincy Street, Dorchester.	Mrs. Sarah W. Whitman and J. T. Coolidge, Jr.
Benjamin Dean, H. Street, South Boston.	John Endicott Peabody.
Frothingham, Prospect Street, Charlestown.	J. T. Coolidge, Jr.
East Boston High, Marion Street, East Boston.	John Endicott Peabody.
Oliver Hazard Perry, 7th Street, South Boston.	Mrs. Daniel Merriman.
Girls' High, West Newton Street.	} Under direction of J. T. Coolidge, Jr.
Rice, Dartmouth Street.	
Quincy, Tyler Street.	
Lawrence, B Street, South Boston.	
Washington, South Margin Street.	

President—Mrs. Winthrop Sargent.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Charles G. Ames, Mrs. Henry L. Higginson, Mrs. Mary Morton Kehew, Miss Ellen F. Mason, Mr. Arthur A. Carey, Mr. J. Templeman Coolidge, Jr., Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears, Mrs. Paul Thorndike, Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, Mrs. Roger Wolcott, Mr. Joseph Lee, Mr. J. R. Coolidge, Jr.

Secretary—Mrs. I. Tucker Burr, 90 Marlboro Street.

Treasurer—Miss Martha Silsbee, 115 Marlboro Street.

Executive Committee—Mr. James Mahoney, Chairman; Miss Eleanor Allen, Mrs. I. Tucker Burr, Mr. J. Randolph Coolidge, Jr., Mr. J. T. Coolidge, Jr., Mrs. Arthur H. Dakin, Mrs. Daniel Merriman, Mr. Henry D. Sleeper, Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells.

CHAPTER XII

POEMS, EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS AND LECTURES

The following address by James Mahoney, Head of the English department in the South Boston High School, was the first of the series given before the League of Catholic Women in the new Cathedral School, October 4, 1911:

THE ENGLISH POET'S DEBT TO THE CHURCH

What do we of today care about the poet, and why should we bother about his debts? We of today are practical; we are busy with the important concerns of life, with markets, stocks, railroads, with the home and school, with industrial education, business education,—and of course we attend to our religious duties. This is the first thought.

Quickly comes the second thought: In this age we must give full value to the material world and to practical questions; still we believe with the sage that the greatest need of this age is poetry. For true poetry is akin to religion, which puts practical matters, with all other things, into their proper scale in universal values.

The true poet is he who has deep visions of the universe and of the Creator, and who strives to worthily express to others the glories of his vision. He who splendidly succeeds in making others share his vision is the great poet, and in him the human heart and brain perform their highest function.

Fourteen hundred years ago, on the hills near Whitby, lived Caedmon, a shepherd boy. In the servant's hall, as the harp was passed about so that each might sing in turn, Caedmon trembled as he saw the harp approaching him. Quickly he stole from the hall, went back to his stable, and there he fell asleep. A stranger stood beside him in his dream, and bade him sing.

"I cannot sing," said Caedmon, "and therefore came I hither."

"Sing," said the stranger; "sing of the glories of creation and the wonderful works of God."

Beautiful verses came to Caedmon's mind; he sang them to the servants, and then to Hilda, who was amazed at his genius. She had him thoroughly trained in the Scriptures; and, as his imagination dwelt upon the Sacred Story, he composed noble poems, which have had a permanent influence on the greater poets of the English-speaking race.

Those who have deeply studied the fine arts—painting, sculpture,

music, and the like—find their creative source in religion. My thought is that literature is also a fine art, and that its highest creations have their source in the religion of Christ.

To prove this claim with regard to English poetry, it is necessary to go back in the history of England, to the days before there was such a thing as English speech. You are all well aware that the English language was nowhere spoken on earth till about eight hundred or nine hundred years ago; that it was gradually formed by the welding together of various languages, particularly the Teutonic, Romance, and Celtic.

Now my proposition is, that there can be no great poet till there is a great language; that there cannot be a great language till there is a great people; that there cannot be a great people or a great language till there is great intelligence, great ideals, and great national character.

And my special theme is, that in welding together the diverse racial elements into the English people, in the fusion of the diverse tongues into the English language, in the training of crude barbarians into intelligent beings, in molding the mind and character to the ideals of Christ, in creating literary types and in furnishing literary inspiration, the Church was the dominant influence.

If this be so, the English poet, in a very true sense, owes to the Church his language, his literary art, his poetic ideals, and his inspiration.

In the ponderous history of English literature recently issued by the great university of Cambridge in England, the learned editors make the following statement in the first volume: "But in the main English literature, as we know it, arose from the spirit inherent in the Viking makers of England, before they finally settled in this island."

In other words, these authors claim that it is the pagan nature and the Teutonic blood of those who settled in England that has in the main produced what we call English literature.

Against that proposition of blood and paganism I would maintain the proposition which I have already indicated, and I would now word it in this way: In the main, English poetry as we know it arose from the spirit, the intelligence, the learning, and spiritual devotion of the great churchmen, who taught and civilized not only the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes, but also the other races whose blood was combined with the Teutonic blood, to produce what we call the English people, and whose languages were to be developed and combined with that which we often hear termed Anglo-Saxon, in order to produce the magnificent language which we call English.

Let me begin with a negative proof. In 449 A.D., the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes began to come to England, which, during the five

hundred years before they came, had been subject to the heavy rule of the Roman Empire. Quickly these fierce invaders gained predominant influence over the old Britons, who for all these centuries had been accustomed to obey and not to fight.

My first question is, What had the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes accomplished before they went to England? Everybody knows that they had accomplished nothing in the arts of civilized life. They were hardy freebooters, accustomed to a wild life, and given to the shedding of human blood. They knew not even their letters when they went to England. Their religion was a blind worship of the crude powers of Nature. They were indeed barbarians; but, like all members of the Aryan race, capable of splendid development, if only an influence capable of producing development should appear. The only art of these Teutons when they came to the island was that of war, and this art they constantly plied, slaughtering the old Britons and each other, till the missionaries converted them and taught them a better way of dealing with their fellowmen.

From the fifth century onward, for three hundred years, the Church, by the admission of all, worked mightily, civilizing these tribes; the Irish missionaries in the north of England teaching, converting, and unifying the Angles of Northumberland; while Roman missionaries in the south did a like work among the Saxons and Jutes.

The fierce wars between the Angles and Jutes, as well as against the Britons and Welsh, gradually ceased. Whitby, Lindisfarne, and Jarrow in the north, as well as Canterbury in the south, formed centres not only of piety and learning, but of literature as well. Manners became mild, schools and churches flourished, and in those great churchmen who brought about these splendid results, kings found their wisest counselors and their best friends.

An age of peace, with vigorous, stimulating intelligence and high ideals, was needed that great poets might appear. And they did appear. This is the age of Caedmon and Cynewulf, the first real poets of England.

But soon across the German ocean came new swarms of pagan Teutons, this time the Danes, and with them for one hundred years the Church is struggling for its life. The growing civilization of Northumberland is blotted out, the schools and monasteries become a "mass of ashes, slaked with blood." We may well understand that now no great poems are being composed in that fair land, and we can understand, too, why, somewhat later, the Pope advocated the cause of William, Duke of Normandy, in his claims on England. William conquered England, and the Norman rule, then established, in a true sense continues to the present hour.

With William and his Norman Frenchmen came in a new type of

literary influence, which, in its turn, had been fostered and developed in the schools of the Church.

Thus far it is very clear that the *pagan* and *Teuton* influence tended only to the destruction of civilization, and not to the upbuilding of anything, least of all of that finest product of civilization,—a noble literature.

Please note that it was the Normans who gave England her first unified, well-established government, with a well-administered system of laws. The law of the Normans was Roman law; their skill in administration was derived from Rome. This stable government thus established was one of the strongest influences in producing a great nation, a truly great people, and in making a great literature possible. Here, again, the beneficent work of the Church becomes apparent. Preachers teaching the law of brotherly love softened the bitter hostility between the Norman conquerors and the despised Saxons. They thus helped to preserve the best elements in the genius and nature of the different peoples, which under this benign influence were being welded into one.

Well for us, indeed, it is that we have the Teutonic element in the language,—homely, strong, and forceful; capable of expressing deep truth and religious sincerity; but it was the Church that saved it and developed it.

Under the Norman rulers, French was long the dominant tongue, and French literary art and French ideas were now creative in the new language, which, in part Saxon, in part French, in part Celtic, and with elements borrowed from every speech under heaven, was gradually coming into being,—the newly formed English language. The very existence of this new language, the *lingua franca*, proves that civil relations had come to be established between the bitter enemies; and, as I have said, this, to a large degree, was the work of the Church.

Literary material must be supplied and long experience in its use obtained before any great poetry is possible. Now, English literature in its development rests upon the old chronicles, translations, and literary models. This literary material was exclusively the work of churchmen: for the most part, monks in their cells. The translations were made either by churchmen or their pupils, and the literary models were Italian, French, Greek, and Roman.

The Italian influence comes chiefly from Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio Ariosto, and Tasso. The slightest acquaintance with these authors shows that their inspiration is from the Church.

The French influence on English literature began with the Normans and has never ceased. Sometimes it is great and noble; sometimes it is not. When best, it is Catholic; when worst, it is pagan.

The Greek and Roman models were indeed pagan, but from the

beauty of their style, the splendor of their language, their influence has been most potent in English poetry, and all admit that it was the monks copying these works in their cells who preserved these masterpieces of style, not only for English literature but for all the modern world. Literary form and style has thus come through Church agencies into the English language. This includes as well the science and art of poetics as the skill which makes a language clear and strong in prose.

As for the poetic art,—no one acquainted with old Saxon poetry can fail to recognize that without foreign influence it could never have developed a high degree of poetic merit.

The stoutest advocates of the blood theory innocently express this fact in their learned works. *Alliteration*, on which the Saxons chiefly relied to distinguish their poetry from their prose, so fettered the poets that a great poem could hardly be produced where the poet had no other poetic resource.

“Piers Plowman” is a good illustration of the point I make. Metre and rhyme, essential elements of English poetry, came to the English language from Italian, French, and classic sources.

But blood and language do not of themselves produce literature. The Patagonians have blood and language, but they have no literature. Inherent in all great poetry is a character and spirit which is the creative power within it and which alone makes a work of fine art. This character and spirit in the English language is radically and emphatically derived from the teaching and doctrine of the Catholic Church, working through the complex nature of the diverse peoples that had been molded into one nation.

This character and this spirit has been infused into the noblest souls of the English-speaking race; in fact, it is the deepest and noblest quality in the character of English-speaking people, and has been made manifest in her truest sons in all ages down to the present century. In every country its dominant note has been sounded by the greatest poets.

The essence of this spirit is best expressed in the words of the Apostles’ Creed, the Lord’s Prayer, and in the Highest Law of God, as expressed in the words of Christ. For one thousand years, from the fifth to the fifteenth century, the Apostles’ Creed, the Lord’s Prayer, and the Golden Rule of Christ, were taught by the lips, lived in the lives, and sanctified by the deaths of the noble Christian missionaries and their disciples who did the work of their Master in the British Isles.

So thoroughly was this teaching done that the religious element and the very doctrine of the Catholic Church became the deepest and strongest strain in the highest type of English character, showing itself in her greatest and noblest men and in the finest work of her finest poets.

It matters not for the purpose of this analysis whether the individual poet called himself Catholic, Protestant, or even, in strange instances, by the name of atheist. Deeper than logic, profounder than personal consciousness, deeper than all racial feeling, lie these religious ideas and sentiments; for they were fused into the very structure of the people itself when their character and nature were being molded and fixed.

To prove that this is so, let us analyze the greatest works of the greatest poets of English history, testing these works by the conceptions of nature, of man and of God, which the Church has ever taught in the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer.

What is it that these divine classics of the Church actually teach? Do they teach that the entire universe consists of dead matter and blind force, and that man is but a strange product of these, and that at death he is resolved into them again? No, surely; and were these the conceptions taught to the growing English race, English poetry would have been as dead as this conception of the universe and life. I have made a crude attempt to state what those venerable words of the Church do actually teach:

Belief that there is a Supreme Being;
 That He is a living, personal God;
 That He has created everything that exists; and yet that
 He is our good Father, Who knows us and loves us;
 That Christ is His Son;
 That Christ's birth was holy;
 That He taught peace and love to all mankind;
 That He gave the most noble example of love in a death of torture
 for mankind;
 That it is possible for us to overcome sin and death, because He rose
 again from the dead;
 That He returned to the throne of God;
 That He will come again to judge all human beings by the law of
 love which He taught mankind;
 A belief in the Holy Spirit of God, which regenerates the souls of
 men who permit the grace of God to enter their hearts;
 A belief that God Himself established His Church on earth;
 That it is the duty of the Church to teach till the end of time the
 doctrines of Christ;
 That God forgives the sins of repentant souls;
 That God will raise our bodies again from the dust;
 That our souls are immortal souls;
 That it is man's duty to pray to God as to a loving Father;
 That if we show devotion and love, we may hope for God's grace
 to keep us from sin.

Now, summarizing these doctrines, we find: First, the Catholic conception of God as Creator, Redeemer, loving Father, Love itself. Second, all men as created in the image of God, children of God; hence, brothers; the true basis of a real world democracy. Third, sin as disobedience to the law of a loving God, and the consequent need of atonement. All living creatures as creatures of God, and the earth and the heavens as the dwelling place of the Eternal. I now assert that these fundamental conceptions, as always taught by the Catholic Church, are the fundamental conceptions in the greatest works of the greatest authors in all ages of English literature, and that the poets obtained these conceptions from the Church itself.

Let us begin with the Anglo-Saxon period, so called. The task here is easy. Up to the time of the coming of the Normans, there is not a shred of writing, literary or otherwise, which is not the writing of a churchman.

Let us consider some of the more famous works: *Beowulf* is often spoken of as the pure product of paganism, but whatever pagan elements there are in it, it is certainly true that there are also Christian elements in it; and, of course, it was a Christian scholar who put it into its present shape, and of course it was the Church that preserved it, for she was the only guardian of learning and of books.

The *Exeter Book*, practically a summary of all Anglo-Saxon poetry up to the tenth century, was the gift of Bishop Leofric, first bishop of Exeter, to the Cathedral library. The titles in the index furnish almost sufficient evidence of the source of these poems: The Nativity; To Christ; To the Virgin Mary; The Soul's Address to the Body; etc. Catholic in subject and in theme, almost from beginning to end.

With the Normans came in lighter love songs and the like, but all their greater works were religious in nature. This was the great period of the chronicles, the mystery, miracle and morality plays, which continued down to the age of Elizabeth, laid the foundation for dramatic literature in England, and made a Shakespeare possible.

It is hardly necessary to say that those are the works of Catholic clergymen.

We now approach the age of Chaucer. With him begins English literature, properly speaking. The thousand years that precede Chaucer are years of preparation. The English people was in process of creation, and the elements of the English language and the rudiments of the poetic art were being slowly developed; but in Chaucer we have a poet of high rank. Some of his poems are often quoted to prove that he was hostile to the Church. I believe a more careful reading of his poems will show that his criticism is directed not against the Church but against false men, who would use the influence of the Church for their personal gain.

As for his conceptions of true religion, where can one find a nobler

tribute to the parish priest than in his account of the *Persoun of a Toun*? Shallow scholars used to translate "persoun" by the word "parson," but Skeat and other leading students of Chaucer, show that "persoun" means, of course, "parish priest."

What sensible person could suppose that they had "parsons" in those days? But whatever may be the interpretation of Chaucer's poems, we must not forget that his poetic inspiration is chiefly borrowed from Italy, that his master was Boccaccio, and Boccaccio's inspiration proceeds from Dante, whose poems, I think, might be defined as Saint Thomas' "Summa," that is to say, the doctrine of the Church, set to music.

Contemporary with Chaucer were William Langland and "Ancient" Gower.

Langland's *Piers Plowman* is often cited as a criticism of the Church but those who make the statement forget that all he knew he got from the Church; that he had himself taken minor orders, and that the *Piers Plowman* is his humble attempt to show how Christ would judge the earth were He to come again.

Gower's great poem in English is the *Confessio Amantis*. I need hardly say more about this than to mention the fact that it is a long poetic treatise on the seven deadly sins. Where do you suppose he got that?

Sir Thomas Mallory's *Morte d'Arthur*, according to the British Encyclopedia,—surely an authority which would not unduly favor the Church—has had greater literary influence on English prose and poetry than any other single work, save the Bible alone. Any one who is familiar with this work is well aware that its substance is the doctrine and ritual of the Church, treated with a mystic tinge and poetic colors by brilliant Celtic genius.

You are also well aware that to Tennyson it was the most fascinating of all subjects; that for fifty years he was ever pondering upon it, and that his *Idyls of the King* is but the poetic version of it.

As we approach the age of Elizabeth, we find the Italian influence becoming stronger, appearing especially in the work of Wyatt and Surrey, Lyly and Sidney. The Italian influence is at its greatest in Edmund Spenser, the great poet of the *The Faerie Queene*. This work,—*The Faerie Queene*—is often instanced in proof of Spenser's deep hostility to the Church, but it is of little consequence in this connection what Spenser's intention may have been, for the poem itself reveals the influence of the Church in every page. So freely had he availed himself of its treasures that many of the pages of the *Faerie Queene* are little more than translations of the Italian poet Ariosto.

But putting Spenser aside, the age of Elizabeth is pre-eminently the age of dramatic poetry. I have already shown how dramatic

literature had been developed in extraordinary degree among the English people by the miracle, mystery, and morality plays, which issued directly from the resources of the Church.

From the earliest ages, the teachers of the Church had employed the play as a realistic means of teaching the common people the stories and truths of Scripture. The galaxy of dramatic stars which crowned the age of Elizabeth seems almost superhuman; indeed, when we speak of the immortal Shakespeare, we commonly think of him as a being unique, original, and unaffected by aught save his own supreme genius.

A closer study shows that each of these dramatic authors is not only a product of his own age, but that he is a true son of the literary ages which preceded him. This statement applies to William Shakespeare as truly as to any other member of the immortal group which includes the great names of Webster, Peele, Greene, Kyd, Marlowe, Beaumont, and Fletcher.

Let us consider in what way the influence of the Church directly affected the life and writing of this greatest of all literary masters. First, I believe he owed the Church something in his very blood. The best critics are agreed that in the blood of Shakespeare there was an unusually large Celtic element; that his genius was Celtic rather than Teutonic. His birthplace at Stratford-on-Avon was in that part of England where the Teutons and Celts mingled with least bitterness, and the amity between them is due, as I think it can be shown, very largely to the doctrine of peace and good will taught by the Church.

Furthermore, the Celtic strain in his blood, developing into the supreme Celtic quality in his genius, came forth by the magic wand of that Christian power which raised the Celtic stock from petty warfare to noble conceptions of life and to intellectual power. Furthermore, Shakespeare like all other writers, had to make use of literary material, chronicles, translations, legends,—and I have already shown the source of these.

We often hear of Shakespeare's work as ignoring morality and religion. A more shallow criticism never issued from a shallow brain. His writings are saturated with religious conceptions. Let me quote passages giving Shakespeare's conception of *Sin*:

"Heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment."

— *Merry Wives of Windsor*, III, 3.

"Even that falsehood in itself is sin. It thus purifies itself and turns to grace."

— *Ibid*, V, 2.

"Thy manners must be wicked, and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation."

— *As You Like It*, III, 2.

"Self-love which is the most inhibited sin in the Canon."

— *All's Well that Ends Well*, I, 1.

"I would not have you think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness." — *Twelfth Night*, V, 1.

"God forgive the sins of all these souls." — *King John*, II, 1.

"I am stifled with the smell of sin." — *King John*, IV, 3.

"Oh, God, defend my soul from such deep sin."

"Foul sin gathering head shall break into corruption."

— *Richard II*, II, 1, 5.

"Is in your conscience washed as pure as sin in baptism."

— *Henry V*, I.

"Sins such as by God's Book are adjudged to death."

— *2nd Henry VI*, II.

"Wert to renounce his baptism, all seals and symbols of his redeemed sin." — *Othello*, II, 3.

Something of Shakespeare's conception of the doctrine of *Immortality* may be derived from the following passages, hastily selected:—

"Such harmony is in immortal souls."

— *Merchant of Venice*, I, 1.

"I hold you as a thing enskyed and sainted by your renouncement, an immortal spirit."

— *2nd Henry IV*, II.

"Her body sleeps in Capel's monument and her immortal part with angels lives."

— *Romeo and Juliet*, V, 1.

"For my soul what can it do to that, being a thing immortal as itself."

— *Hamlet*, I, 4.

"I have lost the immortal part of myself and what remains is bestial."

— *Othello*, II, 3.

Something of his idea of *Saints* may be judged from these:

"And is she not a heavenly saint?"

— *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, II, 4.

"To be talked with in sincerity as with a saint."

— *Measure for Measure*, I, 4.

"I conjure you by all the saints in heaven."

— *Comedy of Errors*, IV, 4.

"The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls like highreared bulwarks."

— *Richard III*, V.

"She kneeled and saint-like raised her fair eyes to heaven and prayed devoutly."

— *Henry VIII*, IV.

His reverent thoughts of *Christ* may be seen in these:

"Fought for Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field."

— *Richard II*, IV, 1.

"And his pure soul unto his Captain, Christ."

— *Ibid.*

"As far as to the sepulchre of Christ." — *Henry IV*, I, 1.

"Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ."
— *Ibid*, III, 2.

"Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak."
— *1st Henry VI*, I, 2.

"As you hope to have redemption by Christ's dear blood."
— *Richard III*, I, 4.

"By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins."
— *Richard III*, I.

"And effaced the precious image of our Redeemer."
— *Richard III*, II.

"The world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son."
— *Ibid*.

As for the name of *God*, as reverently used in Shakespeare, enough quotations could be quickly culled to fill a good-sized volume. The quotations thus hastily gathered, which I have given, I think suffice to show that Shakespeare is by no means lacking in Catholic conceptions.

But a deeper analysis of Shakespeare's works will show a greater debt of gratitude to the Alma Mater of English literature. Such an analysis will reveal that the greatest of Shakespeare's plays are morality plays, most skilfully illustrating the principles of the older morality playwrights in the development of character. It is generally conceded that Shakespeare's greatest works are *Othello*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*. Let us analyze these.

Othello is a profound study of the passions of love and revenge in the Moor, of hate and revenge in Iago, and of bestial gluttony in Cassio. The old writers on the seven deadly sins could not preach more powerfully upon these passions.

King Lear is a study of vanity and covetousness, particularly of covetousness, filling the soul, narrowing the heart, narrowing the intellect, destroying sense of obligation and sense of duty—these members of the seven deadly group are here powerfully illustrated.

Macbeth is a study of covetousness for another's honors and position, hardening the will, stealing the intellect, destroying all the gentle impulses of the soul, and leading to dust and ashes.

In *Hamlet* covetousness for the king's throne and for his royal wife led Hamlet's uncle to murder Hamlet's father; and the burden of revenge, another deadly sin, is laid upon the noble soul of Prince Hamlet, a burden almost too great for his gentle heart and mind. All human reason,—the counsel of his father's ghost, the dear remembrance of his murdered father,—all urge him to revenge. Conceptions of life, of death, of God, and the universe, surge through the brain of the troubled youth, and he can hardly bring himself to the execution

of his sworn revenge. A more terrific study of this most deadly of the seven deadly group seems hardly possible to man.

Were there time to consider the other plays of Shakespeare, I believe that the greater ones would bear similar analysis.

But, says the critic, in John Milton we clearly have an author of the first magnitude, bitterly hostile to the Catholic Church, and without obligation to it. But this statement will not bear analysis. His poems, both minor and major, from beginning to end, indicate his debt. *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* give a beautiful contrast between the shallow life of the senses and the deep religious life spent even in a monk's cell, with the hairy gown, contemplating the works of God; *Lycidas* gives splendidly the Church doctrine of immortality; *Comus* is a poetic treatise on chastity—ever demanded by the Church; *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained* in their very titles indicate their origin, and in the former it seems most probable that Milton was under obligation to the shepherd Caedmon, who wrote the *Fall of Man*.

The *Hymn of Christ's Nativity* is a most splendid expression of our Church doctrine.

We need not linger long over the writings of the greatest poets which follow Milton in the period of the Restoration and the reign of Queen Anne. Their names are, of course, Dryden and Pope. They were both Catholics, but I have never been able to convince myself that in them the doctrines of the Catholic Church have received their deepest interpretation or their best poetic form.

Wordsworth's conception of Nature furnishes probably his greatest poetic charm; and what is his conception of Nature? It is that the universe is the living garment of God. Some of his shorter and better-known poems express quaintly and beautifully the belief in the immortality of the soul.

Coleridge is certainly one of the greatest poetic geniuses, and you will agree, I think, that his greatest poem is *The Ancient Mariner*. What is the interpretation of that poem? It is that sin is the violation of God's law of love and of obedience to His command; that when the soul is stained with sin, the entire universe becomes putrid, and in it the sinner himself is the most loathsome thing of all. Regeneration begins within him when, by the grace of God, he can bless God's creatures, he becomes filled with a deep sense of sorrow and contrition for his sin, and then by the sacraments of the Church, he becomes cleansed and healed again.

Of the poets of the nineteenth century, Tennyson, I believe, will continue to hold highest rank. His greatest works are *In Memoriam* and the *Idyls of the King*. His *In Memoriam* is an elaborate explanation of how the life, death, and resurrection of the Saviour is our only solace in the death of a friend. Of his *Idyls of the King* I have already spoken.

Cardinal Newman justly ranks among the finest masters of English style. He is a true poet, too. His hymn, *Lead, Kindly Light*, surely entitles him to such rank. And surely Cardinal Newman would not deny the source of his inspiration.

Of the lesser poets, we might say much, but perhaps here it will suffice to say

“Hither, as to a fountain, other stars repairing,
In their urns, draw golden light.”

Not blood, then, nor paganism of certain Teutonic tribes, but the spirit of God, as revealed in the teaching of the Church and in the noble lives of her saints, scholars, and martyrs, has been the potent influence in the development of English poetry through the centuries. Race and blood are, indeed, mighty in history; but it was the Church that was the preserver of races and of bloods, and the developer of national genius and national languages, not alone through the training of the intellect, but especially through the development of conscience and by the doctrine of love.

Race is, indeed, a mighty word,—but the conception of humanity as a confraternity of brothers, inspired by the love of God who created them, coöperating in all good work for the love of God, preaching God’s praises in noble works of prose, or singing His praises in immortal works of verse, is a far grander and more powerful conception.

Even the secular history of the world shows that this is true. It is neither right nor wise nor yet prudent to despise any of God’s creatures, be they white or black or brown; be they Saxon, Celt, or Mongolian.

The white Russian learned to respect the little brown man of Japan when he met him in the whirling storms of battle on the plains of Mukden; and the Englishman felt no racial contempt for Germans, Scotch, and Irish, who broke the charges of the Old Guard on the field of Waterloo.

But in a higher realm than politics or war, the poets of English literature are preaching the doctrines of the Church, and especially, in the words of Tennyson, that far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves.

THE SCHOOL OF TO-DAY

I went into the club-house of the Mercantile Library Association in Boston the other day, and found that the heat had driven away everybody but Mr. Hammond, a retired business man. He was glad to see me, as he is a famous talker. He threw his leg over the arm of his chair, and began to tell me of his early life. It appeared that he was fonder of fishing than of schooling when he was a boy; and yet from a poor boy in Vermont he became a prosperous shipbuilder in Boston.

"Why," said he, "I was so ignorant when I came to Boston I had to stop to spell out the words." "How was it you succeeded?" I asked. "Well," said he, "I had a *will* to do anything." His reply seemed sensible. Surely he did not succeed because he could not read well. Men like Mr. Hammond,—as a rule aged men—are not altogether rare in America. With little education they have succeeded in business, and they feel that education may be very proper, but that it is not very serviceable. And from their point of view there was reason in their opinion, distorted to be sure. The older education was chiefly a means to supply the professions. Doctors, lawyers, ministers and school teachers were, of course, needed; but everybody could not belong to the professions. The mass of the people would have to depend on other things for a livelihood.

What could the public schools do for that great public, which has but little taste for medicine, theology, or pedagogies? How could the young people be trained so as to serve themselves and their fellow-men better? An attempt to answer this question is revolutionizing both the objects and methods of teaching in the United States. The active majority in this country have always believed that some form of education could be made of great service; and have continued to support their belief by a yearly expenditure of millions of dollars. This modern spirit of utility is changing the entire machinery of education—school committees, superintendents, teachers, school-houses, even, as well as the courses of study. School committees, realizing the need of having some one, skilled person, to give all his attention to school management, generally employ a superintendent. He is a modern invention. As a rule he is an expert, and is expected to familiarize himself with the most advanced methods here and abroad; and to inspire his teachers with enthusiasm. The teachers, too, are in the forward movement. With no disrespect for any teacher of the past, it can be safely stated that the average teacher is now better fitted for the work. The large number of normal schools, and special training schools, is a proof of progress. Teaching is no longer a winter makeshift for young statesmen; the majority of the male teachers of the country have chosen it as their life work. The increasing security of position in all the better communities warrant them in doing this, and to that degree, stability and efficiency are added to the teaching force.

The home of education, the schoolhouse of to-day, is another proof of progress in its very construction. The small class-rooms,—no longer permitting ninety pupils to a single teacher,—the convenient laboratories, all well heated, lighted and ventilated, are an advance beyond the little red schoolhouse on the hillside; and also beyond the big but badly planned structure that came after it. But it is particularly in the course of study that the spirit of the time is

shown. This country's advantage consists in her great natural resources. To teach how these may be utilized is more and more the object of the newer education. Hence have arisen manual training schools, institutes of technology, industrial and trade schools, business colleges as well as the increased attention to natural history and science in the regular curriculum.

The attitude toward the pupil has also changed. To take his place among the manifold activities of the time, each must hold his natural bias at its best. The path of the scholar is freer, and more inspiring, and the rod holds a modest place in the background. The juster education of woman, too, is a growth of these recent years. "Let her use her talent too in every way she can," is the bidding of the newer education. Thus higher possibilities are opening up before the youth of America, but there is danger, too. The little red school-house produced men, at least. May the newer education of to-day produce nothing less noble.

THE CHURCH 1789-93

With Special Reference to the Question, "Did the Development of the Civil Constitution Influence the Church Organization?"

It is clear that to answer this question it is necessary to answer much more. That there was such an influence might be probable, but it is improbable that it was the only influence and to understand its nature it is necessary to understand the forces at work and their conditions; *i. e.*, it is necessary to know religious conditions of the country at that time, and something of its pioneer church history.

First of all we must remember that those who made this country what it became were patient with the wilderness that they might have freedom of conscience and religion.

The names of the sects who fled to America bring vividly to mind the tremendous religious conflicts of the old world: Puritans, Presbyterians, Quakers, Baptists, Huguenots, Saltzburgers, Lutherans, Moravians, German Reformed, Dutch Reformed, and Roman Catholic. Perhaps all but the Episcopalians came here especially for conscience sake.

It will be well to take a hasty review of the denominations in the colonies. The Puritan settlement of New England is familiar and the founding of Rhode Island by the Baptists, but by the middle of the seventeenth century there were several thousand Presbyterians in those states, and by the Revolution, a few Episcopalians.

The Protestant Episcopal Church became dominant in the middle and southern states and at the Revolution was either established or officially countenanced in all those states except Pennsylvania. But there were vigorous dissenting bodies, notably the Presbyterians and Baptists, the former probably having much influence in the middle colonies.

The Quaker must not be overlooked,—who settled Pennsylvania,—nor the Huguenots who more perhaps than any other gave spiritual life to the South, nor the members of the Dutch Church who settled New York, nor the Roman Catholics who had founded Maryland, but were now reduced to a mere handful.

In New England if narrow and proscriptive the church had been intense; in the other colonies if the established church was lax many of the dissenting churches were not lacking in zeal. It was but natural, perhaps, that as their colonial life with all its difficulties extended, their practice of religion should lose something of its early fervor, but in 1740 *et seq.* a revival, called the "Great Awakening," spread through all the colonies. It reunited the dry theology of New England and stirred the sluggishness of the Episcopalians. But a long period of decline followed. Soon came the French and Indian War and close upon it the Revolution, when civil affairs excluded all other thoughts.

A clergyman notes the ardor for war and says, "Would to God they were as zealous for the things of religion."

At the Revolution the most important churches were these:

Church Statistics 1775

<i>Sects</i>	<i>Ministers</i>	<i>Churches</i>
Congregationalists	575	700
Baptists	350	380
Episcopalians	250	300
Presbyterians	140	300
Lutherans	25	60
German Reformed	25	60
Dutch Reformed	25	60
Asso. Reformed Church of the South, Presby- terian	13	20
Moravians	12	8
Roman Catholic	26	52
Total	1,441	1,940

Though church statistics of this period are to be taken with much allowance, yet it seems clear that the Congregational Church was by far the largest and most influential, followed by the Baptists, Episcopalians and Presbyterians who were not very unequal in point of number of churches and ministers.

It is to be remembered too, that on the eve of the Revolution the Congregational Church was established in all the New England states except Rhode Island, and in the middle and southern states excepting Pennsylvania. The Episcopal Church was either favored or supported by government.

During the Revolution the churches (the Elder Adams cautioned the Abbé Mably not to undertake the war of the Revolution without first mastering the church system of New England) became truly militant, nearly all the churches entering powerfully into the war and fighting for the colonies, except the Episcopalians (who, however, had notable exceptions) and these were loyal Britons.

But the effects of the Revolution on all the churches were extremely severe. Young men had been called away from home to camp; in places, congregations were entirely broken up; churches had been burned or turned into barracks and hospitals; while, I suppose, the moral repression that comes when slaughter is the business of men, was not the least of the evils.

But hardly was the peace declared when the churches began to form anew and continued till the second great religious revival of 1792-96.

To understand this re-organization it is needful to follow the growth of the individual churches while noting the agencies acting on all. The Episcopal Church lost by the revolution its establishment in the south, and its official countenance in New York and New Jersey. It then became necessary for it to reform if it were to exist. Its clergy were hated in New England and many of them despised in the South for their sordid lives.

But the church of Clarkson and Wilberforce contained too much good to entirely perish in the states.

Soon Bishops Seabury, White, Provost and Madison were consecrated, conventions held, a new church constitution adopted 1789, and the Episcopal Church began a period of prosperity such as it had not known before. It had to reform or perish and its able clergy and good organization saved it.

Perhaps its movements were quickened by the rapid increase of Methodists, who but lately had styled themselves Episcopalians. The growth of this body may be seen by these figures:

<i>Year</i>	<i>Iten. preachers</i>	<i>Members</i>
1776.....	24	4,921
1786.....	117	20,569
1796.....	293	56,664

with probably as many more local preachers. In 1773 it had but 6 circuits; in 1792 it had 136 extending from beyond the St. Lawrence to Savannah, Ga., and from eastern Massachusetts to western Kentucky and Tennessee.

It would appear that the special cause of its growth, was, first, the youth and zeal of its preachers; second, the homely, moral nature of their preaching was such as to particularly appeal to the masses who were tired of war and sick of theology.

I do not find that the development in the Congregational Church was of the same nature as the others. It may be said to have had its growth. Dr. Hurst, it is true, declares its revival pervaded all classes of the people, but Punchard's remark is to be noted, "that in point of fact Massachusetts gathered fewer churches between 1790 and 1800 than during any previous ten years for ninety years." Massachusetts was (its development perhaps, was spiritual rather than structural) brooding over a new denomination.

The advance of the Baptists may be seen in these figures:

<i>Year</i>	<i>Churches</i>	<i>Ministers</i>	<i>Members</i>
1784	471	424	35,101
1790-92	891	1,150	65,345

The Revolution was a deliverance to the Baptists from restriction, north and south, and they together with the Presbyterians were Jefferson's supporters for religious toleration. Its structural development in New England is noteworthy.

By 1793 it had in those states alone 13 church associations, representing 312 churches and 23,638 members.

Diman declares its growth was due, first, to personal experience of religion as a condition for admission. Second, "Lovely preaching," *i. e.*, an unlettered clergy, contrasted, *e. g.*, with the Congregationalists who required their ministers to be well educated.

The Presbyterians were among the first to reorganize. In 1785 the Synods of New York and Philadelphia began to take steps toward revising the public standards of the church.

A large committee was appointed, presided over by Dr. Witherspoon, who had represented New Jersey in the United States Congress for six years. In 1788 the revision was completed, and in 1789 the first General Assembly was held. Dr. Witherspoon's congressional experience was no doubt important but the success of Presbyterianism is rather to be sought in sturdy zeal of the Scotch and Scotch Irish and its strong organization, which now was less restrained.

If there was anything in which the colonies seemed to agree it was in the hatred of Catholicism, and yet when the Revolution broke out the Catholics faithfully supported the American cause. One signer of the Declaration of Independence was a Catholic, and a Catholic priest had been a member of the delegation sent to Canada.

In 1784 the Catholics petitioned the Pope for an American vicar-apostolic and Fr. Carroll was appointed, and in 1789 was raised to the Bishopric on account of the growth of the church. The reasons which this clergyman, himself, assign for the growth of the Catholic Church are, first, the religious toleration of the United States Congress; second, greater toleration, especially for Catholics because, first, of their zeal in

the Revolution; second, the aid of Catholic France weakened prejudice; third, the desire for aid or at least neutrality from Canada which contained many Catholics. To which might be added the fact that Fr. Carroll drew to his aid the powerful order of Jesuits.

Having seen the particular causes acting on the different denominations, what shall we say were the general influences?

1st. The force of reaction in the American character which was undeniably moulded by religious influence. Remember that for thirty years religion had been neglected.

2d. The religious toleration necessarily allowed by the new constitution. This toleration had a double influence (a) in allowing freer action to the genius of each denomination and (b) it gave freer play to the element of emulation.

3d. The effect of the Revolutionary struggle in, first, increasing the travel and communication between the different parts of the country; second, the greater toleration of the sects for one another from fighting in a common cause; third, the free and independent spirit, if I may term it so, which they acquired from Revolutionary principles.

The petition of the Baptist clergy to the Massachusetts legislature has these words: "Our real grievances are that we as well as our fathers have been taxed on religious grounds where we were not represented," etc.

The Methodists, at one of their meetings, use this language: "We view it as contrary to the golden law of God and the inalienable rights of mankind as well as every principle of the Revolution," etc.

A resolution of the Episcopal Convention, in Massachusetts in 1784-85, begins, "Voted that the Episcopal Church, in the United States ought to be independent of all foreign authority."

4th. The air could not have been filled with talk of civil constitutions without suggesting similar church organizations, especially when members of the civil conventions were also church members, and it is to be remembered that the toleration of the Constitution by no means severed the connection between church and state in the different states. They were not separated in Connecticut till 1816, nor in Massachusetts till 1833. So that if I were to shortly answer the question with which I began, I should say that the influence of the Constitution on church development was by no means the controlling one but that it did act as a suggestive.

A NEW BUSINESS LIFE FOR NORTH BROOKFIELD

Last Wednesday morning, at half past seven, two red deer came out of the woods, eastward of my home, crossed the pasture, whisked their tails merrily through the long grass in the meadow, skirted corn fields, and disappeared in the direction of New Braintree. Perhaps it was the long continued bad weather; perhaps it was the many

stories about the prospects of North Brookfield that had given me the blues; and I began to moralize as follows:

“Is the day, indeed, coming when the red deer may roam untroubled through the wilds of North Brookfield; and, perchance, wandering tribes of summer boarders pitch their camps on the spot where once stood our prosperous Big Shop?”

Many similar questions have been seriously asked; and many times dismal prophecies have been spoken. Early last spring, a former resident of our town met me in Boston, and assured me that the shop was about to close, and that it would never again re-open for business.

Some months later, I met an old and experienced business man of Spencer, who positively declared that not only was the business of North Brookfield gone forever, but that all other boot manufacturing towns of New England were doomed to the same fate.

With all respect to those gentlemen, and that kind of prophecy, let me venture to give you my reasons for thinking them absolutely mistaken. Suppose, for an instant, that we were deprived of every vestige of business, the framework of Nature's architecture would still be left to us: the hills, the valleys, the glens, the woodlands; fair as the Highlands of Scotland, gentler than the mountains of the Swiss; beauties so rare, so unique, that weary men of wealth seeking the summer charms of a quiet rural home, would be won forever, were those charms but properly heralded abroad.

Nature gives us, too, our farms. Notwithstanding all our rainy weather, the fuel of the sun is not yet burned out; and the good lands of our town will still bear crops, abundant enough to support a population much larger than North Brookfield has ever known. Men who know whereof they speak declare that the margin of profit on the big farms of the west is constantly failing, and that the day is not far distant, when the eastern farmer who knows his business and his land can freely meet his western brother with many products in many markets.

As for the boot and shoe trade that is now stagnant everywhere, stagnant I mean as compared with former days of activity. Men speak of western and even of southern competition. But can it be that New England, which has taught bootmaking to all the world, now falls breathless before western competition, or any other competition? Absurd! Of course there is a lull in the production of boots and shoes; and it is also true that certain localities are now manufacturing some of their own boots and shoes, whereas, formerly, they bought all from us.

But the difficulty of the hour does not come from that cause. Think for a moment what a tremendous power to produce exists in our enormous boot factories, and, think further, how that power to produce has increased during the last twenty-five years throughout New

England, especially in Massachusetts; while the population of North America has not increased in any such proportion. Besides all industries are being readjusted, under the rolling wheels of capital, which seeks always the most profitable investment.

The boot and shoe industry is subject to the laws of finance. This, at least, is certain: People will continue to wear boots and shoes; they wear out rapidly and have to be renewed; and there is no part of the world where they can be made to as good advantage as in New England; and in no town in New England to better advantage than in North Brookfield, though, possibly, the methods of doing the business may have to change.

But wider markets are needed. The United States should have closer commercial relations with all the world. There is no good reason why the Big Shop might not pour its products into Germany, France, Austria, China and Japan. Perhaps, even the Filipinos can be taught to wear boots and shoes. It is particularly true that, on the continent of Europe, the boots and shoes are distinctly inferior to ours and made, too, at a higher cost. We have seen and know this to be a fact; and our consuls abroad are forever urging this. But how shall these larger projects be financed?

It is the brain power of New England's sons that dominates the finance of America—perhaps it would be true to say the finance of the world—today. Do you suppose that the sons of New England will leave New England itself out of the reckoning? Let industry readjust itself and all legitimate lines of business in New England will be financed.

At the present moment the business men of the town itself, are amply able, when they see fit, to take up again the old industry; and add new industries as well. I am sure the chairman of this meeting alone could do that. The railroad and the waterworks must not exist in North Brookfield in vain. They are too expensive a luxury for the farmers alone.

North Brookfield is not going to disappear from the map. Her history is imbedded in the history of the United States. The monument in the yard outside is a proof in granite that this town has freely shed her blood for the National Government; and the National Government owes it to North Brookfield and her sister towns to guide our commercial policy into closer business relations with the nations of the world so that the genius of New England for industry may have its natural opportunities. The voice of North Brookfield, and that of the many towns like her, should be louder in our National councils. Are we Democrats? Are we Republicans? Let us at least make sure that the prosperity of our homes, and our town, commands our united support.

Then, in a high spirit of co-operation between employers and em-

ployees as well, the hum of our factories will again be music in our ears, and North Brookfield will be the Queen of the Hills, as of yore.

WORK AND WORKING PEOPLE

The old Greek philosopher, Aristotle, said, "There is motion: therefore there is a God." The keen-minded Greek believed that active power was a proof of divinity; and we have but to observe and think to see that the mighty Being that works beneath the mountains and rules behind the clouds manifests Himself to us in never ceasing action. The growing trees, the changing seasons, the restless ocean, the whirling globe itself, all proclaim an infinite impelling energy.

We are told this Being made man in his own likeness and hear the command which some would call a curse: "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread." Such was the command of the Deity to him who represented the human race.

Whether poverty nurse thee or wealth fondle thee; whether thy brain be strong with genius or poorly commonplace; whether thy limbs be those of a giant or of a weakly boy or girl, if thou dost not earn thy bread thou shalt eat my curse with every crumb; if I give thee the means of life thou must earn thy right to live, move, think, work.

What then is work? What is its object? What should be its reward?

Work is exertion more or less skillful to satisfy a need.

Since the exertion must tend to a definite result it must be controlled by skill and directed by intelligence. For forces working at random mutually interrupt and destroy one another. The biggest booby that ever caught a wasp by the tail had some skill else he could not have done as much as this. Not only does Intelligence look backwards, producing skill in the work, but it looks forward controlling the work according to the need for the product. For unless there is some need for the goods it is as useless to produce them as to read a sermon to a minister or a lecture on temperance to a doctor.

What then are the conditions that make it possible to do work? Health and strength of body, health and strength of mind. What is necessary for health and strength of body? Tolerable capacity, proper food, exercise, clothing and an avoidance of hurtful agencies.

What is necessary for health and strength of mind? Tolerable capacity, proper food, exercise and training and an avoidance of hurtful agencies.

What then should be the reward of work? "By the sweat of thy brow thou shalt *earn* thy bread." "The laborer is worthy of his hire."

Clearly the laborer should have, in the first place, enough to pro-

vide him with food and clothing to enable him to continue his work; in the next place the same for those dependent upon him, furthermore enough to guarantee training of body and mind for his children and those dependent upon him and beside such comforts and stores necessary to adorn and secure human life and such as the dignity of manhood deserves.

If honest labor cannot commend these it is because the Creator has dried up the fountains of life or it is because human agencies are opposing the end of life. It cannot be but that this broad and fertile earth has enough in its bosom for all the children of men. Why, put all the millions of the globe into the state of Texas and there would be two or three acres for each.

Judging from the powers of man and the ample riches of nature the retired student might presume that all who wished to prosper in this world prospered if they worked.

But the traveller need not go from the United States, prosperous though they be when compared with other countries, to see that such is not the fact.

Even in the smaller towns one often sees young children, little boys and little girls, clad in coarse and broken clothes—no childlike looks, no buoyant youthful actions, no rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes; but on their features hard toil has stamped his mark, dampened the spirit and deadened the eye. You say to yourself: "Something is wrong here." But when you travel the country over from town to town and city to city and find everywhere thousands upon thousands working in misery, living in hovels, dying in poverty, you say to yourself "The world is out of joint." What causes this? Can it be improved? The temperance advocate will tell you intemperance and there is reason in what he says. Time, money, health, strength, body, soul, wife and children cast to the devils for rum.

What causes this?

The religious advocate will tell you irreligion, and there is much truth in what he says. For he who does not worship God is likely to honor neither himself nor his fellow men. Then comes sloth, vice, crime, a filthy body, a dirty soul; habits vile and criminal.

But still you feel that your question is not fully answered. Especially when you yourself know of men anxious to succeed, seeking work and cannot find it. When you read of Burns, the London socialist, addressing thousands of workingmen out of employment. When you know that in this prosperous country, which according to the last census, paid 950 millions of dollars as wages in 1880, notwithstanding that the great body of wage laborers earn but a scanty living, honest and industrious and on the whole quite tem-

perate, yet working as hard as the horse in the cart and getting little more and not sure of that.

Your suspicion that there is a social wrong here increases when you read in the same census report that the earnings of the railroads for the same year were 230 millions of dollars. When you know that all the great industries of the country are controlled by monopolies enabling a Paine to earn his millions, a Gould his tens of millions and a Vanderbilt his hundreds of millions; while round about the laboring poor eke out a scanty living.

Ask the modern scientist the cause of this and he will tell you it is a result of the struggle for existence. Just as dogs scramble for a bone and he with the biggest jaws and strongest paws is apt to get the meat, so men in active life fight with one another and the strong shoulder the weak aside and seize the good things of life. You will see much to favor this view in the street, in the store, in the workshop, in the market, in every sphere in life. In action the tight lip, the tense muscle, the stern eye, bent on grasping, when and where he can, and some even suspect that the ready smile and the long-winded prayer are but secret means for selfish gain.

Apply this now to business.

The animating principle of business is "Look out for number one." Its invariable method is competition. What is the result? Inherited wealth, or good luck, or greater ability, or, all combined give some the advantage, then they pull by sheer force even security for the means of life from the multitude.

The greater capitalists pluck the smaller capitalists by competition, then they compete with one another or else combine in monopolies all-controlling, forcing labor down to the point at which it is most advantageous to themselves.

What point is that?

Just high enough to keep laborers in existence to do their work and no higher. The instruments of modern civilization, the steamboat, the railroad, the telephone, the telegraph are in the hands of monopoly, giving it a force that is simply stupendous, reaching over the sea and over the land, so that instead of saying "The earth is the Lord's and all that is therein," we might almost say "The earth is Monopolies and all that is therein."

Such is the state of affairs in this country and we have been a nation only about a century. If matters go on at this rate who will say what the condition will be at the end of another century? Unless systems change the condition can at least be guessed at. The tendency of capital is to accumulate power, the tendency of such power is to tyrannize; tyranny produces opposition. So our country will separate as it is separating into two classes—the Rich and the Poor, filled with opposing passions like two neighboring thunder clouds.

'That there is a similar state of affairs in England we may see when we remember that more wealth has been accumulated in England during this century than during all the centuries that precede it, though the poor have not become much better off, as we may judge from the words of Mr. Bradlaugh. He asks, "Why is it that human beings are starved to death in a wealthy country like England, with its palaces, its cathedrals—with its grand mansions and luxurious dwellings—with its mills, mines and factories, with its enormous profits to the capitalists, with its broad acres and great rent rolls? The fact that men, old, young and in the prime of life, that women and that children do so die is indisputable."

You will think of this all the more when you read in the papers of the 19th of the present month that Mr. William Johnston urged, in the British Parliament, that the queen be recommended to appoint a day for national humiliation and prayer, because of the distress prevalent among the poor and unemployed of the laboring classes.

According to the reports presented by C. D. Warg (?), 1885, 1,000,000 laborers are always out of employment in the United States.

Such is the situation in England and America which represent the world in commercial progress. Can this situation be improved? I suppose that in every age there have been plans and experiments for regulating the commercial relations of men. These may be roughly divided into two systems, first, Socialism; second, Co-operation.

Socialism would entirely reorganize society and would make land and wealth the property of the state, which would use the land and wealth for the good of all, since it is for the good of all that it exists.

Co-operation would allow individual wealth but would substitute universal combination for universal competition.

There have been many socialistic plans and many socialistic communities. One of the most famous socialistic plans is given in Plato's Republic written before the birth of Christ.

Plato's Republic (taken from T —).

His state is to be composed of three great classes: husbandmen, artisans and defenders. He gives to each that single employment and particular art which is best suited to his nature.

The guardians are to defend the state from enemies, internal as well as external, and have no other employment. They are to be merciful in judging their subjects of whom they are by nature friends, but when they came in the way of their enemies in battle they are to be fierce with them. Since these are to be gentle to their friends and fierce to their enemies, they must be gifted with wisdom. All are to be trained well in gymnastics and music, that is, in mind and body. All pursuits are to be open to women; there are to be no private marriages, and the land is, of course, to be held in common, since in the state everything is to be for the good of all.

In the time of Henry VIII of England, Sir Thomas More wrote his *Utopia*, intended rather, it would seem, to point out the hardships of the poor than to prove the possibility of his own scheme, which was this.

More's Utopia.

Seated in More's garden, a companion of Amerigo Vespucci describes the island of Utopia, its people and institutions. The island is in shape like a new moon. Between the horns of the crescent is a fine harbor, the rest of the coast is destruction to ships. The island is five hundred miles in circuit and contains fifty-four fair cities, all situated alike. Its capital is Amaurote, situated on a hillside and well supplied with water. The people elect their rulers, every thirty families choosing a phelarche. Over every ten phelarches there is a tranibore. All the phelarches, two hundred in number, elect the prince, who, if just, rules for life. Every third day the tranibores consult with the prince about public matters; and all matters are weighed thoroughly and executed in season. All the people, men and women, are good farmers, and everyone is instructed in one or more crafts beside according to his talent. The chief business of the officers is to see that the people are industrious. These work nine hours and sleep eight and the rest of the time is spent in eating, studying good literature, and in recreation. Their property is held in common; they eat at public tables. If one city lacks anything they are supplied by a neighboring city, free of cost, and they themselves supply others who may be in need. But want is rare among them for they are diligent and provide for the needs of two years in advance and never squander their substance. The meaner utensils of the house they make of gold and adorn their slaves with gold. So it is held in great contempt. They put diamonds upon their children and when they grow up they think jewels childish playthings and so neglect them.

Thus avarice, a great curse of mankind, is unknown among them.

They consider pleasure the end of life, but consider what most people regard as pleasure to be very injurious and so not to be pleasure.

They regard culture of the mind a great pleasure and so are well versed in music, logic, arithmetic, astronomy and good literature; they believe good health to be the greatest pleasure of the body. They make criminals their slaves, yet they treat them considerately and will free them for good cause.

They are very attentive to the aged and the sick. They preserve the marriage tie and grant divorces with great caution.

They wage war only against the unjust and conquer their enemies quite as much by craft as by bravery.

There are many forms of religious belief among them, but since

they all believe in a Supreme Being they worship together in churches, darkened so that they may give their thoughts wholly to meditation.

Since More's Utopia many other realms have been created in literature, picturing some far away imaginary land "where perfect social relations prevail and human beings living under an immaculate constitution and a faultless government enjoy a simple and happy existence."

Among those who have had visions of happiness for mankind are Francis Bacon, Campanella, Moreilly, Saint-Simon, Fourier, Robert Owen, Marlo, Cabet, Louis Blane, Lasalle and Karl Marx representative leaders of thought. Some of these like Saint-Simon would attain their object by peaceful means while others would attain their communistic heaven by making the present world a hell. Karl Marx declares: "Our objects can only be attained by a violent subversion of the social order." As Dr. Kaufman says: "Social reforms he regards as a mere farce and the efforts of trades-unions to bring about a satisfactory adjustment of the claims of capital and labor, he calls treason. What he wants is not reconciliation of conflicting interests but war to the knife against Capitalism which is to end in the triumph of labor."

The central idea of Marx's system is that capital is robbery, obtained by idle persons, and is made possible by the fact that laborers produce much more than they are paid in wages. To illustrate, in 1880 in the United States the value of raw materials was 3,396 millions of dollars, the value of products was 5,369 millions, while 950 millions were paid in wages, leaving 1,053 millions for capital. So Marx argues that Capital is robbery, and raises the war cry of "Down with capital, let society be overturned."

There have been many actual attempts to establish socialistic communities: Among these may be mentioned the Essenes, an early Jewish sect, the early Christians themselves, and in our own country the Shakers, the Amanites, the Economists and many other small communities, numbering perhaps altogether three or four thousand souls.

But these, though interesting trials, seem wholly insufficient to remedy the great social evils of the world. The mop is useful, Mrs. Partington, but don't try to mop out the Atlantic Ocean. For More well said: "It is not possible for all things to be well unless all men were good, which I think will not be yet these good many years."

Co-operation recommends itself to the judgment in preference to Socialism. It does not seek to overturn the present system in fury. It is unfortunate that capital should be controlled as at present but on the other hand the prosperity of a country may also be measured by the amount of its active capital, and capitalists are not infrequently the hardest working broadest-minded men in their communities.

Furthermore co-operation does not dampen individual ambition. Socialism would make all things common and many suspect that this would break the mainspring of exertion.

Besides co-operation has been actually tried in the business of the world. It has been largely successful and promises more.

In England, Scotland and Wales, in 1883, there were 1,209 societies with a membership of 685,000 with a capital of 80 million pounds and a sale of goods amounting to 27½ million pounds' worth of goods.

In Germany, during the same year, the number of members was 1,200,000 with a capital of 10,000,000 pounds of their own. They did a business of one billion pounds during the year. These figures are very eloquent. Under our present system the wonderful sight is often seen of overstocked warehouses, a glutted market and a starving population. Under co-operation this would be avoided, for the product would be brought forward not by speculation but to meet a demand that would be carefully ascertained beforehand. Co-operation promises to destroy the old enmity between capital and labor. For the people in union would furnish the capital and would themselves be the laborers. In fact, if we consider, we will perceive that every great work is accomplished by some form of co-operation. It is by union of efforts that our churches are sustained and our country preserved in time of war. These great combinations of workmen that are at present laying strong hands upon capitalists show the power of co-operation and may yet prove to workmen and capitalists, too, that labor and capital must co-operate to avoid the moral of the Kilkenny cats.

But no plan of socialism or co-operation can make men always happy or free their life from pain. This world is dust laid on rocks of granite, and we must be grimed with dust and on the granite we must lay our head. But unless it is the devil that guides the universe, the skill of the hand and the sweat of the brow should earn the bread of life and win some smiles from a favoring heaven.

JAMES MAHONEY.

The following are very brief extracts from a few of the letters James Mahoney wrote home while studying abroad, 1895-96. The letters he wrote home, from abroad, in 1885 were accidentally destroyed.

A traveller has good cause to envy the birds that go about so freely unhindered by baggage.

A trunk is enough to make one have unpleasant thoughts toward gravity, making everything have weight according to its well-known outrageous formula.

I had sent mine on from Bâle to Maintz, intending to follow it



JAMES MAHONEY
WHEN A STUDENT AT BERLIN UNIVERSITY, 1896

when I got ready. So I could enjoy myself more heartily and I think become better acquainted with the German soldiers who were in my compartment.

A glimpse of the Black Forest recalled incidents of the late war with France, in which some of my companions had served. One of them, whose pleasant face and bright blue eyes make me like him, told how he became promoted. "We were making an attack near Paris and thought we were going to get along finely and have it all our own way, when suddenly the French started up from behind a hedge and opened fire on us. Our men, who were nearly all quite young, turned around, and as they were about to run away I put my hands up to my mouth and shouted, 'Stop, children, the balls are going over your heads.' After the battle which turned out in our favor I was made lieutenant."

After staying over night at Heidelberg and driving up to the old ruined castle (a luxury for which the coachman modestly charges four marks), stopping again at Strasburg to see its cathedral and climb up four or five hundred feet of steeple to enjoy the prospect and imagine how Goethe felt under similar circumstances, I reached Maintz and was told that the trunk had not come.

The steamboat station was on the other side of the city and in ten minutes it would be time for my boat to leave. However, I went with the baggage master and found the trunk lying down contentedly in a remote corner as trunks are apt to lie in a German station.

I told the porter to get a good coach as I was in a terrible hurry. The horse he selected was much opposed to running, but it did not matter for the boat, equally opposed to flighty movements, was late. But who would wish to hurry down the Rhine? An artist whom I met told me that he had already spent four months journeying down the beautiful river, winding about through hills clad in the garments of summer and crowned with castles.

With proud hearts let the German sing "Die Wacht am Rhein," praising their valiant youths who guarded this fair river against zealous foes.

Here is the Niederwald with its lofty monument; here is Saint Goar's, famous for that "sweetest lassie Lorelei."

Here is "Bingen whose soldier lay dying in Algiers" to which the soldier's thoughts who lay dying at Algiers turned with longing. All along is the fatherland.

CENTRAL-HOTEL, BERLIN,

July 21, 1895.

I spent the better part of the forenoon Friday in the National Gallery in London.

There are a great many of the old masters there. Landseer's "Dog," and "Horse Fair" by Rosa Bonheur pleased me most.

Landseer has many there. So has Titian, Andrea del Sarto, Rembrandt, Raphael, Fra Angelico, Michael Angelo and nearly all the famous masters.

There were many artists there copying.

Left London, yesterday, at 8.30 A. M., reached Queensboro about 10 A. M. and crossed the Channel to Flushing; the Channel was quite rough. I came nearer to feeling sick than I did on the Atlantic.

The wind was against us and we were twenty minutes late. Our train had left, *i. e.*, the fast through train for Berlin, and we had to take an accommodation train. So instead of getting here at 7 A. M., the regular time, we got in this evening.

Does mother think we played a joke on her by not telling about my coming?

Note: James kept his plans from mother, well knowing that she would be extremely anxious until she heard of his safe arrival in Berlin. He used the same consideration in returning and reached home most unexpectedly.

BERLIN, July 31, 1895.

I like this place where I am stopping fairly well. But think of their meal hours.

They eat as follows:

First breakfast, about 6.30 A. M.

Second breakfast, 10 A. M.

Dinner, at 2.30 P. M.

Coffee, at 4 P. M.

Supper, at 8.30 P. M.

So far I have had my breakfast about 8.30 (nothing warm except cocoa). Then I go downtown to the University or the Library, get a little lunch while there; take their 2.30 dinner (hot), and then do my best to keep alive till 8.30.

The people are quite pleasant. But hardly one of them can talk a word of English. But I can make myself understood quite well in German, and of course I need the practice.

This morning, as I was going to the University in the car, two young men came in and were talking English. I spoke to them. I told them it seemed good to hear that language again.

BERLIN, August 2, 1895.

Here it is Sunday again, and no letters yet! If I had thought, I would have had you begin writing soon after I left home, and have you send the letters to me *Poste Restante*. But when I left I didn't feel quite certain how long I would stay in London. I think now that I shall stay here the whole summer. I shall have the use of the

Library. It is a fine one—about twice as many books as in the Boston Library.

I will tell you about the floors in a German house. No one hires a room on the first floor. The Portier or janitor lives there. To get in you ring and press against the door which opens. You go up a short flight of steps—that lands you on the *Hochparterre* where I live. The next floor is called *Erste etage*; the next *zweite etage* and so on. The house is built around a little garden, called a *hof*, in the center of which are little trees and shrubs. My windows look out on this *hof*.

40 PESSAUER STRASSE, BERLIN

Sunday, August 11, 1895.

Five weeks yesterday since I left Boston; and five weeks last Wednesday morning since I left you and Fanny in West Brookfield!

It doesn't seem exactly real that I am so far away, seems as if I needed only to take the train for an hour or two to get home. I have met several Americans here. Friday night I was going along the street when someone stopped me and said, "You know me, my name is Breck?" I had seen him a good many times in Boston. He was in Amherst, too, one year while I was there; though I didn't know him then.

BERLIN, August 14, 1895.

It is raining this morning, and so I will write in the forenoon instead of the afternoon.

It rains here at least a little about every day. But today it looks as if it would not clear up during the day.

I think I have not written about my visit to Mrs. Moulton, in London. You remember Mr. Ward had given me a letter of introduction, I sent that with my card—it was a Thursday—and the next day I received a cordial reply. She said, "Any friend of Mr. Ward's must be most welcome to me." It was her reception day. The house was crowded. I did not stay long.

I think I told you that the oldest son of the family I live with is a fine scholar. He is employed at the New Museum. His specialty is the Chinese language. He has done some fine work. They invited me the other day to go with them to a suburb called "Schlachten See." They all were pleasant.

I have been wondering whether you have done anything with botany or forestry this summer. Since coming here I have seen nearly all the flowers that we have at home: Geraniums, pinks, pansies, asters, balsams, poppies, petunias, fuchsias, roses, marigolds, and those long spikes the name of which I always forget—lily family, light red, small tubular flowers—oh, I remember—gladiola. The

trees are nearly the same, too, birch, oak, pine, chestnut, etc.; but above all linden.

Have not got a syllable yet from home. Hope to very soon.

BERLIN, September 1, 1895.

These are great days in Germany. They are everywhere celebrating the victories that they won over the French twenty-five years ago. Today and tomorrow are "Sedan" days, that being the name of the battle in which they decidedly conquered the French. The most prominent French general was McMahon (afterward president of France) who was of Irish descent. He was defeated, of course, but his troops were greatly outnumbered by Germans.

Today, a celebrated memorial church—very near here—in honor of Emperor William I (Emperor at the time of the war) was dedicated. The Emperor was to be there, and so I went out thinking I might catch a glimpse of him. A great crowd lined both sides of the street, but I managed to get a good place, close by the road. Officers in the gaudiest of uniforms kept coming along in carriages, but all at once came a troop of horsemen, next a man in a red uniform, and then the court carriage containing the Emperor (William II), the Empress, and two of their sons. He sat up stiff as a ramrod touching his cap. She was bowing and seemed pleasanter.

BERLIN, September 4, 1895.

We have been having great times here for the last few days, celebrating the victories won against the French in 1870-71. Sunday and Monday, September 1 and 2, were the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Battle of Sedan. I have told something about the Sunday celebration. Monday forenoon there was a great parade of the troops—at first in a large open field outside the city, which is called Tempelhofer Feld. Every spring and autumn a parade of troops is held there. As this is famous the world over I thought I must see it. I went out in a Droschke, *i. e.*, an apology for a hack. I was a little late, but I saw a good deal of it. You ought see to all the soldiers—blue uniforms trimmed with scarlet; great troops of cavalry, plumes waving on their helmets; long lines of artillery wagons, with cannons on behind. They could kill any number of men in a little while.

The Emperor was there, too, riding on ahead, on a nice looking pony. In the evening there were illuminations in the city and the people of the house invited me to drive with them about the city and see it. The houses were all lighted up, many having burning designs in light, and others red and green fire.

It was very pleasant out, and moonlight too. The Victory Column in the Park was all lighted up; also the great arch of the Brandenburg

Gate; and the Parliament House was a blaze of red fire, flaming on the roof. This of course gave out smoke and cast shadows; and from the street across the River Spree, looked quite grand.

We could scarcely get through the streets there was such a jam of people. Yet nearly all were quiet and good natured. When we got into the broad street called "Under den Linden" the people suddenly rushed to one side—the street is a double one, a sort of a park being in the middle—and cried "The Emperor." We were on the outskirts but we could see the white plume of his helmet as his carriage flew through the crowd.

BERLIN, September 8, 1895.

I went to Charlottenburg, a place in the suburb. Charlottenburg Castle is very old and interesting, and has many portraits—several of Frederick the Great, and one of Queen Anne of England. The Mausoleum, or Tomb of William I, and Queen Louise is close by.

BERLIN, September 18, 1895.

I received quite a compliment for my German yesterday. Most of the summer I have been reading the German by myself and speaking it whenever I got a chance.

But I saw that I would have to take lessons in writing it. So I have taken a few lessons from Frau Kessler, an old experienced teacher. She told me yesterday that she had never met an American who had so mastered the language as I. And she had known and taught a good many Americans; and one, in particular, had been here for years. She said that you can always tell them by the wrong sounds of the letters that they give, but that I gave the sounds entirely correct. It pleased me a good deal.

I take my exercise regularly every day. Do you?

BERLIN, October 27, 1895.

That drawing of the gentian came the other day. It is quite good. I like to get those flower-drawings. The fringed gentian was my favorite flower when I was a boy. I always thought it was the finest thing to find one over in the pasture. I used to find them in the little pasture just beyond the knoll. The blue was especially nice when the dew was on it.

J. M. has marked the following lines in Bryant's poems, "To the Fringed Gentian,"

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

I have now arranged my courses at the University. The philosophy

of law, international law and ethics. Nineteen hours already are arranged for all in the philosophical department, and three of private work I will probably add to that.

BERLIN, October 2, 1895.

Next Saturday, 9 A. M., it will be just thirteen weeks since I left you at that dock in East Boston—more than three months.

We had a baron here to tea the other evening. He comes from Baden, the same state as Mr. Wallroff. He, too, was a soldier with Maximilian in Mexico. A countess lives next door. The Müllers know them and I suppose I shall soon meet them.

BERLIN,

Sunday P. M., December 8, 1895.

I hope you went to hear Paderewski. I heard him two years ago in Boston. It was the finest music (instrumental) that I ever heard.

The letter which I write next Sunday you will probably not receive till after Christmas. I shall be away over Christmas. It makes me feel a little blue. It is the first, of course, that I ever spent away from home.

BERLIN, December 11, 1895.

I went to the Reichstag (Parliament) meeting, Monday. It is a fine hall where the members meet. There are 397 members, elected from all over Germany. Instead of having two great parties, as in the U. S., they have thirteen factions, as they call them. At the present time the Catholic party (called the Center party because they sit in the center of the hall) is the strongest. The president of the Reichstag is a Catholic. One of the photographs is of the building itself. I think you will get this letter just about Christmas. Well, I can't be there anyhow. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all. I often think to myself and wonder if I am really here, or only taking an afternoon nap and dreaming it all.

I have been at my wit's end, for two or three days trying to think what to send home for Christmas. I must post this and go to the stores again.

BERLIN, Sunday P. M., December 15, 1895.

I am glad you went to Boston and to the theatre. When I first went to the theatre, I used to think it was sin! Now, I think one ought to go once in a while. A good time is a good thing if it is the right kind of a time. The chief actress must have been Olga Nethersole. She is very good and—pretty too.

I sent you a little package of photographs (Berlin views) the other day; to Kate, a breast pin and earrings (garnets), to father a knife, and to mother (third package) three silk handkerchiefs and breast pin. I write all about these so that if they are lost, I can look them up.

BERLIN, Sunday P. M., December 22, 1895.

Next Wednesday is Christmas day!

I liked your last letter. It was well written—easy. And praised me so much. My, what praise Dr. Morgan gave me!

Several evenings ago there was a rap at my door; and in came Herr Wallroff. He didn't know why I hadn't called, etc. His wife was waiting downstairs. They invited me to visit them. Friday I went.

They make the greatest preparations for Christmas here. Every family has a Christmas tree.

BERLIN, January 1, 1896.

Happy New Year!

Last night is what they call here *Sylvester Evening*. They are very lively. Everyone stays up till midnight, and in the street they go about shouting "*Prosit Neujahr*" ("Happy New Year") to everyone else. The noise is kept up till two or three o'clock in the morning.

BERLIN, January 5, 1896.

You will be surprised at my next sentence. Mr. Wallroff *is dead* and was buried today! He had a stroke of apoplexy in the city and was hurried home where he soon died. I couldn't believe my eyes when the news came.

It was only a week ago Friday that I was out there. He came out with me and helped me down the steps, and shook my hand and said, "Auf widersehen." He was an enormous man, strongly built and not fifty years old. I went to the funeral services in the house today. The coffin was piled with flowers (I sent a wreath, too) and the house filled with people.

BERLIN, January 14, 1896.

This morning as I came along the famous street called "Unter den Linden" it was lined with people at both sides. I found that the Emperor had just passed, and they were waiting to see Chinese prime minister, Li-Hung-Chang, pass along.

Generals, etc., kept going in carriages, the Empress with some lady rode by. Prince Henry, the Emperor's brother; and then we waited. Pretty soon a drove of lancers (mounted soldiers carrying lances with little banners on them) appeared, and in the midst of them in a carriage was Li-Hung-Chang. A large man for a Chinaman, and quite old but having a bright intelligent face.

General Grant said when he went around the world, that the two greatest men he met were Bismarck and Li-Hung-Chang.

February 5, 1896.

This morning after my lecture at the University, I went to the funeral of the Prince of Battenburg! The funeral service rather, for he died in Africa. Do you know who he was? He was an impoverished German prince who married Beatrice, the daughter of Queen Victoria.

The Emperor attended the service here. His pew was only a little way from the one that I sat in.

Seen so close he looks stouter than I had thought him to be. The quickness with which he knelt and stood surprised me. I think he would beat you at gymnastics. He did it like a flash.

The entire British embassy was there, including the English ambassador, Lord Granville, and a lot of young officers, who strutted around in uniforms—but they acted as if they felt that they were “showing off.”

BERLIN, February 12, 1896.

Tonight I am going to the Ball! The Emperor is to be there and everybody worth seeing.

It's to be the great event of the season and I thought I would have to go.

* * * * *

Last Sunday I returned the call of those reverend fathers—the friends of Father Garrigan—and was well received. They live in a Catholic hospital. It is quite a fine building.

* * * * *

Have you heard of the new discovery in photography? They can now photograph through solid substances, a man's bones for instance, through his body.

BERLIN, GERMANY,

Sunday, A. M., February 16, 1896.

DEAR MOTHER:

I have been to the Ball, and I have been anxious to have Sunday come so that I could tell you all about it. Well, to begin with, I hesitated about going because the tickets were expensive. But then I reflected that I hadn't been out much, and that this was a very important occasion. Then Dr. Barrows, an acquaintance, asked me to go with him. He said he could get tickets through a friend of his.

That was good because tickets are often engaged months in advance. Well he got the tickets and called for me. I was already dressed in my best.

We came to the Opera House. A crowd was waiting at one of the doors. Someone said, “That door over there is open.” They rushed

like mad people for that door. A woman ran against me like a football player and knocked me flat on the sidewalk. She didn't stop to apologize. Well we got inside.

Every seat in the House seemed to be taken already, and there are three balconies at that. Many were already on the dancing floor. That was directly after the opening of the doors at 7.30 P. M., and the dance was not to begin till 9 o'clock; by half past eight the floor was so crowded that you couldn't drop a peanut-shell down between them.

I had a good place to stand, elevated three or four feet above the dancing floor, and there I stood from 7.30 till 10.10. So I had a chance to look around. There was the House, first of all, to see. It had on its best clothes, too—out in the corridors, wreaths of palms and ivy trailing along; inside, large bunches of roses, and two fountains in the rear surrounded with palms.

The House itself is decorated in white and gold, red hangings for the boxes, and angels and such figure paintings flying around on the ceiling.

Then the people. The women were a majority. Silks and laces, and diamonds. The dresses were neat. The colors, white, pink, light blue, yellow, and some blacks.

Among the men some swallowtails, but more uniforms. The officers were all there—blue trimmed with red, uniforms, mostly, and breasts covered with brass and medals. At 9.10 a host of princes and princesses swept into the boxes, the Empress leading them. She is quite handsome, and majestic, and she looks good too. She bowed in all directions toward the House and sat down.

Her dress? Well, that surpassed all the others. It was white silk, embroidered and diamonds stuck all over it wherever they could find a spot. Around her neck, the William Order, made of diamonds, and a jaunty little crown on her head all made out of diamonds. Well, she looked just lovely.

Then they crushed back the people a little under her box and in the cleared space three couples began to dance and kept it up for an hour, two orchestras, one at each end of the Hall, giving the music.

Meantime I got a little peek at the Emperor, who stood back in the box with a red uniform on.

At 10.10 the Empress got up, bowed in all directions, and then left. Everyone was disappointed, because they expected the Emperor and Empress to lead in at least one polonaise.

But the dance went on. Many left the hall and then wider space was cleared for dancing. I got a seat and looked on. I stayed till the last galop, *i. e.*, till 2 A. M., and then I made a dash for my overcoat. I had a very nice time.

Don't forget your breathing exercises, nor your gymnastics, nor to take a walk every day.

How is everybody? Love to all.

Good bye for today, Mother,

JIM.

BERLIN, Sunday P. M., March 1, 1896.

Does it seem possible that we have March again, and that I have been here since last July, and that the Atlantic Ocean is between me and North Brookfield? Well, I guess it is so. This morning was one of the finest that one could see; and this evening it is snowing.

I met some acquaintances of the *Catalonia* last Tuesday. They invited me to call. So I went around this afternoon. They seemed very nice.

The Dutch people just passed my door. They were probably going to the theatre (open Sundays here). They go almost every night. But they stay only about a month. I don't see how they stand it.

March 8, 1896.

Just had dinner. We had a great discussion at dinner today. I argued with an Armenian and a German painter. It was a philosophic discussion.

I was surprised to find myself talking German very fast. So I said to the Armenian, "This is fine German exercise for me." Then they paid me a number of compliments. Of course I was very much flattered.

This Armenian is a very smart fellow. He looks like the pictures that one sees of eastern patriarchs—long, narrow face, bushy gray hair, and beard and very large brown eyes.

Do you know something about the Armenians? For several months past the Turks have been murdering them. They are a very old race of Christians living in Asia Minor. The Turks are Moham-medan you know.

I wrote a couple of letters to the *Boston Transcript* about them.

BERLIN, Sunday P. M., March 29, 1896.

That pen-ink sketch of yours came the other day. I showed it to all at the breakfast table. They all thought it very good. Only Mrs. ———, the painter's wife, who always wants to find fault, said it ought to be done in color, I said, "She can do it in color too, but generally takes larger pieces for that."

I have been invited out this afternoon, and it is about time to start. So I must make my letter short.

Oh, I went to the Herren-house the other day. It is mostly composed of members of the nobility and upper classes, mostly bald-headed men.

April 1, 1896.

Everyone is playing April-fool jokes in the house today. A Norwegian girl, at the breakfast table, had some coffee poured out for her. Before she came in they had put salt into the cup. She took a sup and said, "Oh, my!" Then the little Englishman called for his eggs. They were brought in in egg-cups. He took up his eggs but found that the meat had all been taken out on the other side. The painter after breakfast knocked at my door, and asked me to read an article, which was simply nonsense.

I got a little box downtown that would explode when opened and gave it to him.

BERLIN, April 12, 1896.

I went yesterday morning to visit the "Rathous," that is the City Hall; and in the afternoon I visited an art exhibition.

In the City Hall there are some fine decorations, or paintings, done right on the wall. There are busts of their prominent men—particularly Bismarck, Moltke, the different emperors—at every turn.

The City Hall is kept up in style I tell you. It doesn't reek with tobacco smoke like the Boston City Hall.

The name of the gallery is the Schulte Exhibition Hall. It is in the famous street Unter den Linden. They charge a mark (25 cents) for admission.

The artists who exhibit there are mostly the newer ones. It seemed to me that the average was not better than in Boston. Some of the busts were especially good—particularly one of Nansen, the man who is trying to reach the North Pole.

BERLIN, May 10, 1896.

I have been twice to the Art Exhibition. It is awfully large. One gets tired of seeing so many pictures and walking so far. Germany has, of course, the most space, and particularly Berlin. It has four or five large rooms all to itself. I like the Berlin pictures very well, too. Then Düsseldorf has several rooms. Dresden has a room, also Weimar; and particularly Munich is worth seeing. Those are about the only German schools. But there are pictures from every country in Europe and quite a large exhibition from the United States. This has been very much praised.

BERLIN, Wednesday P. M., May 27, 1896.

I am taking swimming lessons! It is good exercise. I want to go in swimming every morning before breakfast.

May 31, 1896.

I went yesterday to the Spring Review of the troops on the Tempelhofer Field. I told you about going to see the Autumn Review last September. I had to get up about six o'clock, and get to the field by

eight o'clock in the morning for after that hour the streets leading to the Field were closed by the police. As it was, it was difficult to get through.

Long lines of Infantry, and Cavalry and Artillery trains were filling the streets. Still I got there. At nine the Emperor and Empress galloped in. The Empress had her own regiment.

After a while the troops were so far out in the field that they looked like tulip beds.

The Emperor seemed well pleased when he got back. He shook hands with the leading officers.

BERLIN, July 5, 1896.

Yesterday was my Fourth of July in Berlin. Like Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year and Easter it made me feel rather blue. It was a raining Fourth! It poured and poured—repeat that as often as you like. It was at it again today.

Not a firecracker, or a tin horn—and no bells ringing. Quite a number of flags, though, especially on the building where the consul-general has his office.

Such a dead lot of Americans—the only thing for the day was a reception at the ambassador's. I told you about General Rumyon who died. The new man is named Uhl. I thought at first that I would not go but I finally thought I would. So I called for my doctor acquaintance—and we went together.

The ambassador is a western lawyer, tall and rather imposing looking.

The flat is very nice, on the nicest street. The rooms were well filled with nice appearing people and I found quite a large number that I knew. I met one man whom I knew at Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, eight years ago. His name is Prof. Blackmar. He belongs to a university in Kansas. He came over to the pension today and took dinner with me.

BERLIN, July 12, 1896.

After I leave Leipsic I must do some travelling. I will go to Paris anyhow and then I presume southward toward Italy, and visit some of the North Italian cities. I spent all the afternoon yesterday trying to arrange for my trip home.

The Earl's son passed through Berlin yesterday. I wasn't here when he called and he left his card, giving his London and country address. He waited a long time.

HOTEL DE PRUSSE, LEIPSIC,
Wednesday, July 22, 1896.

It is a week since I came down to this city. Did you know that this was the city where Napoleon met his great first defeat? It was 1812 and the armies of nearly all the nations of Europe hemmed him

in here. He was defeated in the battle (there were many, all around the city) but he managed to get away, and get back to France again.

They say here that it was in the old hotel that stood on this spot that he made his headquarters.

I must see Paris before I go back.

MUNICH, BAVARIA,

July 26, 1896.

I left Leipsic Friday morning (early, got up at 5 o'clock) and reached Nuremburg a little after 4 P. M. I couldn't resist the temptation to stay over night in Nuremburg. It is now just about as it has been for centuries. There is a deep moat around the city. There is a high wall inside that, running all around.

Then the oddest gable end kind of old weather stained houses, winding streets, running up hill and down. There is a hill on one end of the city and on top of that hill, and covering it, is an old castle, with towers, high walls, and a moat down below. This castle centuries ago was the home of the Hohenzollern family. The German Emperor William II, you know, is a descendant of this family.

PARIS, FRANCE, August 2, 1896.

You see I am here. I thought I couldn't leave Europe without getting a peek at Paris.

I left Munich Thursday morning at 7:13 (got up at 5:45) and came over by way of—Ulm, Stuttgart, Augsburg, Karlsruhe, Strasburg, Nancy.

I've been through the Champs Elysees, the Tuileries; have seen Notre Dame, the Madeleine, the Arch of Triumph, and yesterday went through the ancient sculpture room in the Louvre. Just think of it! I always wanted to go there. Thousands of statues there but the statue of the Fighting Gladiator, the Venus of Milo and the bust of Caesar pleased me by far the best!

VENICE, August 11, 1896.

Arrived here this A. M., after two days steady travelling. Have spent the day seeing churches, etc. Am just about to take the train for Genoa where I expect to be on the stroke of twelve tomorrow and to sail on the "Elms" the next day.

St. Mark's and the Doge's Palace are fine.

DRESDEN.

This morning I visited the New and Old Pinacothek—Picture Galleries. The Old is especially good. It has one of the best collections of Rubens' pictures in Europe. The "Ascension of the Virgin," by Guido Reni, is one of the best pictures I have ever seen.

BERLIN, August 25, 1896.

I must tell you about a little trip I made last Friday. I went to that part of Potsdam that is called *Sans Souci*. It is an enormous park in which there are long walks, fountains, orchards, and here and there a palace.

It is the place where the German Emperor William II stops or lives rather when he is in the vicinity in summer. (In winter he stops at an enormous castle, 700 rooms in it, here in the city.) This *Sans Souci* was the favorite spot of Frederick the Great who built two palaces in it: the first called "Castle Sans Souci," and the other "The New Palace" (where the present Emperor lives). I walked to the first, through long avenues of trees so close together that they scarcely let in the sun. It was quite cool there. At last I came to a great fountain; outside were groups of statuary, and, between the groups, semicircular marble settees. I sat there for some time; and then started for "Castle Sans Souci" which was on an eminence above me, the approach being over six terraces, one above the other, arranged semicircular, something like this! (He made a sketch of the terraces and indicated where the flower beds were.)

At the top I found a soldier, striding up and down with his gun on his shoulder. I asked him if I might go in. He said "yes," and pointed out the way. I found on the other side a party ready to go through with a guide. I went too. The rooms were not very large (this castle is only one story high, but it covers a large area) but they are marvels of stone work, marble, paintings, frescoes, and inlaid furniture.

There was the desk at which Frederick the Great used to work, and close by was the table, on which was a clock pointing to 2:10, the hour of his death.

When dying he sat at the window between his desk and table, looking down towards the fountain. He was poisoned, with his dog, by a French cook.

In another room are all sorts of animal decorations on the walls, ceiling and even the chairs and baskets—mostly parrots, apes and monkeys. Frederick had these made for Voltaire the French philosopher, whom he had come from Paris to live there with him. But they quarrelled, and as Voltaire looked a little like a monkey Frederick had his room fitted up for him. There is a monkey at each end of the waste-basket, and you cannot avoid seeing a monkey whichever way you look. I was pretty tired by the time we got out. But I wanted to see the "New Palace" before going back to Berlin. It is a long distance.

I arranged with a hack-man to drive me there; wait for me, and then drive me to the station. As we were going along we approached two or three huntsmen and a boy ten or twelve years old. The

coachman turned toward me and said, under his breath, "The Emperor's son!" After we got past I asked if I understood him correctly. "Yes," said he, "the crown-prince."

We passed a long, low building which he said was a stable. At length we came to a gate where there were three soldiers. As the Emperor and Empress are just now away visitors are allowed to go through the grounds and into some of the rooms of the palace. One of the soldiers walked with me across the grounds toward the palace and, as we came to the palace gate, a carriage drove up in which were seated two boys. One was the crown-prince; and the other, his brother. I lifted my hat and the crown-prince lifted his! Another man was waiting to go in, and an attendant showed us through a large number of rooms. Some of them are simply magnificent—one in particular, called the "Muschel Zimmer" or "Shell Room," is an enormous room almost circular, perhaps fifty feet high, and the walls and pillars complete masses of shells and precious stones from all parts of the world.

The following very brief extracts from letters which James Mahoney wrote home will give some idea of his travels in this country. I think I am right in saying that he had visited every place of importance in New England and most of the important places in the United States. It was his custom to go every summer, if possible, to some new place, preferably with literary or historical associations. This developed in the course of years into pilgrimages to the homes and birthplaces of leaders in thought and action, as Whittier, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Sanborn, the Alcotts, Hawthorn, etc.

HALIFAX,

Sunday Evening, August 20, 1899.

Got here this P. M. on the ship "La Grande Duchesse" of the Plant Line. Left Boston yesterday at 4 P. M. We are going on to Charlottetown, P. E. I., and then back here again; then through Evangeline country; afterwards to St. John, New Brunswick; thence by International S. S. Line (stopping at Bar Harbor on the way) back to Boston.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

I woke up this morning in Prince Edward Island. The view from the boat is beautiful. We took a carriage and went to Davies Hotel to breakfast. After breakfast we took a carriage and drove around to see the place. The place is very attractive. Our driver didn't join us in our enthusiasm about the beauty of the place; he said, "If you lived here you wouldn't think anything of it, and would want to get out."

This is market day! All the farmers' teams are arranged in rows in front of a big market.

I left off writing to you yesterday just as the boat was about to leave Charlottetown. I enjoyed the sail to Hawkesbury very much, stayed on deck nearly all the time. We are in Halifax again. We are going to stay here long enough to see the place before going through the Evangeline country.

After breakfast we took a carriage and driver and went for a ride. This is an old fortified city. The soldiers were drilling and we drove over there first. They were drawn up in double file and looked more like fancy hitching posts than men. They wore red coats and white hats, bell shaped. There are a thousand in all but all did not drill this morning. Of course there was a military band. Lord Seymour, the governor general, and other men of prominence were there and took part in the exercises. Next we went to the citadel and went through a good part of it. There is a drawbridge and moat there.

The name of our boat is "La Grande Duchesse" and the name of the little boat that pulled it out of the harbor is "*Nellie*."

FREDERICTON, N. B., August 28, 1899.

We have just arrived at Queen Hotel, Fredericton, N. B., after a most delightful sail up the St. John River.

We are having a fine time. Yesterday we went through the Evangeline country and today we took a jump across the Bay of Fundy. Kate is getting to be a great sailor.

The St. John is fine—the day was glorious. We are going to see a little of this town and catch the 5 o'clock train back to St. John, where we are to stay till Monday and then try to reach Bar Harbor.

Kate got a stone from Evangeline's Church cellar. Also a branch from her willows, but the hotel maid took the branches away. To her they were only rubbish, although they were in a glass of water.

We attended service at the Cathedral today.

The sail up the St. John is considered as fine as on the Rhine or on the Hudson. We reached home last night at 11 o'clock. We were both very tired. I sat out all the time as I felt that I couldn't miss any of it.

EASTPORT, MAINE, Monday Noon.

Just put in here. Thought to take train here for Bar Harbor, but it doesn't leave till tomorrow morning. So we go on to Portland by this boat, getting there about 5 tomorrow A. M., there the R. R. connections will probably be better.

HAWTHORNE INN, EAST GLOUCESTER, MASS.,

July 22, 1900.

I have come down here again, and surprised mother and Nell. Before coming here I went to Providence to see Dr. Milan. His

brother-in-law and family were just going to Europe, so the Milans got up a little party for them. There were several prominent people of Providence there.

I called also at Dr. Cooke's before leaving, but he was away. He heard that I had been there and came to meet me at the train.

APPLEDORE HOUSE, ISLES OF SHOALS,

Monday Eve, 1900.

You see where we are—we reached here about 6:30 this evening. It is cool here. We had to wait about three hours at Portsmouth so we went on a trolley trip to Rye Beach. Mosquitoes!!!

Wednesday.

I want to tell you that it was here that William Morris Hunt was drowned. He had a room in the Thaxter cottage. I went to the place where he was drowned.

Mr. Choate (son of the American Ambassador to England) invited Kate and myself to go with him and Dr. Norton to York Beach. I was formerly acquainted with him.

We went to Celia Thaxter's grave yesterday, and crossed the Island; it is very narrow but long and is the largest of the nine islands that make the group.

We are enjoying everything here and intend to stay for some time.

THE HAWTHORNE INN, EAST GLOUCESTER, MASS.

August 2, 1909.

I was in Boston till last Friday when the heat drove me out. Friday was the hottest day of the year—*awful* heat. I am going on to the Ocean View Hotel at Pigeon Cove. The Brewers live near and Mrs. Brewer puts herself out a good deal to entertain.

I think of going next to Brockton to visit one of my classmates, Dr. Lyons, who has often asked me to visit him. I will most likely go from there to Newport to visit Fr. O'Neil.

I am to dine with the Wards here tomorrow.

MT. WASHINGTON, August 25, 1892.

I came up as far as Mt. Washington yesterday morning and stayed overnight on top. It was raining when I was going up; but it cleared up a little later, and the view of the clouds was very fine.

I went up on the tower, which is 6,344 feet above the sea. The view from Mt. Washington is very grand.

I saw the electric machine used for the big search light. The thermometer was 46° in the middle of the afternoon. Last night they say there was snow up there.

I will go on to Bethlehem today and will probably go on to Burlington tomorrow.

CHICAGO, August 21, 1893.

I have done a hard day's work: To begin with I was somewhat tired—after riding a thousand miles—but I started over to the Fair grounds.

I went first to the Eskimo Village. But that wasn't much of a show—some Eskimos, reindeer, Arab horses, a skin tent, etc. I then went to the Art Building. You have no idea of what a building it is, gallery after gallery till my legs ached. I kept at it for about four hours; and managed to see in a very hasty way only the Dutch and United States pictures. The French paintings are very fine. There are many there by the greatest French masters, as for example, by Corot, Carolus-Duran, Daubigny, Cazin, Bougeraux, Rousseau, Rosa Bonheur, Millet, etc.

I liked the French much better than the American; perhaps, as I was fresher when looking at them. I saw the names of several Boston artists and some of their pictures.

I shall start in again tomorrow.

NEWPORT, R. I., August 10, 1897.

I finished with Prof. Brale Saturday noon. By the way, he used me splendidly and wouldn't take a cent. He is going to do work with me during the year at Harvard, too. As I finished my work I thought I must take a trip so came down here. I have also been to Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket.

Extracts from James Mahoney's common place-book, kept during the last ten years of his life:

SOCIOLOGY

Tyranny

The sufficient cause and necessary justification of tyranny consists in the crass selfishness (treachery and meanness) of man to man: *i. e.*, tyranny is inversely proportional to brotherhood; and *vice versa*:

T: $\frac{I}{B}$ or B: $\frac{I}{T}$

Must We Not Criticise?

But we are presumed to have a conception of God; are we not allowed to have an opinion of a man whom people call *great*? "Oh, but the critics don't agree with you." Truly? Then, let us hold our peace.

The relation between national characteristics and national history—*i. e.*, environment, in its true sense—is a worthy work for a series of historical philosophers. The variation in national character which would thus be illustrated and explained would afford a good basis for international comity. Gifted races would hardly look upon

themselves as "chosen peoples," but rather as fortunate ones. The Anglo-Saxon superstition would disappear.

A man who has no great power of thought, and yet wishes to be of influence in affairs, seeks first to get the good will of people rather than to cultivate depth of thought; in fact, he considers deep thought a disadvantage to him. And it is too.

Shrewdness and cunning are more than a substitute for profundity. These qualities enable him at will to assume the appearance of wisdom but relieve him of the embarrassing earnestness of real wisdom.

The purpose of English instruction is to secure for the individual, according to his capacity, the benefits of language to the human race. This implies a constant growth of power (a) through the expression, oral and written, of the inner experiences,—emotional, mental and spiritual,—leading to an increasing knowledge and control of self; (b) through the expression, oral and written, of the outward experiences of life, leading to an increasing knowledge and control of the relations with man and nature; and (c) through an increasing capacity for knowledge of self, humanity and the world, by the co-ordinate study of the experiences of others as expressed in literature.

Do your teachers observe and record the traits of pupils, such for example as originality, perseverance, tendencies to investigate for themselves?

The Dress Suit Case Victim

"I'm a Roman Catholic; pray for me," were the dying words of the young girl who was at once cut up and put into a dress suit case and thrown into the harbor. What more horrible warning to our Catholic mothers could possibly be given to keep their daughters in decent company and away from villainous wretches that swarm about theatres.

The first step wrongly taken, and the Bishop hospital and the Harbor follow. Mothers pray for your daughters and with them and keep them out of harm's way.

A Fable (In Sociology)

One morning three Sphere-bugs were taking the air in their favorite spots, and, being tuneful, their voices could be heard above those of the neighboring tree-frogs.

"I believe only in curved lines," said the Surface-bug. "You are a fool," retorted the Radius-Bug. "My creed is straight lines." "Cease, vain creatures," cried the Centre-Bug. "Could you but enter this Holy of Holies, you would grow in the Word of the Sphere."

Moral: Look above your nose.

NOTE.—This very sarcastic and pleasing little thing came into the world early one morning as I was beginning to wake up.

JAMES MAHONEY.

The Journal and the Pocket-Book Graft

Dear Journal: Don't get so excited about pocket-book graft. When we have stopped grafting in the stuff that goes into pocket-books, the pocket-books themselves will be only melancholy reminders of the past.

Play Grounds

There is such a thing as supervising children too much, especially when they go out to play.

The Milk Supply

By all means, gentlemen of the Health Board, let our milk supply be clean! We do not wish the milk inspector to stick his fingers or his mustache into the milk that we are to drink. Besides, we know that epidemics are spread by unclean inspectors or unclean milkmen.

Watch out for the bill introduced by Senator Treadway providing safeguards for the production and transportation and sale of milk.

Much more general attention is now given to public school education and to the public school teacher; promotions may be more easily obtained; chances for self-improvement and for civic service are now more numerous. Yet real success in securing mental and moral development in pupils, is as difficult of achievement now as it was twenty-eight years ago, perhaps more so, on account of the greater complexity of our present system.

Politics and the Schools

For twenty years the slogan of the school reformers in Boston has been, "Keep politics out of the schools."

We are convinced that during the same period the wish of the political leaders has been the same as that of the reformers.

What has been the result? The School Board has become the prey of the more petty type of politician. The little lawyer who sought clients; the little doctor who sought more patients; the little bigot who represented a spiteful faction; the little grafter who saw a chance for personal gain, have all infested the school department. Of course, there have been honorable and able men and women—but they have been lonesome as a rule.

The fact of it is, the selection of candidates, and the election of members for the School Board, are essentially political acts; in which the leaders of the political parties bear a responsibility which they cannot escape. They can fail to do their duty, and allow men to get on the School Board who are a disgrace to their party. If the big politicians do not act, the little politicians certainly will. It is a question of choice between municipal politics and petty ward politics. To put men upon the School Board who will work earnestly and solely

for the children of the people is good politics, and tends to keep the responsible party in power. To appoint school committeemen of any other sort, weakens and disgraces the guilty party. The people of Boston are not indifferent to the welfare of their children.

See to it, political leaders, that we have on the new committee of five, earnest, able, honorable, and broadminded men, who can afford sufficient time to study school conditions; are possessed of sufficient education to understand educational problems; have sufficient insight into the nature of children to wisely apply their knowledge, and are sufficiently far sighted to make some provision for future needs.

If a man has not sufficient talent or education for this, he is unfit for the School Board. If he is merely famous and rich and honorable he is unfit for the School Board. If he is a great business man who cannot spare time for school affairs, he has no business on the School Board. If he lacks sympathy, insight, and love for the public schools, he is absolutely unfit for the place.

In a city of 600,000 inhabitants it must be possible to find five persons both able and willing to serve on the new Board.

The Shoe Manufacturer and the Panama Canal

We, in the United States, are looking with much pride at the Great Canal. It is a big cut on the surface of the earth, and we made it! But are we not thinking rather of the glory of the achievement, than preparing to take advantage of it as a highway? What preparations are our boot and shoe manufacturers making to use this new opportunity to increase their output? The Canal means cheap freight and, for our eastern states, a new chance to increase trade, especially with the countries on the west coast of South America, with our own Pacific coast and with Asiatic ports; for our Pacific states, it means, of course, similar advantages in all Atlantic ports, American and European. It is already time to anticipate, to survey the field, to make acquaintance, and to establish bases of operation. Word comes that our neighbors, the South Americans, both East and West, are more keenly alive to the situation than we are; and are making active preparations to meet it. May success crown their efforts!

President Wilson's Mexican Policy

In the House of Representatives, on Thursday, Congressman Gillett attacked the Mexican policy of President Wilson, on the ground that it will soon lead us to intervention in Mexican affairs. He says that the administration ought to have recognized Huerta, who, according to the congressman, was the only man strong enough to bring order out of the Mexican chaos. "Of course," he adds, "Huerta is a very bad man, but it is not the business of our government to examine into the lives of foreign rulers, but its first motive should be to consider

the interest of our own government." We hold no brief for President Wilson, but we believe that his policy is animated by what he regards as the highest interest of the United States.

It is far from certain that Huerta, even if recognized by our government, could have subdued the insurgents—in fact, it seems quite probable that he could not have done so. It would appear, at this distance, that Carranza has now a much better chance of establishing a general government and an orderly administration than Huerta ever had. It would seem that all northern Mexico must soon be in his hands, and that he can then descend upon the southern states with superior force. Meantime, Huerta is facing bankruptcy and dissension within his own ranks. But quite beyond these facts, we believe that President Wilson based his policy upon a higher view of our national duty toward other nations, and especially toward neighboring states. What this definite duty is in regard to Mexico he made very plain in his message to Congress, last August: to use the powerful moral influence of the United States, with a view solely to the good of the Mexican people; and to intervene only if absolutely necessary. He practically enunciated the lofty principles of American duty expressed by Webster in his Bunker Hill orations. How could a nation—whose mission in the world is to increase the influence of public opinion; to advance the rights of peoples and to promote constitutional government,—how could such a government recognize the bloodstained Huerta régime? But you answer that constitutional government in Mexico is an absurdity, that 90 per cent. of the population is illiterate and incapable of progress. That is an argument which no good American should employ. The remedy is a more thorough system of education, and a greater measure of civil liberty in Mexico; and there is a fair prospect that that may be attained from the constitutionalists whose struggle is against despotic government and for popular rights. It is stupid to assert that the Mexican racial stocks are incapable of progress. Mexican students, both of Spanish and of Indian extraction, have long been coming to our institutions of learning, and have distinguished themselves by their intelligence and industry. As for those of Spanish blood, it is not necessary to prove that they are capable of progress and of self-government. No states in the world are making more rapid progress than the South American whose population is very like that of Mexico.

And deep were my musings in life's early blossom,
Mid the twilight of mountain-groves wandering long;
How thrilled my young veins, and how throbbed my full bosom,
When o'er me descended the spirit of song.

—William Cullen Bryant.

EIGHTY-FOUR CLASS POEM

Almighty Soul, that fills the spring with growth,
 Doth teach the flower to bloom, the star its distant way;
 Renew our souls from out the fountains of Thine energy,
 And give us vision, clear through the dread maze of life.
 Give us to know the value in Creation's scale,
 Of standing yet again upon this college hill—
 Back from the world that barter human life;
 Back from the world that lies and steals and kills,
 And wallows in the mire of greed and lust—
 To think again upon our ardent youth,
 To think again upon our better selves,
 To think again of loved ones, seen no more,
 The while our years are rolling o'er the sky
 To rise into the Realm of Fellowship.
 Wherein no ruler is, but each a sovereign heart,
 Which yields not, save to force of gentle sympathy;
 Wherein 'tis sweetest object of our greed
 To know a brother's heart, and know it true;
 O Heart Divine, grant that we closer draw
 With deeper, finer insight, each for each,
 Till from our hearts united in a battery of love,
 There flow a mighty current, to transfuse, inspire,
 Until this ancient Amherst College hill
 Glow like a Mountain of the Living God.

June 20, 1899.

CLASS POEM

The snow-clad pines are moaning on the lea;
 The world is frozen to its rocky core;
 A Babe is born beyond the Midland Sea,
 That love might grow within us more and more.

The winds are howling o'er Manchurian plains,
 And Arthur's Port bursts with the fires of hell;
 While in our joyous hearts the Babe-king reigns,
 Our songs are ringing over hill and dell.

A paeon high, for '84!
 A paeon strong and high!
 Crash down the towers of silence
 With a mighty midnight cry:
 Our class shall never die!
 Go, ringing through the aether,
 Up to the Throne on High:
 Our class shall live forevermore!
 Our class shall never die!

The wintry storms sweep down the sky;
The wind is bitter cold:
Within the ground our comrades lie;
Their flesh is turned to mold.

Yet through the binding, icy snow,
That smites us in the face,
We seem to see their sad eyes glow;
Their features we can trace.

But when we fain would clasp the form,
The outstretched hand would seize,
Then madly mocks the midnight storm,
Our bones within us freeze.

Forgive, O God of Silence,
Our vain and foolish cry;
Send down Thy mercy and Thy love,
That our class may never die.

The ages stride across our feast,
Down to an empty tomb;
Within the portals of the East
Gigantic figures loom.

Across the black abyss there swells
A mystic, magic song;
And as we sing our chorus
The mighty tones prolong.

“Beat high, beat high, ye merry hearts!
Beat high, ye hearts of gold!
Sing high, sing high your merry songs,
As in the days of old!”

A paean high for '84!
A paean strong and high!
Our class shall live forevermore!
Our class shall never die!
Crash down the towers of silence
With a mighty midnight cry:
While warm love glows within our hearts,
Our class shall live forevermore!
Our class shall never die!

December 30, 1904.

THE '84 CASTLE

Our castle walls we've builded
On Holyoke's High Hill.
The stones were hewn in Monson;
Bill At. will pay the bill.
Its turrets, domes, and pinnacles
Go mounting to the sky.
If Chick would take the mortgage off
Our hopes would mount as high.
Within the mountain's bowels
Are wines and spirits rare,
But Charley Smith witholds the keys;
To touch them none may dare
Unless perchance at midnight
The friends upward soar
And slyly turn the spigots
And deep libations pour,
While the mighty mountain rocks and reels
With yells for '84.
But their revels soon are ended,
Their drinking bout is o'er,
For the gallant F. Smith hoseman
Floods of water on them pour.
For the waters of the river
Round about the mountain flow;
The channel down below the base
Was dug by Walter Low.
See where the main tower fronts the East
To greet the morning light;
Its gracious length unfolding
Floats the *Purple and the White*
The castle's built in grandeur,
Such as ne'er was seen before;
There's nothing too magnificent
For the Class of '84.
The columns are of hammered gold,
Jim Pat sent on the ore;
The walls with gems are crusted
From Billy Wheeler's store.
There's nothing too magnificent
For the Class of '84.
The Council Chamber's lofty dome
Views the sky through crystal glass.
Round the walls in ordered dignity
Are the banners of the Class.

But the pride of all our castle
Is the Library's noble hall;
The forest, mine and ocean cave
With their riches deck its wall.
Just in the center of the floor
Stands a case of burnished gold;
Your eye will ope with wonder
As its massive doors unfold.
With wonder and amazement
Upon its contents look
Reclining on its jewelled bed
Our Memorabilia Book.
Then, as a secret spring you touch,
With your hand you shade your eye,
As memories of the bygone years
With our Loving Cup arise.
Then after meditation
With new hope your eyes you raise,
And upon our splendid portraits,
Ranged about, with pleasure gaze.
But as you look and marvel,
Your look becomes a *stare*
"Ah, Sir! I beg your pardon
But did I hear you swear?"
The pictures look and talk at you
As you upon them look,
They're run by a kineamatograph
With Joe Tommy's photo hook.
There in the center at the front
Is a youth both tall and fair,
A smile upon the youthful face
Although his skull is bare,
But though his face is smiling
By his pensive brow you see
That thoughts are surging through his brain;
Perhaps he thinks of me,
Perhaps he thinks of John and Will,
Perhaps of Marguerite Fair,
Perhaps he's building castles
That are not in the air:
Perhaps he thinks of Mrs. At.,
Or of coal mines in the West;
Perhaps he thinks of stocks and things,
Perhaps of Hampton West;
"Perhaps," "perhaps," there's no "*perhaps*,"

Your guessing now give o'er,
 I'll tell you what he's thinking,
 He thinks of '84.
 Now he of all our mighty class
 Is the only *Summa cum*,
 Now ope your mouth and yell like—
 Blow horns and beat the drum.
 But who is that beside him?
 A man, not tall, nor fat,
 With a merry twinkle in his eye
 As he turns his face to At.?
 You, poet, do not know him?
 The merry gods forbid!
 'Tis he, boys, 'tis our Arthur!
 He's our best, our only *kid*.
 Though you should live forever,
 And this universe explore,
 You'll never find a better friend
 Than this Kid of '84.
 Now every man a *magnum*,
 Filled full with love galore,
 And drink about and yell and shout,
 For this Kid of '84.
 The Kid's himself a *magna*,
 And besides, there are *magnas* four,
 All honor to these honor men,
 Of the Class of '84.
 And next—good Lord, 'tis Billy!
 Our scribe of '84!
 All up, my boys, fling wide your throats,
 And *roar* and *roar* and *roar*!

Class reunion, 1911.

CLASS POEM

Delivered at the Twenty-Sixth Annual Reunion of the Class of Eighty-Four, Amherst, Held at Boston, December, 1909

The burning sun of June beats down upon me
 As I lie within the grass; the breeze comes
 Laden with a thousand odors of the vine, wild rose and clover;
 Above me points the finger of the College Church;
 And yonder, clad in blue, the everlasting range.
 The leaves all rustle on the trees, and the warm air
 Is vibrant with the songs of birds, and loudly
 Sings my heart unto my soul which loudly sings again:

The sun is bright,
The sky is blue:
My heart is warm,
And glad and true.

Yon solid mount
Will ever last.
The fire within
Our soul burns fast.

And the sun is fire,
And the earth is mold;
My heart is lonely,
Sad and cold.

Yet fire is life,
And in its glow,
The heart of man
And God I know.

But even as I sang, my eyes did gaze
Beyond the pointing spire; the blue dissolved,
Like fairy mist, and opened to the infinite,
Resplendent in its every varying, complex unity,
Wherein the gleaming world of soul and spirit shines
Through height and depth; and from the heights supreme
Appear two mighty beings, who forge the
Almighty's will in Height and Depth through all;
The one, all light and motion, and through his
Being surged the upbuilding energy of Almighty God;
The other, dark and awful was; and ever would
The dark one stay the hand of the all-glowing angel:
And I heard the Upbuilder say:
"Not yet, thou Scavenger of God, not yet!"
"Recording angel, bring again the book of Life."
Then, as a third, from out the Innermost came forth,
The Upbuilder said: The Universe of time and space
Doth glow and throb in its minutest part
By the all-potent, new-Creating Force, and yet
As I with the Almighty's Might and His Creating Fire,
Struggle in agonizing world generating action
'Gainst the death-dull cold of Everlasting Void:
I climb, I mount, I build my spirit dome
O'er everlasting arches of true hero souls.
Yet were I not supported by the Omnipotent Hand

I'd faint with fear that all Creation round
Would vanish at a touch, and ne'er upbuild again.
I strive with agony, and all God's Creatures
Tremble as I strive lest they slip back,
Unto that final death. In this ne'er ending strife
I look for reflex succor from souls like mine
Who were endowed with will and knowledge
Of this eternal battle waged 'gainst the Almighty God.
And even as he spoke I was aware of a huge dial,
Bronze, with iron hands, fastened by bolts
Upon Eternity's black wall; and as I gazed
I heard the mighty hammer clang
Full five and twenty strokes that echoed
Back again through all Eternity:
And from a dome above the dial, came
A troop of black-robed maidens who together sang:

 Their years are onward speeding,
 Their hearts are all unheeding,
 The waves of time are rolling,
 The bells of fate are tolling,
 The guns of battle booming,
 The smoke of battle glooming
 O'er city, hill and sea.

The maidens vanished and the Upbuilder spoke again:
"And now a quadrant cycle has yon point
Of light traced on that dial since a band
Of such I placed on that old globe
Of inert mud, that spins in drunken circles
Round that unstable mass of burning gas
By which I mark the lower verge
Of the Creation's bound; these I formed
Of thrice refined matter, from deep wombs
Of noble mothers; and I placed them there
To fight the battle on the lower verge:
Tell me, Recording Angel, have any fallen
Prone within that mud, and love the slime
Instead of God, if any, say, and by
The hand of this Destroying Angel, I will
Smite him to the void." "Nay," replied
The Recorder, "nay, for did any catch
The toe in mud, the eye did turn
Toward God."
Again the Upbuilder asked: "Have

Any sold the precious fire within their
 Souls for that foul trash of earth? Keenly
 Look and answer, Angel of the Book."
 "O Architect of Souls," replied the Recorder,
 "Thou didst place them there to work in
 Slime and metals, and though some at times
 Have bent the eye to earth, the nobler
 Heart doth draw them back to God."
 "Look yet again, Bookkeeper," said the Angel,
 "Hath any pierced with bitter gibe
 A loyal Comrade's Soul; or traitor
 Proved to Comrade tried and true
 In that fierce battle of the lower verge?
 If any, say, and by this Scavenger of God
 I'll cast him on the Universal Dump."
 "Not yet, my Angel," spoke a voice from
 Out the Innermost; "turn back
 The Constellations in their course
 And all review again"; and while he spoke
 I hear the backward whirl of suns and planets,
 And in a flash the ancient College stood
 Again as in our youth it stood;
 And up the hill came trooping merry lads
 With upturned faces, and with jest they
 Sang of love: the angel smiled as to us
 Came the words of one fair youth, so
 Tall and slender, as he jocund sang:

My Sue, she is a daisy,
 To her I'll e'er be true:
 For she has a lip like a rosebud tip,
 And her eyes are painted blue.

And into Chapel trooped they in a motley
 Group; and up arose in majesty
 The royal form of Seelye and with sonorous voice
 He read the Sacred Writ; again, another
 Scene, and surely that is Socrates
 Or Tyler there who teaches Greek and speaks
 Of worth and high nobility! And look!
 In Walker Hall through the windows streamed
 The sunshine o'er eager faces, all with earnest
 Eyes as falls the sunshine on the master
 At his desk, of swarthy hue, and dark and
 Gleaming eye, his voice and mind

And sentence, all, as crystal clear,
As with charmed words he spoke of
Mind and Soul; of matter and of God.
And on and on the scenes like
Lightning fled before me; and
Past all College days, and then
The rush and turmoil of this seething life:
One moment shone the light, immovable,
Above a fresh made grave: about it grew
The briar and ivy and over it a stone, on
Which I read:

We'll love thee till our life depart,
O Garman of our heart!
We'll love thee, while our hearts are kind,
O Garman of our mind!
We'll love thee while the seasons roll,
O Garman of our soul!
A sharp pain pierced my heart and
With a start I did awake; and
Stamping through the daisies and
The clover came groups of classmates
With wives and children fair.
And loud they sang, and fast
The children ran, and played
Among the clover white and red:
And merry were they all, but
As they sang methought I saw
A teardrop in the eye:

Old Amherst fair we come to praise
Thy beauty and thy might!
Our guides and friends of other days
Are with us here tonight.

We drink to them with all our heart,
A bumper to the brim,
Our love for them will ne'er depart,
Their memories ne'er grow dim.

Our Garman of the flashing eye,
Our Seelye's front of Jove,
Our Tyler's wrinkled face descry,
With piety and love.

Our Harry Wilbur, Hastings, too,
 Our rosy Fiske and Hyde,
 And other comrades, tried and true,
 With us they'll e'er abide.
 They are not dead, they're here tonight,
 But on the other side.

And as the battle we renew,
 For righteousness and right;
 Our guides and comrades, tried and true,
 Will fight for us with might.

Come, pile the roses on the board,
 And raise the sacred wine:
 Our minds with memories are stored,
 Our hearts with love divine.

Almighty God, we bow to Thee,
 With humble thanks and praise,
 Thou'st given us this day to see:
 Still lengthen out our days.

To S. W. W.*

Yet once again I entered through that door—so quickly open to the
 knock of all—
 The Gracious Lady is not there—her pictures, her books, her flowers,
 but not herself!
 “Up to the Larger Hall”—and there in awful silence, like a queen,
 she lay.
 In awful silence, save for floweret bells, that tinkle music which the
 spirits hear;
 Her keen eyes gaze beyond the distant stars, her keen ears hearken
 for the voice of God.
 O, grant that at that gentle touch those Wondrous Portals of the
 Mighty Dome,
 Which crown the Structure of the Azure Heights, swing wide in wel-
 come to the newest guest,
 Who loved and wrought for Beauty, Truth and Goodness, here below.

* Mrs. Sara W. Whitman.

September 18, 1905.

Quick from the Blue, a call to God!
 His noble head now sinks in death,
 And lies where glows the goldenrod.

Dead! dead! Collins, dead!
Flashing forth with lightning speed,
Words of horror, words of dread.

Bows the peasant in despair,
In the dark-green distant isle;
Murmurs deep a heartfelt prayer.

By Columbia's eastern shore
Cries of grief arise and swell
Arise and swell for evermore.

Mourn, mourn, O city, proud,
Drape your streets in solemn black,
Wrap your chieftain in his shroud.

The bells are slowly tolling,
The Chief's last call has come,
Not on the engine rolling
Through the startled city's hum;
Down to the grave there calling
John Eagan's clay today,
On their knees in silence falling
The people weep and pray.

Who would not die in the fire,
With his soul purged clear for his God,
Than to live with his soul in the mire
And to rot, without soul, in the sod?

THE SUMMONS*

Fresh, up, my folk! The blazing signals glow;
Bright from the North breaks Freedom's light.
Deep in the foeman's heart thy steel must go;
Fresh, up, my folk! The blazing signals glow.
The harvest's ripe, ye cutters, linger not!
Our highest, holiest Good lies in the blade!
Press deep the spear within thy loyal heart:
A road for Freedom make—wash clean the glade,
Thy German soil; with life-blood part.

It is no such strife as warriors royal crests,
It is a crusade, 'tis a holy strife.
Law, Virtue, Faith, and Conscience on it rests;

* NOTE: I do not know whether this is an original poem or a translation.

Then from thy very breast the tyrant wrests,
 Recover them, and with them Freedom's Life.
 Thy grayhaired mother moans and cries: "Awake."
 Our cots in ruins stand and curse the robber-band;
 Thy daughter's shame cries out for vengeance sake;
 For blood, thy murdered sons struck down by secret hand.

Heaven shields, and Hell must yield us ground
 "Up, valiant people, up," cries Freedom, "up."
 High beats thy heart, thy lofty oaks abound;
 Why fret thyself about thy corpses' mound?
 High plant aloft our freedom's standard up.
 There stand ye then my folk by fortune blessed,
 In thy ancestral, sacred Victory's glow,
 Forget the faithful fallen not; and rest
 An oak-wreath on our urns below.

Break up the ploughshare, let the chisel fall.
 The lyre be still; the loom in silence stand.
 Depart from out thy court, from out thy hall;
 Before this face thy banners rise and fall;
 He wills his folk to see, an armed band.
 For him a mighty altar shalt thou build,
 Its top the morning glow of freedom gild,
 Thy sword its deep foundation-stone shall lay;
 His temples rise aloft on heroes' clay.

FIRE WORSHIP

The embers glow,
 The fires renew,
 My heart is warm
 And glad and true.

The sun bursts forth,
 The daisies bloom:
 The seeds of life
 Throb in the tomb.

The lark sings high
 Within the blue;
 My heart is warm
 And glad and true.

WHERE DO WE STAND IN PHILOSOPHY?—WHERE DOES DR. HICKOK STAND?

In order to determine our position we must define the limits of the sphere within which the position is to be determined, *i. e.*, we must define Philosophy; and also we must assume that we know absolutely how far advance has been made in it; in other words, we must assume that we know what have been the great problems and also the direction philosophic thought must take. In this assumption we will, farther along, find ourself justified by the nature of the mind; and without it we could not decide what was progress or retrogression, and so we could not give even relative position but only historical connection of so-called philosophers, and I think we would have no abiding certainty for this. But with this premise we may endeavor to find what are the great questions and systems of the age, to find their position in the great chain of human thought, and so their relation to the systems of history.

Great authorities agree essentially in defining philosophy as the "universal science" which must accordingly make and justify universal classification. This it can do only by finding the central governing principle of all things.

The direction of philosophic thought in history is toward the end indicated by the definition. We find ancient Philosophy striving to find the central principle of the multitudinous forms of nature, to which attention is first called. The search leads up to mind; then comes the question of "What is mind?" and, then, "How comprehend them both, what is the relation between them?"

Plato and Aristotle tried to answer, but the dualism still was found and thought still sought the solution. For thought cannot rest till all dualisms, multiplicities and antagonisms are explained and comprehended. Accordingly that system which has justly and comprehensively classified by piercing into the world principle is worthy of the name Philosophy, and all that fail to do this must resign their title.

Dr. Hickok's system claims to be a Philosophy. We will try to express it, and then by applying it to the great problems in the history of thought, and to the particular questions and systems of the age, we will attempt to find Dr. Hickok's absolute and relative position, and, thereby, also that of those with which we compare him.

Unlike the child philosophers of Ionia Dr. Hickok finds it necessary to begin Philosophy with Psychology. For the mind is the source of both affirmation and denial, and when we have found its powers and method of acting we will be ready to enter Ontology, *i. e.*, to examine the nature of that which it affirms to exist and also to determine the course which thought must take. As Dr. Hickok says in his Rational Psychology, "It may also be affirmed that the compass of all future

knowledge is thus given. Unless new intellectual faculties are given us we must henceforth know within the same intellectual laws as now we know." Common experience retested by scientific mind shows that the intellectual process is sensation, consciousness, knowing, feeling, and willing; and that there are three intellectual faculties: (a) The Sense, whose work is defining, distinguishing and connecting the content-in-consciousness. (b) The Understanding, whose office is to (1) form laws on conceptions by factoring the product, of sensation; to (2) shut these conceptions within one another by the syllogism, and to (3) represent in memory. (c) The Reason, an intuitive faculty which shows the infinite Space and Time that contain the Place and Period of the sense, gives the induction of cause and effect needful to guide the understanding in arranging the confused and ceaseless shower of impressions upon the sense into an orderly experience—and it gives this causality not by noticing the antecedence and consequence of the mind's wishes and body's actions, as Geulinx and scientists say, but by a knowledge of nature of Force; it gives axioms of mathematics, the principles of physics and the cognitions of beauty and goodness.

None of these can possibly be derived from the sense and so cannot be formulated by the understanding, and yet their validity as principles of the mind cannot be questioned for a moment. The closest scientific investigation reveals thus what our faculties are.

The validity of the examination rests upon self-consciousness—whose authority we must affirm even while we deny it. To have obtained these faculties and functions thus validly is of great service in answering our question. For since the mind is the instrument by which is made all affirmation, doubt and denial of existence, appearance and non-existence, the standing of philosophers and systems may be determined by the thoroughness of their knowledge of this instrument's functions and by the accuracy with which they use them in obtaining their respective products and the exactness with which they arrange these products. From the data of the two lower faculties, we affirm the two great series of natural facts, the physical and psychical and, at the same time, the Reason—which thus works in harmony with the lower faculties and from the occasion given by them—sees the necessity of supernatural facts. So to the great question of the Socratic's, "What is man?" Dr. Hickok replies in the line which they themselves suggested, "A self-conscious being endowed with the above-mentioned faculties."

To the great question of the Pre-Socratic Philosophy, "What is nature?"—which must strictly, though not historically, follow the Socratic question—he replies, "It is given by the sense, as certain qualities or appearances which are arranged by the understanding rule orderly laws, and explained by the reason as expressions of substantial space-filling."

Force, of two kinds, mechanical and spontaneous, when pressed to the great question passed down by ancient to modern philosophy, "What is the relation of mind to matter, to nature?" he is able to reply, "That of subject to object which are thus mutually knowable," and this he can do without falling into the endless controversy of Mind *vs.* Matter and Subjective *vs.* Objective, by reaching the mediatorial ground of Reason which finds the solution in answering the deeper question, "What is God?" The Reason affirms that God must be Absolute Rationality and beyond Him and His products there can be nothing and so declares imperatively that the laws of thought are the laws of things, and it can do this: for as self-conscious human Reason emerges from the depths of Being, by its direct insight into its own valid objective existence and so into the nature and archetypes of objective being, it declares that "Nothing but reason and its products can exist, that rationality cannot come from irrationality, that the source of all that is both nature and man is Absolute Rationality, which must thus be of self-existent, self-conscious, self-determining and so creative Rationality.

Self-existent, for if it could cease to be, it would at some time cease to be rational; self-conscious, for if it were blind and undesigning it would be irrational; self-determining and personal, for if determined from without it would no longer be absolutely rational; and, if not personal, it would be mechanical or spontaneous and would need a rational ground in which to rest. So by Reason's insight into itself are explained the deeper facts of Psychology: The Ideas of Truth, Beauty and Goodness in their high unity even in God; the profound desire for worship, which of all things perhaps lies deepest in the human soul, is satisfied and we find the universe-embracing formula, "the laws of thought are the laws of being and the difficulties of Universal *vs.* Particular, Subjective *vs.* Objective, Mind *vs.* Matter are solved by the high principle of a personal, creative God. In the unity thus proposed to the demand of Science we find the Principles of the Eleatics and the Ideas of Plato, but without that rigidity which could not account for particulars; we find the Becoming of Heraclitus, the *voös* of Anaxagoras and the "pure Form working toward the Entelechy" of Aristotle, for the Deity is creative, but without the in-themselves-existing "*homoio merceae*" or "matter"; for there is no occasion for positing this irreconcilable duality which split the systems of Anaxagoras, Aristotle and Decartes, and which Malebranche and Geulincx had to overcome by a *deus Machina*, just as if the Spirit even could pass the gulf between itself and *pure Matter*. Rationality cannot come from Irrationality and so finds it absurd to posit an Unknowable as the central principle as did Spinoza and Spencer, or a blind "Will," like Schopenhauer, or an intelligent (?) Unconscious like von Hartmann, or in Fantasy like Förschammer or in Dissolution like Mainländer.

He does not, like Hamilton, Mansel, Spencer and others, find the Absolute unthinkable on the ground that "to think is to condition" for the laws of thought are the laws of being; and so he is not compelled to creep to the Absolute under cover of Faith like Hamilton and Jacobi or by Feeling like Schleiermacher nor to believe in it by command of Will like Kant while reason is found unreliable. For these men try to make the conditioned understanding do the work of the unconditioned Reason and confuse the products of the two.

All those systems which try to doubt or to deny the existence of Reason, from the milder types of Positivism through the milder grades of Empiricism to the rankest Agnosticism, show that their very denial affirms the existence of Reason and, at the same time, they reveal their indiscriminate use of the faculties, the undeveloped state of their psychology and their incompetency to meet the demand of the universal science which calls for unity. The influence of Kant, on the one side, and Locke, on the other, largely controls these schools, which might almost be called the typical systems in England, Germany and France, and their influence in Scotland and America is very considerable. The leaders are such men as Spencer, Mill, Dühring, Loge, Littré, Dumont and Bain.

They strive to prove that the absolute is unattainable, for to attain it is to condition it to bring it under our laws of thought which are as they are because we are made as we are by evolution or otherwise; they allow "facts" but make all knowledge relative. But all the while they assume that their deductions are valid; they divide up the universe, call this knowable and this unknowable, may Force and comprehend the world of mind and matter under associational and evolutionary development of mechanical laws, all this while they would derive all our knowledge from the sense and understanding, not noticing that this theory is according to itself a complex idea. Try as they will they cannot avoid making absolute statements and trusting their faculties, however much they confuse them in their operations. The light of Reason shines out as clearly as ever though it be called "indefinite consciousness" or a "complex idea." But while claiming the validity of the Reason's postulates and thus closing the door to Agnosticism, Dr. Hickok allows full weight to the products of the sense and understanding, claims that the reason is not a prophetic faculty but works only under the occasion given by the sense and understanding, and so must identify itself and its acts in one whole of Space and Time and so, unlike Hegel and possibly Renouvier, he is not open to the charge of making Reason a mere thought notion, and accordingly he escapes such subjective Idealism as Fichte's. Also by showing that through the sense we do not perceive things-in-themselves but only phenomena, he is able to show that there is no contradiction between the faculties and so overthrows universal

Pyrrhonism, which the Scotch school with its tactual and direct perception theory, cannot do. The position of the characteristic schools of the age is found thus in their incomplete psychology, in their failure to properly answer the question, "What is man?" and so their failure to properly answer the questions which depend upon that. And Dr. Hickok, who has roundly developed his psychology both from the empirical and rational or rather *à priori* standpoints, may proceed into Ontology seeking more thoroughly to answer the question, "What is God?" "What is relation of man to God?" "What is the relation of man to man?" This he has sought to do and by deepening his self-consciousness and being guided by Revelation, he finds God to be the Holy Trinity having its counterpart in man the Image of God, in the legislative, judicial and executive self united in self-consciousness; he finds man to be the highest work of God in that he is like unto Him and has a will independent of His will; and with this foundation in his Moral Science he finds the various relations and duties which ensue.

It may be well to add that the Hegelians and Eclectics in America, England and Scotland are working in the same general direction with Dr. Hickok.

JAMES MAHONEY.

DR. HICKOK'S PHILOSOPHY AS BEARING ON AGNOSTICISM

I wish to point out some difficulties that I have found with statements of the writer:

I. As to the relation between sense, understanding, reason and the essence or entity of the individual *ego*. "The mind can immediately know only its own *states* and *acts*," p. 92, col. 1. "The mind can be immediately conscious only of *itself*," p. 94, 2d col. "We possess another and higher *faculty viz. reason*," p. 92, 2d col. "An idea . . . is the insight *reason* has into its own capabilities," p. 94, 1st col.

Here an entity called "mind" seems to be assumed, which is self-conscious; but it is said to have a *faculty* which is self-conscious or has insight into itself. Would it not be less confusing to say that an idea is the "insight the *ego* has into its own capabilities?" Or self-consciousness of the *ego* respecting its capabilities?

If we make reason thus a type of self-consciousness what shall we call sense and understanding? Shall we call them greater or less degrees of self-consciousness than the reason? Perhaps we may get a hint from p.91, 1st col.: "Sensation is wholly without consciousness but conditional for the mind to awake to activity." Can it be that it is conditional for consciousness in the same way that it is conditional for music that the diapason begin at a lower rate than 16 per second though as yet there is no music? Or are they three different kinds of

consciousness belonging to three different elements of the mind, making the mind a compound?

But essentially different elements could never unite into a unity of consciousness. Or would it be better to say that reason is self-consciousness of the nature, and sense and understanding self-consciousness of the specific capabilities of the mind? Thus making sensation the product of the action of the external upon the mind and the mind's reaction? But the postulates of reason as given in self-consciousness are not given as descriptive of the nature of self but are conclusions of the self-respecting the non-self.

II. As to the relation of individual *ego* to divine *Ego*.

"In knowing itself *human* reason affirms that its existence is not independent but derived." "Thus in knowing itself as finite it knows the Absolute," p. 95, 2d col.

Hegel's statement (accepted by writers).

"The notion of the infinite is not separable from the reality."

"The mind can be conscious only of itself," p. 94, 2d col.

There seems to be contradictions here. That which is human, finite dependent and derived and which can be conscious only of itself, is conscious of infinite time, space and of an infinite omniscient God, though the notion of these cannot be separated from the reality.

It is somewhat difficult to see how any thing human and finite apprehension of itself could ever come to an understanding of the infinite, or if it did how it could knowingly trust its finite *human* reason (?) in dealing with infinite subjects. It seems to me when we give the watch such a "knowledge of itself as God may be supposed to have of it," we give it a little more than finite, human reason, unless we make finite human reason synonymous with infinite divine Reason.

It is possible that a distinction between qualitative and quantitative knowledge can explain these apparent difficulties. I can hardly see how such a distinction is applicable. But in that the mind knows the nature of the infinite and presumes to say in many ways what God is and what he is not, may it not be that God endowed the particle of being, the individual *ego* with something of his own *omniscience* also, as well as with some of his own being. For, since God could not create the essence of the *ego* from nothing, if this *ego* has any distinct identity. Will or self, must we not suppose some such vulgar theory as this that God tore this particle from his own bosom in which it had been conscious of the glory of the Entire and consciously swelling that glory in its degree, and now that it is separate remembers its former abode and retains its own glory subject to its choice? But is it not absurd to suppose that God can thus "tear" Himself? Must we not grant Him at least as much as we do the atom that he is "indivisible and immutable." Looking at it from the other side, must not

all force be one, and since "the existence of anything except minds and their product, is a . . . contradiction" (p. 94, 2d col.) is not all force mind force and since space and time,—which are the ways force acts—are one, does this not focus all minds into one essence, no matter how varied the expression may be?

III. If we have noumenal knowledge of self in the manner claimed does this do anything else than establish relativity of knowledge?

Page 90, 2d col.: "Hence we can be sure of nothing . . . till we know the laws of mind and their trustworthiness." Does this imply that at any time the mind does not know its laws and can be certain of nothing till it does know them? If this be so it would have to know its laws before it knew them in order to be certain that it did. And as to their trustworthiness what else can it do but trust them, and if at any time they, as he thinks, play him false in thinking them false he must still think them true since they give the thought. But that is just what he would have to do if they were complete liars.

"Does the mind know *itself*?"

"That the mind knows absolutely its own *acts* must be admitted," p. 95, 2d col.

"The postulates of Reason are the insight . . . has into its own *capabilities*," p. 94 . . . mind knows itself absolutely . . . it not knew that it knows itself? If then it knows that it knows itself will any mind ask itself if it knows itself? Will any of the great minds of the world come to the conclusion that they do not know themselves? If we know ourselves absolutely is not empirical psychology useless since it seeks to show us what we already know? Is its office solely to classify the intuition? In any of our intuitions do we look *directly* into the marrow of our souls? Do we in any of our intuitions look *directly* into the essence of the *ego*? Or is the ego simply given as a postulate in the intuition, which directly deals with the nature of that which is not self, so that the *ego*, like Adonis at the brook, knows itself by reflection, by observations upon its acts? Would the mind if left absolutely alone ever know itself? So that "sensation" or "the effect produced on us by outer agencies" is conditional for the mind to awake to activity?"

And so would we substitute the word *acts* for *self* in the above question? And now may we say "that the mind knows absolutely its own *acts* must be admitted?" But to say we have absolute knowledge of self is very different from saying we have absolute knowledge of a state or act which is but a particular relative condition of self. Phenomena are declared to be seen, thus postulating a perceiver, without further intuition into the perceiver's nature than that it perceives *the* phenomena. No being is viewed externally, but simple existence

is postulated of an interior perceiver of the perception. All depends on the validity of the postulate. "To know that I dreamed last night is to possess in this one particular absolute noumenal knowledge," p. 94, 1st col.

But to say that I dreamed is but to say that I was not completely self-conscious, or more fully, I was completely self-conscious that I was not completely self-conscious. If this is a fair interpretation shall we say, "Such must be the mind's knowledge of all phenomena?" How is it that a mind which acknowledges that last night it knew itself so incompletely that it took phantoms of its own creation as realities and so little conscious of its own identity that perhaps it identified itself with one of those phantoms, how can it declare it has absolute self-consciousness? And when we consider that by a blow on the head we may become "insane" and completely change our identity considering ourselves as So and So, and change thus through a series, shall we consider ourselves as a specific self-knowing identity or as an "illuminated" (?) relative condition of the Unknown. "To say that the mind cannot know its own states absolutely is a contradiction." We must assume this but that is what we would assume last night when we identified ourselves with the phantom.

If I were asked to answer my own difficulties I would say that all talk about an unknowable and perception and phenomena is "trash" except as it rests upon the fact of personality, and with personality erased phenomena unknowable and all are erased; and yet self-consciousness is an extremely variable quantity and its lower limit of non-existence is more easily approached than its upper limit of complete consciousness. If the mind knows itself only by its acts, and the act is elicited by the environment which is relative and particular, if confessedly only phenomena and not realities are apprehended externally and the self does not apprehend itself directly, but indirectly by resting on appearances, would not a different environment cause an entirely different self-apprehension?

But to say there is a perception presumes a perceiver prior to the perception. But was that perceiver prior to the sensation a formless potential? Is the protozoon the first formative stage of the actualizing of the potential? And are all other forms of life more and more complex stages of the same, assuming different forms according to environment? But to say there is a *formless* potential of *personality* is virtually a contradiction, for a potential of personality is not formless. For personality implies a forming unit which is self, and a unified formulated experience which perhaps might be called universe and God. Such would be my own partial answer to myself. And think it would lead me to deny the statement on p. 91, 1st col., "sensation is wholly without consciousness." I think it would cause me to admit that the moment the remotest nerve began to tingle that

moment the unification of experience begins, and self begins to be revealed to self.

JAMES MAHONEY.

THE RELATIVITY OF KNOWLEDGE

Mr. Spencer thinks the relativity of our knowledge can be shown by an analysis of the *product* of thought or by an analysis of the *process* of thought.

I. The Product of Thought. Mr. Spencer claims that the explanation of appearances consists in classification, and thus we get mathematical, chemical and physical truths. Now this process of classifying must be either infinite or finite. If infinite, the relative nature of our knowledge at once appears, since ultimate explanation could never be reached; if finite, it follows that the last explanation is inexplicable, for it would have to be classed to be understood.

Dr. Hickok claims that we can explain more profoundly than this, that we have noumenal knowledge in self-evident truth and induction of force.

I prefer Dr. Hickok's view, (a) because I think it would be impossible to recognize before cognizing, *i. e.*, I think the first step in Mr. Spencer's classification would be impossible. (b) I think we have intuitions of force and principle which are as valid as that I think. (c) And without these I think classification would be impossible: for without the direct connection of effects with causes, the same object could not be identified with itself owing to parallax and ever-varying conditions of observance, so that the same object might belong to an infinite number of classes; and in this way to classify a multitude of objects would become quite confusing.

II. By Process of Thought. The absolute or infinite cannot be known or thought since thought necessitates (a) relations between thinker and object, so that which is without relations cannot be known; (b) distinction between objects of knowledge, but the infinite cannot be distinguished from the finite for they have no common differential characteristics, so the infinite cannot be known; (c) likeness between objects of thought. But since there are no common integral characteristics between the finite and infinite, so the infinite cannot be known since it cannot be classed. If it be objected that this would prevent a first cognition Mr. Spencer says our experiences are *gradually* arranged in groups (as if time made any difference).

Dr. Hickok claims we have intuition of an absolute personal First Cause. I am inclined to the latter because (a) I think my idea of cause is as valid as any of my ideas; (b) thinking the first cause does not limit the first cause in any way providing our laws of thought are its laws of being; (c) furthermore, Mr. Spencer's view doesn't really contradict Dr. Hickok's because his absolute is obtained (see F. P.,

p. 74) by the abstraction of all predicates, even of existence, so that his absolute is absolutely nothing; (d) if the laws of thought are the laws of things then Mr. Spencer's arguments of Relation, Dis— and Difference will disappear, for there will be relation without restricting; power to distinguish between the finite and infinite because of having cognitions of each, and no necessity for finding likeness between finite and infinite because each is known in itself.

III. Mr. Spencer claims the relativity of our knowledge is demonstrable from the nature of life which he defines as the "continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations," which he says includes intelligence as well as the lowest forms of life. That is to say, if you will grant that intelligence comes under a class of relations it easily and naturally follows that intelligence is relative in its nature. But it just as easily follows that if this is a statement of intelligence that it too is relative, *i. e.*, it is not absolutely true; if it is not a statement of intelligence it does not matter so much.

But in order that this definition of life be good for anything the existence of something "external" must be demonstrated.

IV. Mr. Spencer attempts to prove the existence of an absolute external by showing:

(a) In the assertion that all our knowledge is relative is involved the postulate that there exists a non-relative. Logically this non-relative is negative; psychologically it is *indefinite consciousness*; when we think of the relative there is a definite affection of the intellect; by the law of antinomies at the same time there is produced an indefinite affection of the intellect.

(b) And since we can think antinomies only in connection, if we erase one from the intellect we erase the other also, *e. g.*, if we erase the non-relative, the relative disappears too.

(c) We get this *indefinite consciousness*, this cognition of the absolute, by "combining successive concepts deprived of their limits and conditions," and since this always perdures in our consciousness we have our unshaken belief in external existence.

Dr. Hickok would hold that we can prove objective existence only as we can prove the laws of thought are the laws of things and that, by proving a common creator of things and thinkers, and resting this proof too on the proof of the trustworthiness of the mind. I agree with the later view, at least to the extent of not accepting Mr. Spencer's proof of objective existence.

A. In general, because his *indefinite consciousness* upon which his whole argument rests has not a whit more validity for proving objective existence than definite consciousness (and it might receive less credence as a witness since it lacks limits and conditions) and definite consciousness is avowedly phenomenal.

B. And because, in particular (a) a postulate is no proof, (b) the

antinomy of something is nothing, but this does not prove the objective existence of nothing, *i. e.*, by antinomies objective existence cannot be proved; (c) if the mind could keep all its cognitions vividly within it in all their limits and conditions, it would never, according to Spencer's view, suspect objective existence, *i. e.*, belief in objective existence is but a weakness; or, at the most, the result of a deceitful habit of the mind of separating in thought what cannot be separated in reality, or, what is the same thing, reality is but a fabric of the mind.

OUR EDUCATIONAL BALANCE SHEET

Business dominates this great country of ours, and every line of activity must present a favorable balance sheet if it is to receive continued support. All corporations of a business nature have been receiving the fiercest scrutiny; and now the searchlight is beginning to turn upon the schools, and our system of education, while not primarily established for pecuniary gain, must present an honest balance sheet and it must eventually justify itself even on the basis of finance. For if the financial statement of cost of education and gain from education do not balance, our entire educational system must certainly be overthrown—and with it must go down whatever superstructure we are building on present foundations.

Let us first take up the cost of our common school system: The value of the school plant, *i. e.*, land, buildings and equipment, in the United States is estimated at \$1,250,000,000.

Allowance for interest and depreciation.....	\$25,000,000
Yearly supplies.....	100,000,000
Teachers' salaries.....	600,000,000

So that our yearly bill of expense for education exceeds \$800,000,000. Now, in our national husbandry let us see what this sum of money means:

The wheat crop for 1912 was worth only about \$700,000,000. Total farm products for the United States (1910) about $8\frac{1}{2}$ billions, so that the yearly cost of education exceeded the wheat crop of 1912 by about \$100,000,000, and equals about 10 per cent of value of all farm products of the United States for 1910.

The net earnings of all the banking institutions of the United States (by that I mean all the savings banks, trust companies, state banks and national banks of the entire country) were \$903,000,000; so that these net earnings exceeded our annual school bill by only about 12 per cent.

The receipts of the United States government for 1910 were \$723,000,000, so our yearly school bill is about \$100,000,000 in excess of those receipts.

To widen our perspective in this matter, let us make another set of

comparisons: It takes on an average eight years to put one set of pupils through the eight elementary grades, so that one set plus their seven immediate partially trained successors will cost the country about 7 billions of dollars.

Some comparisons will show what this amount signifies: The total resources of every kind of all the 26,000 banking institutions mentioned above, *i. e.*, all the savings banks, trust companies, state and national banks, are 25 billions, 700 millions, so that our school costs, for eight years, equal about 28 per cent of this tremendous total.

If we add the value of the school plant to the cost of running the schools for eight years, it will equal the total value of the farm products of the United States for 1910.

It equals 40 per cent of the value of all the manufactured products of the United States; it equals 20 per cent of the total value of farms and farm property of the United States; it equals $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the total wealth of the United States; it is twice the value of all the exports and imports of the United States for 1913.

One does not need to be a materialist or a sensationalist to be startled by these facts. It must be clear to everyone that no nation can endure such a constant drain as this without a corresponding gain.

Now let us consider what is the product and what is the value of the product:

School records show that we have a total registration in our common schools of approximately twenty millions of children, and perhaps a million and a half of these graduate from the elementary schools yearly; and, possibly, two millions take up some form of employment. Now I tell you nothing new when I say that neither their employers, nor observant critics consider their labor of much value, nor are thoughtful men allured by their prospects for the future.

Where then is the gain to our people and to our nation? I am not one of those who can see no gain from our present system. The mere fact of support by the citizens and attendance by pupils has great significance for the unity of our people and our government. The vast outlay augurs well for confidence in our future. And I do not believe that the sum total of the yearly wages of our graduates is an adequate financial statement of the nation's investment in those pupils. But all thinking men agree that our present system and methods need very great change in order that they may become adequate for our country's needs and justify the enormous financial burden.

Perhaps my long years of teaching entitle me to hold an opinion as to where some of our defects lie, and to give a suggestion as to how improvement may be brought about. The thought and purpose that dominate any kind of human activity largely determine the value of

that activity—and so I think it is in education. The conception that educators have of the nature of (a) young human beings; (b) why training should be given them, and (c) what kind of training that should be, are fundamental and must be considered when we consider changes in systems and methods.

The watchwords that are shouted by leaders in any given period of educational history indicate fairly well the views of those leaders in regard to the fundamental questions; the watchwords of the last twenty-five years have been chronologically about as follows: "Manual Training"; "Standardization"; "Motivation"; "Industrial Education"; "Vocational Training"; "Vocational Guidance"; "Efficiency"; "Part-Time School" and "Continuation Schooling."

All these watchwords represent a similar line of thought, and a similar criticism of classic and cultural training; namely, that it was not training our youth to help pay for their tuition, and to help bear the country's industrial, commercial and civic burdens. But while the watchword and the theory underlying it have been received with ardor, there has grown also a certain pessimism in regard to the qualitative value of our young people and some have burst out fiercely in a demand for "Eugenics."

Below all this discussion I personally believe there lies a false philosophy of human nature and a faulty logic in regard to education. To state this more definitely, I believe that the agnosticism of thirty years ago still pervades our educational theory, and damages our educational practise. Education is a study of possibilities, of capacities, and our educational philosophy underrates the human being by putting him on the lower plane of animal biology; the result might be anticipated; our faith foreshadows our performance. I believe that this analysis of educational thought is of vital importance and I will follow it somewhat more definitely. To make clear my point of view I will offer you another watchword, namely, "Personality in Education."

What is the human being, and what is its personality? What is its value set over against mine and forest, railroad, store and mill? And what should be its relation to mine and forest, railroad, store and mill? What its relation to the school appropriation?

What is personality? "The boy and the girl," says the average educator of today, "is just a bundle of instincts and impulses." This statement, if you follow the reports of educational meetings, you will find repeated over and over again. I believe it is fairly indicative of much of the educational thought today and is founded on a false comparison of the human being with the lower animals. But what is the human personality? Can we tell what our own consists of, you or I? We know the organism, through which the personality works, and we know something of its power to affect the body, but

the personality itself stands veiled in mystery behind the organs, unseen, unheard. The Catholic Church teaches that it is made in the image of God, being endowed with capacity for knowing good and evil, and with free will to choose between them; *i. e.*, it is endowed to a degree with creative power. And even if one is not a Catholic, I do not see how he can escape the conclusion that the human soul proceeds from the creative center of the Universe. If we watch our own personal activities we find that we are endowed with powers of *sensation, consciousness, knowing, feeling, and willing*—and we find too, that *in this order* the functions of our soul invariably manifest themselves. We know, too, from observing ourselves and especially by observing others, that these functions can be developed to almost any extent. To develop these faculties so that the individual will be the greatest possible asset to society and the state is clearly the function of education, and justifies the expenditure of resources of society and the state to the degree that those human faculties add to the power, stability and resources of society and the state—otherwise national suicide would be the result.

How then can those faculties be developed to produce such a maximum of power? If we can ascertain this, we can tell whether Industrial Education, Classical Education or any other proposed type is in itself useful or harmful. That these faculties of the American boy and girl are not adequately developed is admitted and is a universal complaint. Perhaps we can best make a beginning with the admitted defects or shortcomings of our present system: Lack of individual power, inability to do useful things, and utter lack of respect for authority, for father and mother, as well as for all other persons in authority.

Hence results general dissatisfaction of employers. Add to that the prevalence of disorderly gangs of youths who infest the streets day and night. We are not surprised to learn that in Massachusetts alone it is estimated that there are forty thousand young people between the ages of fourteen and sixteen who have received the benefit of our school system who are no longer at school but who are not at work. Here is surely tremendous waste and loss. Is it necessary that it should be so? I firmly believe that it is not necessary, and if we insist on the normal development of the human faculties we can largely correct the defects in our industrial and civic life which exist today. But first of all we need the conviction that man is not merely a biological specimen—that there is a spark of divinity in every normal child, which may be fanned into extraordinary creative power. *That I insist on as fundamental.* No person with a mind and character that cannot grasp and apply and realize the meaning of that statement should poison the growing child by his presence. Nothing but stunted and perverted faculty can result—unless the

child's native power is so great that he can himself correct his imperfect training.

But given the right viewpoint and the right vision, what definite specific things shall the teacher strive to produce?

First, *sensation*—all the senses trained in an orderly manner—through cultivating direct power of attention; second, through the growing consciousness of the child developing into, third, knowledge, *i. e.*, of itself and of the object of its attention, attracted, fourth, by the effect then produced on its feelings, and, finally, by the action of its, fifth, will power on this object of its senses and its understanding.

Now all this cannot be properly and harmoniously accomplished unless the teacher is endowed with insight and sympathy and is given authority which the child is *bound* to respect. Without that you take away the king pin of your state and social life.

BOOTS, SHOES, HIDES AND LEATHER AS CONDITIONAL CONTRABAND

“Can we ship boots, shoes, hides, or leather, under present circumstances, without danger of confiscation?”

Just at present it is difficult to secure the means of transport for any kind of freight; but assuming that the situation will clear and that a supply of transport boats will be available, it is desirable to select the flag under which you make shipment with care and forethought: for the question whether the boat is neutral or not, and, if hostile, the circumstances of the nation to which the flag belongs and the general condition of the war will have a bearing on the safety of the cargo.

But granting that suitable freight boats can be secured, what is the status of leather and footwear, in time of war, from the standpoint of international law? Let it be remembered from the outset that in such a war as is being waged today, any ship and any cargo is liable to be seized and that an international prize court does not exist—except in the records of The Hague Peace Conference. Recollect, too, that ships and goods taken as prizes are subject in the first instance to the jurisdiction of the prize courts of the captor; and if the captor acts according to certain recognized rules and principles the owner of the captured goods can expect no aid from this home government.

What then are the recognized rules and principles applicable to this inquiry? There are two general principles that are of a special importance:

First: That subjects of neutral powers, for example, the United States, are presumed to retain and have the right to exercise all their commercial rights, including the right to sell and ship goods contraband, or conditionally contraband, as well as any other kind—and that the right to sell and ship goods must be hampered as little as possible by the existence of war between two or more states; but

Second: That states at war have a right to continue their warfare with as little interference as possible by the commercial activity of neutral subjects. In other words, a merchant of the United States has the right unhindered by the United States government to sell goods and to have them shipped on the high seas to belligerent nations, provided only that such goods are not contraband; and so too, a nation at war will exercise the right of search and will confiscate goods, if it deems them contraband.

What then is contraband? Are boots, shoes and leather contraband?

The question what is or what is not contraband, outside of a few classes of goods such as weapons of war, ammunition and equipment, is in practical cases somewhat difficult to decide. In deciding it, it is necessary to take into account.

- (a) What the greater writers on international law say on the subject;
- (b) The regulations by treaty between the powers;
- (c) Discussions in prize courts in regard to contraband; and
- (d) Instructions issued to the naval forces by the particular nations concerned.

It may be helpful to say that the disposition of Great Britain with its great navy has been to make a long list of contraband articles and to rigorously enforce its regulations regarding them, while the Continental powers have favored a shorter list and leniency in enforcement.

The United States has occupied middle ground on this question.

For the purposes of our present inquiry it is important to know that, according to the Convention of London, signed in 1909 by representatives of Germany, Austria-Hungary, France, Great Britain, Japan, Russia, as well as by the representatives of the United States, Italy, the Netherlands, and Spain, that raw hides are never contraband, while boots and shoes suitable for military use, as well as harness and saddlery, being susceptible for use in war as well as in peace, are without notice, regarded as contraband of war, under the name of "conditional contraband."

It is true, indeed, that the Convention of London has not been officially ratified by appropriate legislation on the part of the different states whose representatives signed the Convention, and yet in the present crisis that declaration must be regarded as something of a guide especially for citizens of the United States, for the policy expressed by that declaration has long been the policy maintained by the United States. And surely a merchant of the United States, if he can show injustice toward him on the part of foreign belligerents, can confidently look for protection to "Uncle Sam."

Now what are the conditions which will cause a cargo of boots, shoes, or leather to be regarded as contraband?

The view which is favored by international law writers and which the United States government would presumably insist on is this: It must be clearly shown (a) that the captured goods would be direct military use to the enemy; and (b) destined for him.

For example, a cargo of shoes, men's sizes, destined to Schmidt Brothers, Munich, are liable to confiscation by an English or French warship, although carried in an American ship under the United States flag and bound for the neutral port of Genoa, Italy; while on the other hand, a cargo of "Bluchers" destined for an Italian house in Genoa, which regularly sells such supplies to the Italian government, might, indeed, be arbitrarily seized by a German or Austrian cruiser, but the United States government would, doubtless, exercise its power to protect the consignor of the boots—though a wise discretion, one would think, would caution the shipper of conditional contraband from selecting an Italian port at the present juncture.

With regard to goods in general, including of course boots and shoes, and leaving out for the moment consideration of contraband aspects, it may be well to state that according to the Declaration of Paris, which has been generally approved by the nations, goods of an enemy in a neutral ship and neutral goods in a belligerent ship go free. So, our merchants and manufacturers, if they are willing to pay war rates of insurance on their cargoes, may freely continue to exercise their rights in regard to ocean traffic.

Perhaps I ought to add in regard to contraband that if half the cargo, as ascertained by volume, weight, value, or tariff rates, is contraband, the entire cargo is liable to confiscation; and in case the owner of the contraband goods is also the owner of the ship, the ship is also liable to confiscation.

JAMES MAHONEY.

August 10, 1914.

BUSINESS VERSUS SOCIALISM AND ANARCHISM

James Mahoney wrote the following paper and read it on February 23, 1913, before the Catholic Literary Union of Charlestown where he was a valued leader. It is marked, above others of his writings, by being almost the only work outside of the teacher's field, that he intended to publish. It has been re-read by Mr. Arthur A. Carey, an old friend with whom Mahoney had much in common, particularly in the study of what is now usually classed as "Industrial Unrest":

The most stupid person cannot fail to realize that there is something wrong with our present industrial system. In a thousand ways this fact is borne in upon us. Unions, lockouts, strikes and even riots are the burden of our daily press. Yesterday morning's paper declares that, Friday, the fourteen men arrested during the riots in connection with the picketing by strikers in East Boston were ar-

raigned in court, their heads bandaged and their faces cut and bruised. The International Executive Board of the Ladies' Garment Workers' Union held a special meeting in New York last night "to consider," Union men said, "ways and means of conducting a strike of the 10,000 workers on ladies' garments in this city." The Union's committee is paying out strike benefits to the members who are in the most need of assistance, but President Zorn of the Union again declared that the police were mainly responsible for the rioting Wednesday and Thursday at East Boston. The papers this morning report the planting of a bomb, and an attempt to blow up a strike-breaker's house in Everett.

We still remember with vividness the events of the Elevated strike of last summer, with its suffering, its disorder and its public inconvenience. We have by no means forgotten the terrible struggles, the rioting and fierce passions of the Lawrence strike of a few months ago.

And these are only a few of the facts that indicate that something like a state of warfare exists in the industrial world.

Even if we were as foolish as the ostrich, which hides its head in the sand, we couldn't escape the necessity of endeavoring to find out the causes of these disorders, and who the contending parties are.

In the instances cited, we have organized capital on the one side, we have organized labor on the other, a dispute and then a quarrel, and a condition of affairs very much like that of armies on the field of battle. If we desire industrial peace, we must study the parties concerned and endeavor to learn the causes of their warfare; and a very little reading will show us that similar conditions prevail throughout the world, and that a wide conflict is on between Labor and Capital.

The first fact that arrests our attention is that there are three revolutionary societies who are trying—however erroneously as to method—to better the ills of society. These are, first, International Socialists; secondly, the Industrial Workers of the World; and, thirdly, Anarchists.

Inasmuch as the International Socialists and the Industrial Workers of the World have common aims, though differing in method, we can group those two parties under the head of Socialism. It thus becomes our duty to explain:

A. (1) What Socialism is.

(2) What remedy it offers for present ills; and

(3) What would be the probable effect of the application of the Socialistic remedies.

B. (1) What Anarchism is.

(2) What its principles are; and

(3) What would be the effect of their practical application to the industrial world.

- C. It will then be our problem to analyze the nature of business and capital, and their relation to civilization.
- D. Through what grades of development mankind passed to attain to civilization, and what benefits it has realized by this process.
- E. What the real defects of our present system are; and
- F. Whether those defects can be practically remedied without overturning our present industrial civilization,—and if so, what the definite means are in the line of upward progress.

A. International Socialism is not a matter of very recent growth. It was my privilege in 1895 to be a student in the University of Berlin, Germany, and while there—as a young man with wondering, wide-open eyes—I marvelled at the achievements of the great German nation, its wonderful educational institutions, and especially its unconquerable army. The huge, blue-coated Prussian soldiers filled the streets everywhere; and I wondered frequently how it happened that the German dared to think without imperial permission. I well remember that, on a certain occasion, the able and aggressive Emperor had called the officers of his army into the White Hall of his great palace, and—speaking of the Socialists, who in Germany bear the name of Social Democrats—had addressed them in the following terms: “As long as I wear the Emperor’s coat, I will never yield to these men; and I call upon you to follow me into a conflict which will drive from our kingdom this miserable rabble, the pest of the human race.”

But the Social Democrats were not driven from Germany. They have steadily increased in numbers and it was only a few months later that, at a session of the German Parliament, I was impressed, during a warm discussion of imperial measures, with the appearance of August Bebel, who arose, and with words keen as a razor’s edge, joined in the debate and hurled defiance at the ministers of the Emperor.

The Socialist party numbers many leaders and writers, but among them all, August Bebel is today the international chief, and August Bebel is the disciple of Karl Marx, whose writings form the scriptures of Socialism.

Let us try to express briefly the teaching of these arch-leaders of the international movement. The fundamental work for all Socialists is Karl Marx’s “Capital,” and its restatement in practical form is entitled, “The Wife and Socialism,” by August Bebel. In “Capital” Karl Marx analyzes what he calls capitalistic production. He endeavors to show that commodities have commercial value to the extent that labor has been employed in their production, that the modern capitalistic system arose about the beginning of the eighteenth century because of the invention of the steam engine and high-

powered instruments of production, that a few men having gained control of these instruments of production, practically reduced laborers to the condition of serfs, forcing them down to the barest necessities of life, while accumulating vast fortunes for themselves. Marx's philosophy was based on materialism and atheism, and the movement which he started bears a purely materialistic stamp. He was the founder of the so-called "International," which would unite all the workers of the world to overthrow their Capitalistic masters. The great leader, Bebel, in his work, "The Wife and Socialism," has restated the doctrines of his master and emphasized them anew. We cannot make too clear the statement of these doctrines.

(1) In the twenty-third chapter of the above-named work, August Bebel says, "With the doing away of private property and of class opposition, the state gradually disappears. . . . With the state will disappear its representatives, ministers, parliaments, standing army, police, courts, attorneys, prison officials, tax administration,—in one word, the whole political business."

(2) "As with the state, so it will happen to religion. . . . Without attack by force, and without repression of opinion . . . religious organizations, and with them, the churches, will gradually disappear. Religion is the transcendent representation of a former condition of society. In proportion as human development progresses society changes, religion changes. It is, as Marx says, a striving for an imaginary good fortune of the people and develops from a condition of society which is in need of illusion, but disappears as soon as a realization of actual good fortune and the possibility of its attainment comes into the mind of the people.

"Morality exists also without religion. Only cranks or hypocrites maintain the opposite."

(3) Speaking of woman, Bebel says: "In her choice of affection she is like man, free and unhindered. She frees or permits herself to be free, and forms a relationship without any other regard than that of her own inclination. This relationship is a private contract without the intervention of a functionary, such as marriage was till the Middle Ages." This expresses Bebel's fundamental thought in regard to the marriage relationship.

It is very true, indeed, that men like James F. Carey declare that, with Socialists, religion is a matter for private opinion, that there is no doctrine taught by Socialists in regard to family relationship, but Carey and others like him cannot speak for Socialism. Bebel, Marx and Kautsky are the men who have created the movement, and their thought and character is impressed upon it. Let me repeat, then: International Socialism stands, first of all, for the ownership by what they call the co-operative commonwealth of all the means of capitalistic production and distribution of products; secondly, for atheism

and a material conception of society and the universe; and thirdly, for the abolition of the marriage law.

We may well inquire whether Socialists are sufficiently numerous and well-organized to give any warrant that they could have sufficient power to put into practice the doctrines which they preach. In the United States in the recent Presidential election, the Socialists cast nearly 1,000,000 votes, and this represents only a fraction of their real strength. In 1888, in the United States, they cast but 2,000 votes. It is true that there is but one Socialistic member in the United States Congress, but throughout the Union they hold many representative positions in city and state.

In Great Britain in 1910 the Socialist vote was 370,000 and they elected 42 members to the English Parliament. In Belgium, the vote was 483,000, with 35 Socialist members in the governmental chamber.

In Finland the vote in 1911 was 321,000 and they had 87 deputies in the Finnish Parliament.

In Austria in 1907 the Socialists cast more than 1,000,000 votes and elected 88 members to the imperial parliament.

In France in 1910 they cast 1,106,000 votes and elected 76 deputies.

In Italy in 1909, the Socialist vote was 338,000 and they elected 42 delegates to the Parliament.

In Germany nearly 4,000,000 votes were cast at the last election, and they have 110 members in the German Parliament.

So that in the industrial countries at the present time Socialists number about 10,000,000 voters and elect more than 500 members to the various parliaments.

The newspapers, too, are an index of Socialistic strength. In England there are 12 Socialistic papers; in Belgium, 56; in France, 70; in Italy, 92; and in Germany, 159. I have not been able to ascertain exactly the number of Socialistic papers in the United States, but their number is considerable and their circulation and influence, formidable.

It is thus seen that the Socialists are very practical people, they have gone into politics in a most efficient way, with the thought of gaining control of the machinery of government in order that they may overturn it and put into operation what they call the "Co-operative Commonwealth."

Let me make a brief statement regarding the Industrial Workers of the World. This organization has been in existence but a few years, but it has impressed itself on the industrial world by the determination of its leaders and the ferocity of its attacks. Its general principles are but a re-echoing of the doctrines of Marx and Bebel. A significant sentence in their "preamble," which heads every leaflet and pamphlet which they issue, indicates their position.

The sentence is this: "The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. Between these two classes, a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth, the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system."

That their other tenets are the same as those of Socialists may be judged from their general writings, and especially from their songs. They take a special pleasure in pouring ridicule upon religion.

While the Industrial Workers have plans that are very similar to those of Socialists, it is but fair to the Socialists to say that the methods of the Industrial Workers are very different from the methods of the Socialists. The Industrial Workers say that their methods are not intended to produce violence, but they admit that, under present conditions, they will of necessity lead to violence, as we know was the case in Lawrence, and as came very near being the case on occasions in our Elevated strike.

While speaking of Socialists, I desire to make one point very clear, namely, that those who from time to time advocate government ownership of this industry or that, as, for example, the telegraph or the railroads, need not be Socialists at all. There is much popular confusion of thought with regard to this point, and the Socialists win many converts to their cause by pointing out the great advantage of government ownership of certain industries. A man may be a strong opponent of Socialism, and at the same time consistently advocate government ownership in many lines of industry, for even if the government were able to handle efficiently a majority of our great business undertakings, we would not necessarily be on the road toward Socialism; for, as I said above, the Socialist program does not begin operation until private capitalism in all the means of production and distribution is absolutely overthrown.

B. Another revolutionary movement to remedy our present ills by overturning society is Anarchism. Anarchism is a doctrine which has its roots in the French Revolution; it grew and developed among the wretched victims of Russian despotism, where it took the name of Nihilism; its chief apostles have been Proudhon, Bakounine, Reclus and Kropotkin in Europe; and Benjamin R. Tucker in America.

It is difficult to ascertain the numbers and influence of Anarchists. People at large realize their existence only when, during some crisis, they are startled by some terrible outrage or the assassination of some great ruler, committed by Anarchists; such, for example, as the bomb outrages in Haymarket Square in Chicago in 1886, the murder of President McKinley in 1901, or the murder of high officials in Spain, Italy or Russia.

There are two schools of Anarchists,—the school of violence and

the so-called philosophical school. They both seek the absolute destruction of government. The school of violence would accomplish it by means of dynamite or any other powerful agency at their command. The philosophical school of Anarchists would educate people so as to do away with all need for government. The school of violence seems to have no doctrine of reconstruction. Its whole force is bent upon destruction. Philosophical Anarchists claim that they would reorganize society on the basis of free co-operation among groups, smaller or larger, as the case may be. Both schools agree in maintaining that all poverty must cease, that God as the source of authority cannot exist, that morality and religion are but the fictions of those who would maintain authority and that the individual must be a law unto himself.

I have to point out here that Socialism and Anarchism are natural opposites. International Socialism, which is the only form of consequence, maintains that all powers, all privileges, all authority, is centered in the Co-operative Commonwealth, with the right and duty to administer everything for the benefit of all. Anarchism would remove all central management, all authority, would make the individual free from all external restraints.

C. He would be a poor physician or surgeon who would attempt to give remedies or to cut portions from the body of a patient without understanding human anatomy, physiology, the previous history of the patient in question, something of the family history, as well as the general effect of drugs or the result of particular operations, and in discussing remedies for the diseased condition of society and civilization, it is necessary to make a similar study so that there may be a prospect that our remedies and our operations may do good and not perhaps injure or kill the patient. It is necessary for our purpose in hand to analyze business in its relation to civilization, to clearly ascertain what business and civilization imply, by what processes they have been developed from past conditions, what in their nature causes industrial difficulties, and then

D. Give the probable effect of the remedies, proposed

- (1) by Socialism,
- (2) by Anarchism, and

E. then indicate what should be the remedies in the light of our knowledge of business, civilization and progress.

What does business imply? In its external forms it implies farms, plantations, mines, quarries, machinery, factories, stores, warehouses, railroads, steamships, banks, stock exchanges, mail service, telegraph, telephone, wireless,—the whole world meshed together in an industrial network. But is that all? No, there must be strong laborers, skilled artisans, powerful, resourceful captains of industry. And is

that all? Most assuredly not. The workmen and their leaders are but the executive manifestation of the genius of humanity applied to the production and distribution of industrial products. Society, law, government, must be deeply studied in order to ascertain how the business and business captains of today have emerged from the different conditions of past ages.

Now what are the requisites of actual business?

(1) Stable government. You couldn't do much in the way of business in Mexico at the present time. Whatever interferes with the stability of government and the regular operation of business law, interferes to that extent with business prosperity.

(2) Personal initiative. Without personal initiative, the guiding brain, and the strong individual interest that starts industrial operations, follows them assiduously, with anxious personal care, to the final outcome, no business worthy of the name could even begin to be, to say nothing of being continued to success.

(3) Surrounding conditions of civilization, lying deep in the nature and heart of man which foster thrift, initiative, regard for law and order, repression of self-indulgence, capacity for working with one's fellows, for whetting the human intellect to keenness in present activity, and some degree of foresight for the future,—all are absolutely necessary for industrial life, and I believe any thinking man will agree with the great man whose birthday we celebrated yesterday, George Washington, that the fountain of all these virtues that lead to patriotism and industry, to morality and sound public life, is religion and a belief in an All Wise Father of the universe.

Furthermore, a study of business implies a study of human wants, for all business implies activities tending to the satisfaction of human wants, and human wants lead us into a deep discussion of human nature in its present relationships, its appetites, its weaknesses and its antecedents, leading us into the domain of education, law and religion,—in a word, into the forms of civilization, so that we may understand the means of production and exchange as adapted to human needs.

Now, with regard to our civilization of today, the thing that impresses us above all else is the wonderful way in which all parts of the world, and practically all human beings have been brought together into what might be called human unity. I need not dwell on the wonderful inventions that have helped to bring this about. We are forever speaking of them. But we do not equally realize and bear in mind, especially when discussing the hardships and evils of present conditions, that these things are of immeasurable benefit to the human race, and that all these inventions of which we boast are but the products of brain and genius acquired by antecedent development. The winds and waves of themselves never made an aeroplane, an automobile, or a wireless telegraph.

Think for a moment how the whole world and all its inhabitants, black, brown and white, inhabiting all climes and in all degrees of cultivation and crudeness, of refinement or brutality, or skill or social helplessness, have been brought into touch through the organizing genius of the leaders of human kind. Progress has brought about thus conditions that tend, first, towards safety, second, toward enjoyment, and, thirdly, towards realizing the ideals of humanity. This solidarity of the human race is an acquisition first known in our own times. Nothing like it ever existed before. The human race ever tended up toward it, but now it has been measurably accomplished, and accomplished for all time. And looking through the vistas of the future, we can see that along these lines future progress is to come.

I call attention to these things because I want to make it very clear that civilization, even with all its defects, has great benefits and magnificent possibilities, that these benefits have come by regular progress of the race from past ages, and that an entire overturn of the present forms of civilized activity would jeopardize the benefits which we now enjoy. This thought will become clearer as we discuss our second topic, viz., the stages of development that have led up to the present forms of human society.

A study of the remains of human beings from prehistoric ages, coupled with a study of the barbarians and savages of the present day; a study of the ancient types, of the conditions and methods of mediaeval times, exhibit clearly that the civilization of today has been reached by the steady progress of mankind. Countless ages have been spent in the process, but such is the nature of human growth. From the kitchen middens and the cafés of the old world, from the prehistoric Swiss villages, as well as from the study of the savages in remote regions today, we realize the brutish conditions of undeveloped human life. I do not here discuss the subject of the "fall of man." That belongs to the realm of theology and is in no wise inconsistent with the facts which I am here presenting. Crouching in caves and holes in the ground, full of terror and weak beyond all animals, primitive man begins to emerge into social life. Our Socialistic brethren, in lauding the good qualities of human nature unrelieved by religion, seem to forget that even today there are human beings who indulge in the practice of eating human flesh; that monsters of iniquity have lived in all ages of the world, long before capitalism was ever thought of, and it is difficult to believe that these brutish tendencies would disappear under the magic words of any theoretical system. Primitive man, exposed to the fury of the elements and his own passions, seems to have been saved from destruction by the dawning light of intelligence and the dawning belief in a superior power that ruled his life.

In ancient times, subject to the hard conditions of undeveloped life, subject to the dreadful tyranny of the few who mastered, mankind as a whole had still but few benefits which distinguished them above the beasts. Civilization, indeed, develops in a few favored spots, in Greece and Rome, in Egypt and in western Asia, but the vast majority of mankind are sunk in want and suffering. The few individuals act as despots and tyrants; the hordes of mankind appear simply as masses and not as individuals.

And yet, ancient times exhibit a distinct gain beyond prehistoric ages, because even a few real personalities are produced, and because they manifest a tendency, however slight, to raise the standard of life for a portion of the race.

Mediaeval times are characterized by feudalism—a system of land-holding by which the great hordes of barbarians, who in ancient times had been without the pale of law and the light of education, are now brought into organization; which, however crude it may have been, however much inequality and tyranny it may have produced, definitely and distinctly tended to the unification of the races and the transmission to them of some elementary knowledge of law and progress. Add to that the unspeakable value of the new doctrine of Christ, born at the close of the ancient period, whose life and teaching now begin to illumine the world, make it possible for the crude masses of humanity to gain some knowledge of the meaning of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God.

The invention of gunpowder, the use of cannon broke to pieces the foundations of feudal life; and then, later, the invention of the steam engine and other industrial machines have, indeed, as Karl Marx says, "helped mightily in bringing on our present capitalistic era."

Before considering the evils of the capitalistic régime, let us again briefly summarize the inestimable benefits which the slow development of the race has hitherto produced. First, solidarity of the race, —physically, industrially, and, to a degree, intellectually. Christianity has added to that a conception of brotherhood, of self-sacrifice for public gain, the relief of suffering, because we are all brothers inasmuch as we are all children of God. This doctrine has not come from materialism, nor from atheism, but is the highest product of man's spiritual experience. Industrially, the world has been brought into actual productive co-operation. The adjustment, in many ways, is crude; the effect, in many ways, unjust; but actual industrial co-operation of the entire human race exists: and, furthermore, in that industrial co-operative productivity the individual counts for more than he has ever counted in the history of the world before. The great lever, of course, is education; and, bad as our civilization may be, universal education is not only made possible, but, in most of the leading countries today, it is actually compulsory. The child of

the poorest is placed in possession of the intellectual heritage of the race and given the key that unlocks the powers of all the world.

While deploring "white slavery" and industrial tyranny, let us not forget that never before has the child of the poor man enjoyed so many opportunities for success as he does today. The outlook for the future is even brighter. See how many safeguards there are against every evil. Tyranny of all kinds, when brought into the light of the world's public opinion, begins to crumble. The greatest despot in the world fears the growing consciousness of his subjects. The mere statement of a grievance begins to bring about its overthrow. Show that a law is unjust today, and that law is doomed. Show that a man is a tyrant today, and that man will tremble for his life.

While saying all this, I do not forget for a moment that we have, as I have said before, many and grievous evils. The question is, *Must our civilization be destroyed in order to remedy them?* as our friends, the Socialists and the Anarchists maintain, or can the means that have already produced the benefits that we enjoy be relied upon to remove our social diseases and carry the world to greater heights?

Let us now consider whether the Socialist movement is helpful or dangerous in our present condition; whether the idea of the Socialist is possible of attainment; and if so, whether it will bring about, as the Socialists claim, a paradise on earth.

Perhaps we can best approach these questions by reading the indictment of our present capitalistic system as given in the Socialistic Campaign Book for the year 1912. It is a partial elaboration of the doctrine of Karl Marx and August Bebel.

1. Wealth and power have been concentrated in a very few hands.
2. The vast majority of the people live in hopeless poverty.
3. They are badly housed.
4. The government and the courts, and even the church, are thoroughly corrupt under the influence of the monopolists.
5. The great business of the country is conducted by fraud, stocks are watered, foods are adulterated, railroads are dishonestly managed.
6. The competitive system is of necessity extremely wasteful, and leads
7. To a very large percentage of commercial failures.
8. The public schools of the United States are inefficient.
9. Panics are very common.
10. Crime, insanity and suicides characterize our age.
11. Social vice is a natural outgrowth of our present system.
12. The extent of divorce makes marriage a failure.
13. Immigration is encouraged to make more helpless the cause of the workingman.

14. The war spirit is inculcated in our public schools. Vast sums of money are paid for old wars and the preparation for new ones.

In one word, our entire civilization is hopelessly corrupt because of the presence of capital in private hands.

I believe that good sense will permit us to admit that most of the facts given by the Socialists are well founded, but will also lead us to absolutely deny the conclusions of the Socialists, and that, too, without endeavoring to cover the Socialists with opprobrium or ridicule.

The proverb that what is every man's business is no man's business is very old and very true and very strong, and applies with fatal force to the doctrine of the Co-operative Commonwealth. Of course, the Socialists tell us that under the Socialistic régime there will be no such thing as a wage system, and that the workers would share in the common profits of industry, and the gain thereby would be so vast that it would more than offset the present spur of private initiative. But the absurdity of this is manifest, as soon as one attempts to concretely plan the details of such a system. When all governments and all corporations, as we now know them, are abolished what will supply their place? Can the world get on without government? Who will take the lead in industry? Who will do the dirty work? Who will do the easy work? Who will do the manual work? Who will do the brain work? Who will divide the products? If evenly, where is the justice of such a plan? Will he who is conscious of having done a superior service be satisfied with an ordinary share? Would those that do as little as they possibly can under present circumstances glow with zeal under Socialism, which appears to guarantee a livelihood for all men?

Ah, but they say, remove monopoly, remove private capitalism, and all these evils that we complain of, the bad houses, the bad sanitation, the miserable wages, the political corruption, the dishonesty in commercial life, the failure of business, the illiteracy among the people, panics, crime, suicidal insanity, vice and the divorce evil, unwholesome immigration, the throttling of the press, and wars will disappear.

Good Brother Socialist, I pray you, remove your pink spectacles, and study human nature. The attempt to state anything like a thorough-going system of Socialism in practical operation reveals its absurdity. It is not possible to establish such an economic and social system.

Is the organized movement known as International Socialism, then, without danger? On the contrary, the dangers from it are very great and very real. It draws under its banners all those who are dissatisfied with present conditions; and, through great skill and leadership, through large numbers and most skilful political organiza-

tion, there is the possibility of exceedingly great harm. It is possible for the Socialists to gain control of the legislative bodies of the world. It is possible for them to establish a régime which they would call Socialistic, which would tend to break down the safeguards of civilization, which I have enumerated. To overthrow the legal safeguards and the social checks and balances which now make progress possible, it would be quite possible for the Socialists, unless checked, to plunge the world into a species of despotism such as it has never seen before.

Secondly, the atheistic propaganda of the Socialists is likewise a serious menace, for all history shows that men have progressed only as they have developed in spiritual power and character; and, as for the third point, touching the abolition of marriage, Socialism tends to break down the moral safeguards which are never too strong in a complex society, and would tend to bestialize the human race. Conditions in which men would have no belief in God, in which the relations of the sexes would be promiscuous, would not be a paradise on earth but a miry bog which would mean decadence, decay, and death.

But I believe that the human race is altogether too sturdy and too virile to fall into the bottomless bog of Socialism.

We may all grant that many of the Socialists and the Industrial Workers of the World are sincere and earnest; but how can the latter, for example, be helpful in adjusting the delicate and difficult questions of human association, when they insist, first of all, that the working class and the employing class have nothing in common, and that they must fight until the one class has completely destroyed the other? I am well aware that there is a movement called Christian Socialism, but it is not necessary to discuss that movement in this connection. It is difficult to believe that the Christian Socialists are not visionary and misguided, and any International Socialist who speaks his mind freely will acknowledge his contempt for them.

Little attention need be paid to the Socialistic communities that have been established in the United States and elsewhere, for they are of little consequence; and, as they have always been failures, they add nothing to the force of the Socialistic argument. Much is said about New Zealand as proving the Socialistic position. How absurd! New Zealand is not a Socialistic state, nor anything like it. Fortunate in climate, in soil, and in population, and in the guidance of skilful labor leaders, much true progress is being made. The Socialist movement has had practically nothing to do with industrial advance in New Zealand.

As regards Anarchism—its doctrines and remedies need occupy us but very briefly. As far as it is constructive, it rests on voluntary co-operation. No sensible person, who has ever undertaken any

serious practical work, will believe for one moment that voluntary co-operation can accomplish the work of this fierce and selfish old world.

One of the best proofs of the mildness and tolerance of our present capitalistic system—such as it is—and of the fact it has within it the seeds of progress, lies in the fact that the Socialist movement itself has been enabled to reach its present position of power. When, in former times, would it have been possible for men, whose avowed object was the overturn of government, to be allowed to work their way into national councils and lay their plans before the whole world? Time was when their heads would have been stuck on pikes and adorned the gates of cities. Good proof it is that we today rely upon reason and upon justice in dealing with all men, even with those who come to us with words of treason upon their lips.

Now then, what have we to say as to the real remedy for the evils from which we suffer? Excessive monopoly, corruption in government, corruption in business, frequent injustice in wages, and in hours of work; the problems of immigration, of disease, of suicide, of insanity, and divorce—what shall be our remedies and solutions?

Let us take New Zealand as an example. Co-operation is there the watchword,—not co-operation that looks to the destruction of private initiative, or of private capital, but that which looks to common action, wherever common action is possible; which looks to the spirit of brotherhood to produce that mutual understanding whereby individuals, with all their selfishness, may be led to subordinate something of their personal gain to the general good. Every one of the difficulties from which we now suffer has a definite, practical remedy; but its solution, its application, will depend upon the spirit of Christ in the hearts and minds of men. “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy strength, with all thy minds, and thy neighbor as thyself.” No materialistic conception, no atheistic conception, can possibly lead to this. Not by breaking down the springs of spiritual life will men help to cure diseases,—be fair and honorable in their dealings, and have a sense of duty in their social and public life, but through reverent following of the spirit of the Creator.

The spirit of religion is the executive spirit of mankind. It is the inspiration which leads to power, as well as to the purification of conduct. It is just as true in the lower forms as in the higher forms. The spirit of human progress among the nations is merely a recital of religious history. When the Greeks and Romans were vitalized by a belief in their gods, all that was valuable in their civilization was developed. When the Egyptian was true to his deities, he built the pyramids. When the Puritan had a burning faith in the presence of the living God, he established his home in the wilderness in the New

World and laid the foundations of the United States. When the Catholic's belief was vital in the Middle Ages, he built the cathedrals, he painted immortal pictures, he built the hospitals; and, braving all dangers, the Catholic missionary bore the cross to the savage, seeking to bring all men into unity of fellowship and into the spirit of Christ.

Not to the Socialist, then, or to the Anarchist, but to such doctrine as that of the grand old Pope, Leo XIII, in his Encyclical on "The Condition of Labor," should we look for a just solution of our social and industrial difficulties. In this he maintains that private property is necessary to safeguard not only our institutions, but even the dignity and sanity of man, the permanence of the home, the virility of the human stock, and conditions favorable to the worship of God.

On this doctrine of the great Leo we believe that all should unite—Protestant and Catholic, right-thinking Jews and Gentiles. We should unite against the Socialist for the sanctity of the home, economic and legal justice between man and man, the maintenance of law and order,—those divine ties that bind humanity to the All Wise Ruler of the universe.

"Strike for your altars and your fires,
God and your native land!"

CHAPTER XIII

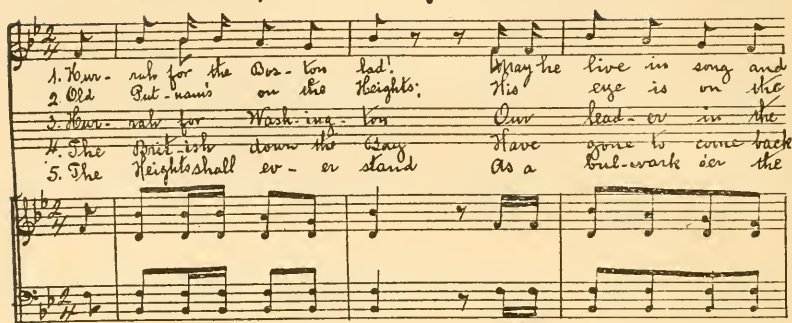
DORCHESTER HEIGHTS

WORDS AND MUSIC WRITTEN BY
JAMES MAHONEY

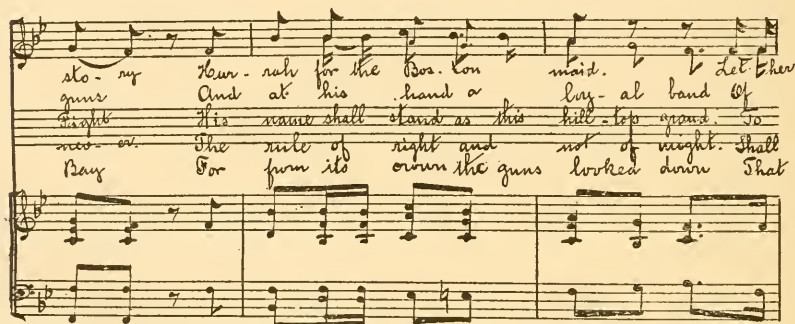
1908

DORCHESTER HEIGHTS.


*Words and music by
James Mahoney.*



1. Hur-rah for the Bos-ton lad! Pray he live in song and
 2. Old But-terns on the Heights; His eye is on the
 3. Hur-rah for Wash-ing-ton Our lead-er in the
 4. The spirit is down the bay Have gone to come back
 5. The Heights shall ev-er stand As a bul-work for the



sto-ry Hur-rah for the Bos-ton maid. Let her
 guns And at this hand a lay-al band of
 light His name shall stand as this hill-top ground. To
 no-er The rule of right and not of might. Shall
 Ray For from its crown the guns looked down That



share with him the glo-ry Hur-rah, hur-rah. Hur-
 old New Eng-land's sons " " " "
 prove our cause was right. " " " "
 reign over us for-ev-er " " " "
 drove the foe a-way " " " "

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-rah May they live in song and sto - ry. For they
 " May he live in song and sto - ry. For he
 " May he live in song and sto - ry. For he
 " " " " " " " " " it

ritard. *a tempo*
 trampled down in Bos - ton town The Red - coat and the
 drove a way down Boston Bay The Red - coat and the
 drove a way down Bos - ton Bay The Red - coat and the
 " " " " " " " " " "

To - ry.
 To - ry.
 To - ry.
 To - ry.
 " "

